

The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

FATIGUE

I had thought of heading this editorial "Summer Leisure," but have a conviction that it would be snubbed under that title as being inapplicable to country life.

Certainly there was not much summer leisure in country places where I have lived. Work began between four and five a.m., and continued without abatement until half-past nine or ten p.m. Extremely non-union hours. Mealtime, which afforded a slight respite to the men, was a time for speeding-up indoors. The regular tread-mill round of getting meals was only varied by milking, churning, washing, ironing and scrubbing. The women, not knowing that their conduct was unscientific, kept doggedly at it, only pausing long enough to eat their meals.

Experiments recently conducted in some large factories have thrown a new light upon the futility of such conduct. It has been demonstrated that frequent rests distributed thru the day enable the worker to accomplish more work, and at the same time to keep himself up to a higher pitch of efficiency.

In plain English, rests and plenty of them are now known to be good business. The life-expectation and output of labor of the person engaged in manual labor can be extended by introducing them with great frequency into the day.

As our readers will pretty well all be caught up, from this time forward, in the whirlwind of summer work, this scientific fact has a definite bearing on their lives.

"The First Hundred Thousand"

All of our readers, but particularly those having friends at the front, are recommended to get themselves a copy of Ian Hay's book, "The First Hundred Thousand."

The breaking into harness of the first hundred thousand raw recruits for this war is perhaps a grim business to be made humorous, but when those recruits are Scotch, with a well-developed Scotch independence and without any very deep respect for military discipline, funny situations must inevitably arise, and equally as inevitably they must be written up when one of the officers happens to be an author and a humorist.

Except the chapter about "Wee Peter," full of exquisite pathos one expects from the pen of a humorist, the first half of the book is excruciatingly funny, but when we arrive at The Front, in the second half, the humor has a grimmer tone. Still there are light touches here and there, as, for example, when it describes how the private soldiers use the censorship to intimate to the officers their opinion of them, a very serious offence if the opinion were offered man to man.

Incidentally, the reader finds his ideas of the routine of trench life greatly clarified by reading this book, tho' the writer confesses to being still unable to fit a dug-out into a trench, where she has always been lead to believe they belong. In many respects, however, it is very illuminating without being as harrowing to the feelings as might have been expected.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

CONDITIONS OF WORLD PEACE

Dear Miss Beynon:—I read with a great deal of pleasure your editorial on peace in The Guide of the 21st inst. That war is a prehistoric mode of settling disputes, national or international, is beyond question.

In the stone age, the native settled his dispute with his club or rock, scattering the brains of his enemy upon the ground. Some friend of the brained one took up the quarrel and contrived to spill the brains of the prime mover, and so from being a dispute between individuals, it spread to families and eventually embraced the whole tribe or nation. The vendetta of the Corsican is but the descendant of these old blood feuds.

War is still an individual matter. The viewpoint of the individuals composing the civilized nations of the earth is still primitive. No amount of preparedness will prevent war, neither, on the other hand, will disarmament, total or partial.

More than two thousand years ago, Sparta and Argos agreed to a limitation of armaments. Two hundred fighters were chosen from each nation to fight their battles and settle their disputes, but the time came when Sparta's two hundred were defeated, and immediately the whole nation arose and trampled Argos into the dust.

We have in our modern civilization nations that are the last word in preparedness for war, armed with the latest device in cannery, the dernier cri in battleships and submarines, perfect in their military and naval organization. This does not deter the one from warring with the other; preponderance of armament does not count, for alliances can be made. The greater the preparedness, the more the

tempo of armament building is augmented, the sooner must the explosion take place.

The steam boiler is a good servant, but if we do not provide a safety valve to allow the surplus energy to escape, and run water into the boiler in proportion to the amount of heat we generate, it will blow us, and it, thru the roof, and leave ruin and disaster in its train.

In the economy of nations, the only safety valve at present provided is war. This war may produce a valve which shall act, at the climacterics in a nation's life, in a safe manner, without having recourse to the arbitrament of arms.

The social idea in the nations of the earth is practically extinct. All that seems left to be done is to



A shady walk, chiefly composed of rafters and stone

enter the body politic and avoid putrescence. The idea of the common home is gone, and only that of a lodging house remains. We work too much as individuals, isolated competitors, vying with our neighbors in our mad race for pride of place; enclosing this piece of land, grabbing that slice of profit, jumping into the clouds over their heads to spear the passing dollar, crying, "This, this is mine!" Peace can never be assured in the world until the atoms coalesce, until individualism passes, and the people are trained to act collectively in international, as well as national or purely local affairs; until the individuals grasp the international viewpoint and take a sincere interest in the progress of international affairs, making it impossible for any individual or group of individuals to say this or that, unless, unless, shall be so; by placing the final decision, in all the countries of the world, in the hands of a thoroughly enlightened and educated proletariat. This may sound Utopian, but there should be no such word in our vocabularies—a thing is either possible or impossible.

The Socialists thought they had the solution in their "international," the Salvation Army, with members in all the corners of the earth, failed to act as a deterrent. The Christian church, to whom God all the rulers of the belligerent nations pray for blessing on their arms, utterly failed to realize the ideal of its founders. Why? The individuals composing these various organizations were not sufficiently trained in international ideals. They were too localized. They thought they were bonded together, but when the crisis arose the bonds turned out to be of straw. "United we stand, divided we fall" is a truism, but unless the people of the nations of the earth have a common purpose in life, unless they are trained to work with singleness of purpose towards this great end, peace will forever be a matter of rainbow chasing.

In place of erecting higher barriers, the existing trade barriers will have to be levelled to the ground, world-wide Free Trade will have to become a literal living fact, eliminating all commercial jealousies, a prolific source of war, and relegating to suitable locations industries operating under disadvantageous conditions.

A world concert, not a European concert, or a Pan-American union, or any other concert, for they will continue to provide only music of rifle and cannon, with roll of drum and noise of the tread of countless feet hurrying to their doom, with its aftermath of maimed and dead, desolation and ruin, but only a world concert, a confederation of the nations of the world, if you like with all its concomitants, will suffice. This may seem wildly Utopian—but, as I already stated, Utopia is nowhere—and Socialistic. If the latter—all progressive schemes seem to be called Socialistic by the unthinking—we are all either Socialistic, individualistic or anarchistic. The central one of these has been the curse of modern times; independence is the watchword of the present day, but, were our rulers worthy, in obedience and dependence upon their judgment would lie our greatest freedom.

As you point out in your editorial, the more war patriots have some ulterior motive in their campaign for total destruction of Germany. A class of men exist, apparently in every civilized country, whose business it is to drum up the trade of war. These jingoes, call them what you will, have been responsible for more than one discreditable war in the past; just as the Russo-phobist spirit, created by them, plunged Britain into the Crimean war, so the Teuto-phobist spirit, created in Britain, long before the advent of the present war, was responsible in part for the hastening of "Der Tag."

The time will come when the truest patriotism will be to live nobly for our country, and when a good shot at a great truth will be hailed with more joy than the splash of a leaden bullet upon a target.

J.A.P., Traynor.

A PRACTICAL WORK DRESS

Dear Editor:—I have long been a reader of the G.G.G., and always find in its pages something especially useful.

I have a lot of outdoor work and managing to do, and I wonder if anyone would care to hear about my overall dress which I use for that purpose.

First I get six yards of blue denim—overall cloth—I paid 20 cents a yard for mine. I shrink the cloth by dipping first in hot, then cold water and back into the hot again and hang it in the wind until it is almost dry, when I press it out well and it is ready for cutting. In this way I avoid having it shrink after it is made up and the necessary letting down of hems. I take great pains to have mine fit perfectly and to have it sufficiently full without any bulkiness. I wear no aprons with it, and it is surprising how easy it is to wash, and I always starch mine, even tho' I do not always have time to iron it. I have two large pockets in the front, which are handy to carry various articles and tools around in.

Instead of making buttonholes and using buttons I use the Wilson hook and eye. They are so strong and so flat, and one can change dresses so quickly when you come from the outdoor to the indoor work. I make mine into a one-piece dress with three-gore skirt and sailor collar. It seems so suitable for resisting the winds and it does not tear easily. One dress lasts me almost two seasons. Then, too, I wear a Dutch cap most all the time, which keeps my hair from flying about, and I find them very comfortable on the head no matter how you have the hair done up, owing to the elastic band at the back.

M.D.K.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Whip cream in a pitcher instead of a bowl, to do it in half the time and without splashing.

A cloth dipped in ammonia will often remove the stains from the collar of an overcoat.

Paraffin rubbed on the heels of stockings will cause them to last much longer without wearing out.

Orange fritters are as delicious an accompaniment to broiled or fried ham as apple sauce to a spare rib.

Dates stuffed with peanut butter and then rolled in sugar are a pleasing change from dates stuffed with nuts.

In cooking beans and peas their flavor will be much better if they are cooked in as little water as possible.

If a curtain or portiere pole is rubbed with hard soap before being put up the draperies will slip on easily.

Dates and figs cut in small pieces and served with plenty of sugar make a tasty accompaniment to a dish of rice boiled in milk.