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## The Home Club

### Farming Should be a Cooperative Business

THE farm wife certainly should understand her husband's business. In some cases she does, but more often she does not. In the majority of cases where the wife does not understand the farm business, she is not to blame. We have always heard it said that marriage is a life partnership, but in farming this partnership is a miserable failure on the average farm, as far as the woman is concerned.

The farm woman is always crowded for time and cannot study and think out her husband's side of the business as she should. She is housekeeper, homemaker, nurse, gardener, dressmaker, maidservant, milliner, cook, general servant, charwoman, telephone operator and even then a few extras are added to her duties. Could we find another woman who would do that work on anything like the pay the farm wife gets?

Then look at her workshop. Oftentimes she has no power, no lighting system, no water system, no bath, no furnace, no dainty furnishings. If we look outside we see no lawn, no flowers, no shade, no porches, no verandas. But we do see a fine barn, everything up-to-date, water on tap and in water bowls, ventilation and sanitation of the best, silos and root house of cement and very handy. There are also hog pens and drive sheds to match. But about below, and around her the farm wife feels the weight of a heavy mortgage, increasing taxes, interest, set prices on produce, etc. She sighs as she thinks of the unmentioned debts, the bills which flood in the spring and the many things she would like to have and do if she only had the time and money. She knows she will have to wait for these.

In many cases, too many, the farm mother and her children are starved and dwarfed on account of one man's selfishness and greed, his desire to make his business pay, to own extensive acres and be able to boast: "It is mine."

What is the farmer's business? Mostly buying and selling. He buys land, feed, and machinery, goes to the sales and buys again. He sells all the stock he can, (after his wife raises stock to one year old), sells all his horse, potatoes, maple syrup, apples, takes in the factory cheques, in fact, he handles the cash. Think of all the money for hog and sheep wool! Why his wife couldn't begin to manage that much money! He gets in his car and goes to the bank and when the interest is due he pays it, and a good chunk of principal. The farm woman is relieved to know that the awful mortgage is becoming less and consolation with the thought that all the heretofore with the betterment of old buildings are for the betterment of the stock, and stock means money and money means freedom,—maybe.

Why don't men and women on our farms wake up sooner? They wake oftentimes too late and find that their boys and girls have received but little education, they have broken down in health themselves and have little world knowledge. No wonder we can't keep the boys and girls on the farms. They are overworked and underpaid.

Without money the farm woman is helpless. She has never been paid, neither have her children, therefore they do not know the value of money. They should learn from early years to dress and live within their income. In order to truly cooperate, the partnership should be settled before the partnership is entered into. But we women are so blinded by the glare of Prince Charming, we take it for granted that things as they are—before marriage

will remain the same afterwards. We have not been taught that we must have a distinct existence after marriage and that we still have our rights.

Even the Government (composed of men) is against us.

Let us rise up and assert ourselves. Let us study farming, in all its branches, so that we can talk intelligently about it. Let us find out about soil conditions and the way of certain things; why we don't or can't grow alfalfa; why we do not have success with certain kinds of corn, wheat and many other things worth knowing. Let us work less and read and travel more. Of course the men, folks will not pay any attention to us, more than that we would if they commenced to tell us how to make bread, or anything else around the house. But then we would know about these things and the increase of our knowledge would go on long way.

The men of to-day who are not practicing the true cooperative spirit are nearly hopeless. But what are we doing with our boys, the future men? Are we teaching and training them to look up to, and care for their mother and sisters? Are we teaching them that women are their equals and in some God-given ways their superiors. And what are we doing for our girls? Are they learning the art of homemaking, as well as housekeeping? Are they being taught about the responsibility that will rest upon them in the years to come? Are our boys and girls living in an atmosphere of love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, and temperance? If so, all is well. If not, the weaker sisters. We all reap what we sow.—"Wildwood."

### Gasolineless Sundays

I WONDER what the Home Clubbers thought of the gasolineless Sundays? The main difference in our community was that there were no autos out from town. We live on a main highway between two cities and for several years now our Sundays have been broken by the honk, honk of auto horns and so far as highway travel is concerned, our once quiet Sabbaths have become the busiest day of the week. It was quite a relief to some of us who are old fashioned in our views when the Fuel Controller ordered the autos left in the garage on Sunday. Our farm neighbors went to church as usual in their cars. We did this ourselves. Since the car became common, few of us keep a driving horse and as the teams were busy fall plowing and silo filling, we did not feel justified in driving a horse on the Sabbath. In going to church in our autos, we did not consider that we were breaking the spirit of the regulation. A few farmers, very few I am glad to say, used their cars very much as usual. But I would like to philosophize a bit about those quiet Sundays.

We were brought up in a Scotch section of Nova Scotia. Except for going to church, we seldom left home on the Sabbath. The playthings of the children were put away on Sunday. Any revelry would have been unbecomingly. Even the children were taught to reverence the day. Did I hear someone say, "too strict!" As a youngster I may have thought so, but I know better now. Those old Scotch sobering people were stronger men, mentally, physically and spiritually, than are the products of this easier going age. The average Sunday of the car owning person to-day seems to be one mad scramble for pleasure. It is a fine Sunday. There is a rush to get through chores and get ready for a 20-mile spin to visit a friend or a relative living at that distant place. As a result of the pleasure and profit of going to church. The women of the family visited are put to the trouble of preparing a big dinner for the visitors. The day is robbed of its worship. God is crowded out of his