

The Country Homemakers

Conducted by Francis Marion Beynon.

HAVE YOU SENT FOR YOUR NEW SEED CATALOG?

I hold no brief for the seed firms of this or any other city, but I have a keen interest in the charm and comfort that can be added to country life by the possession of a good garden, and I know that it is not too early to begin if you anticipate raising your own tomato, cabbage, cauliflower and celery plants, as we used to do when we were on the farm.

We planted the seeds in boxes in the house in February and transplanted them once or perhaps twice before they were moved out to the hotbed in April, and ours used to be regarded as one of the good gardens in the district.

Perhaps some of you who have cold houses will imagine that you can't keep plants in them, but we have not pioneered in this country without having lived in some very cold houses, and yet most winters we kept house plants by covering them up at night with many thicknesses of paper and shawls. So we did with the seedlings and they were big hardy plants when they were set out in the garden.

There is no denying that a garden is a lot of work and it is not work that can be done fitfully with good results, but it surely repays the trouble many times over in the addition to the bill of fare of the farm table.

We used to have, off a moderate sized garden, lettuce, radishes, peas, beans, parsnips, carrots, turnips, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, sweet and pop corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, musk melon, red, white and black currants, gooseberries and a few strawberries, tho they had not begun to bear very luxuriantly when we left the farm.

With so many demands on her time, the country housewife often feels that she has no leisure for ornamental gardening, but there is one phase of this that takes care of itself after the first year or two, and that is the perennial flower or shrub. Among the most easily grown shrubs are the purple lilac, certain kinds of willow and the honeysuckle, and if I were building up a home for myself, I would not rest until I had some of all three planted about the house.

In this connection I would like to mention also a hardy perennial flower that will add cheer to any garden and provide an abundance of cutting flowers for the house, and that is the goldenglow. It grows about six or seven feet high and bears a profusion of bright yellow flowers, about as large in circumference as a small tea cup. If planted in a situation where it is sheltered from the North winds and gets the South sun, it is easily grown and requires little attention.

It is not the intention of this editorial, however, to elaborate on the possibilities of gardening, but merely to stimulate an interest in this important branch of farm work, and if it succeeds in so doing, the writer will be happy.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

A NEW SOCIETY ORGANIZED

The ladies of the Bagot district met on January 24 and organized a society, which they named "The Grain Growers' Guild Society." Their motto is "Mutual Benefit and Sociability." Their object is to meet every week and help each other, make and mend, or any other domestic difficulty that might arise.

There are now twelve members and a president, vice-president, secretary and six directors, who were elected as follows: Mrs. A. Ingleton, President; Mrs. Radcliffe, Vice-President; Mrs. Walden, Secretary. We believe this will be a successful organization and hope it will be followed by other districts.

R. E. WALDEN.

AN INDIGNANT MALE ADVOCATE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Dear Miss Beynon:—Your page in The Guide, being a woman's page, I pause at the threshold of this letter with more or less of uncertainty, as I must plead guilty to being a member of the sex that for ages has wronged womankind.

However, I sincerely believe that women should have the franchise. Not because we will find therein the panacea for all the ills of the nation, but because it is

just and right. There is no earthly reason why women should not have a voice in the making of the laws that govern them, rather than leaving the questions to be settled by those who will sell their vote to the highest bidder.

It is disgusting in the extreme to sit quietly by and see the vilest wretches of humanity walk up and vote—parasites of society whose homes are where night overtakes them, and whose sole ambition is to get sober that they may get drunk again, who taint the ballots by their very touch, yet one's own wife or mother must stay at home and wash the dishes so that her home doesn't become undermined. The only time I feel like using profane language is when I think of the awful injustice of the whole situation.

As I see my own little babe nestling to her mother's breast, where her little life is sustained and nourished, and know that according to law her mother has no prior rights over her; that our laws of justice permit me to own that little lump of sweet humanity, body and soul, to give away or dispose of as I might choose, the same as I could do with a cow or horse, without even considering the feelings or consent of her mother—

in the Country Homemakers page. After carefully reading your page of January 28, I saw a letter written by English Rose and, if I understand it correctly, she has the idea that when a man takes for himself a wife, she is servant and he master. Now that is not true. If women only took the trouble to think, they could plainly see that no women work their finger-ends to the bone, even if their husbands would allow them to. My, what a howl would be raised among her immediate friends if such goings-on were allowed.

And even supposing that wives support the family and hired men and keep the farm out of financial difficulties, whose fault is it? For instance, when a young man of twenty-one years of age and up goes out into the world to make his way, he by chance meets a young lady. Usually an acquaintance springs up between them, he meets her at church, at concerts, at dances, at which she actually puts herself in his way with the idea of his proposing to her. And on an average of ten years the world fares badly with them. The neighbors around say, "God pity his poor wife, working to death for his good. What fools women are to get married

IS MARRIAGE A TEST OF COURAGE?

(In the February Number of the Delin-eator)

7,226,000 American men between the ages of twenty and forty-four are unmarried.

A very large percentage of them are more than twenty-five years old. Five hundred thousand additional bachelors are of ages between forty-five and fifty-four. "The Human Factor," published by the Equitable Life Assurance Society, says that 5,000,000 of these are healthy, normal, eligible men. This company has access to accurate figures, and it says further that:

"Comparing the death rate of unmarried with that of married men, we get the following startling results:

Death Rate	
Unmarried Men	
Ages 20-29.....	57% greater
Ages 30-39.....	119% greater
Ages 40-49.....	105% greater

So apparently millions would rather die than marry!

What is worse, they would rather die than support the 7,000,000 American women who work outside the home.

Doubtless a certain percentage of these working women prefer to remain single. But certainly most of them yearn for homes of their own, and babies. Does this situation argue a kind of inverted cowardice in men?

One is reminded of the lion-tamer who quarreled with his wife. He fled from her presence. After an all-night search she found him asleep with the lions. Grasping the bars of the cage, she shook them until he woke. Then, looking him squarely in the face, she hissed the one word:

"Coward!"

In women also is a kind of inverted cowardice. But how different! They may run from mice, and scream at the thought of burglars, but they don't shirk matrimony. Yet eighteen per cent. more married women than single ones die between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine.

After twenty-nine their chances over unmarried women increase rapidly. From thirty to thirty-nine years it is seventeen per cent. greater; from forty to forty-nine thirty-seven per cent. greater; from sixty to sixty-nine thirty-two per cent. greater.

When a man tells a girl he'd die for her, is he merely trying to trick her into a marriage to save his own precious life?

Or, when one proposes marriage to a girl, is it proof that she has so completely charmed away his fears that he really wants to live for her?

And the 500,000 bachelors who have so far escaped death that they are now between forty-five and fifty-four? Their chances have come to be less than half those of the married men of the same age. How comes it that no women have come into their lives with sufficient attraction to make their selfish old hearts yearn toward the safe anchorage of matrimony?

THE ETERNAL FEMININE



Both—"I'm afraid she looks more stylish than I do!"



A Pretty Diningroom with built-in China Closets which do not obtrude themselves upon one's attention

well, isn't it an awful insult, then, to hand to the mother a handful of dirty, threadbare arguments that are about as tasteless as sawdust to her? And isn't it about time that we men acknowledge that it was a woman who suffered that we might live and become a unit of this great universe?

Men, don't you know that the present laws of our country are aimed at your mother and the mother of your children? Are you going to continue being unjust because you don't like to relinquish your authority over the best earthly friend that you ever had? Are you going to stick to a lot of worn-out prejudices that have become extremely nauseating? Are you content to adhere to a lot of silly arguments that mean nothing but the drowning of your consciences?—arguments that have for a result the trailing in the mire of oppression the very woman who paid the price of your admission into this world. Don't you see that the longer you hold out, the greater becomes the injustice?

I feel satisfied that our greatest drawbacks are to be found in the persistent unreasonableness of many of our statesmen. If the sunshine of fair play could only penetrate their pusillanimity, what a change there would be.

DUMPY.

MEN WOULD HAVE TO USE FORCE WITH WOMEN

Dear Miss Beynon:—I may as well confess before I go any farther that I have come to offer a kindly criticism on votes for women in letters I have read

to men before they know who they are."

Of course their downfall is due to the man—his wife did all she could to keep things going. I myself think if women had votes, those who wanted to see their name in print and had nothing to do would go and cast their vote. Any sensible woman would be home attending to her domestic affairs and let her husband attend to the political end of matters.

It is true that women's moral standard is as low as any man's, and I think votes for women would make matters worse rather than to better them. For instance, if a man knew his wife would oppose him at an election, he would use force to keep her away from the polling booth, hence there you have a quarrel directly.

In another letter I saw an argument used that the jails were full of criminals, of which very few were women. Now what is the reason? I am sure that if women were confronted with chances of burglary and murder, like men, they would not be such a pious bunch. Women are going the wrong way to gain their own ends. Smashing windows, burning buildings, blowing up ship-yards, is very sensible indeed. But if a little common sense were used they might reach the goal some day.

I know this is not a well written article and may read rather rough to some people, but it is my first attempt at writing to your paper and I hope I may come again. Wishing you every success in your work, Miss Beynon, I will close.

SILENT READER.