

# The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

## MRS. J. K. BROWN — SCHOOL TRUSTEE

Another epoch has been marked in the progress of the woman movement by the election of Mrs. J. K. Brown to the Winnipeg School Board.

Mrs. Brown has peculiar and unusual qualifications for the position, having taught in the public schools of Eastern and Western Canada for eight years or more and for three years of this time in the ward she has the honor to represent. Now she is a mother, and has a very personal reason for wanting the best in the way of education that it is possible to secure. She is in the unique position of being able to represent effectively both the teacher's and the parent's point of view.

It is fortunate for the cause of woman that a person of the type of Mrs. Brown should be the first to fill such a post in the City of Winnipeg. She is a modest, unpretentious little woman, quite devoid of the assertiveness and aggressiveness that is alleged to belong to the new woman and yet without any silly pretensions of diffidence.

In her campaign addresses, which marked her as an orator of unusual gifts, she merely set forth the qualifications required by a school trustee and pointed out very modestly her own fitness for the position and then left the matter for the electors to decide. She did not stoop to any personal criticism of the man who opposed her and she made it clear, always, that she felt he had a perfect right to come out against her. That the same courtesy was not always extended to Mrs. Brown is immaterial, since the electors of her ward gave her a majority at the polls of over three hundred.

It takes courage to come out and fight a campaign such as this little woman has gone thru. Mrs. Brown, however, was not fighting for a position, but a principle. She was not particularly keen on getting onto the school board herself, but she felt that some woman ought to be there to represent the mothers and women teachers of the city. Because there was some criticism of her candidature on account of her two little children, Mrs. Brown at one time in the campaign offered to withdraw in favor of any other woman whom the women might think more suitable. And she meant it, but the women would not consider such a suggestion. So she went on with it and fought it out to a splendid finish. In doing so, it was not alone the battle of Mrs. J. K. Brown she was fighting, but the battle of all the women who feel that a wider field of opportunity should be theirs.

## GOOD PICTURES

Perhaps all of you have read Hawthorne's story of The Great Stone Face, which illustrates how, thru looking at and loving a beautiful and benign countenance formed by the outlines of the rocks on a mountain side, a boy grew into a man of beautiful character with a face which was an exact image of the wonderful features in stone.

You people in the country have beauty all about you out of doors, the miles of waving grain, the flower-decked prairie, the great sheets of drifted, sparkling snow, against which the black and grey of tree-trunks and shrubbery make a delightful contrast. To the effect of this beauty I am inclined to attribute much of the solidity and fineness of character of farmer folk.

But there is no reason why beauty in the farm home should begin and end at the front door. The process of printing has made it possible for us to choose from the great masterpieces of art for the adornment of our walls, and this at the expenditure of a few cents.

Some of you will have heard of the Perry pictures, for example. These are reproductions of great paintings which may be procured at different prices ranging from half a cent to five cents each. The one cent picture is five and a half by eight inches, the two cent seven by nine, and the five cent ten by twelve. The five cent size makes a very attractive picture mounted on a suitable card.

When for such a small expenditure of money it is possible to transplant the

works of great artists from galleries and museums into the home, there seems to be no reason why we should depend upon the gaudily colored calendar of the local merchant for the adornment of our walls.

There is a habit of mind, common to nearly all of us who are pioneers, which makes us feel that it is an extravagance, if not an actual waste of money to spend anything on the refinements and beauties of life. We apologize to ourselves for buying books, pictures and graceful vases. Stern necessity has been our ruling principle for so many years that it is difficult for us to realize that the beautiful in life may be more useful than the useful.

The Perry pictures, however, involve such a trifling outlay of money that they should not alarm even the most economical of us. One of them is illustrated on this page, "Leaving the Hills," a famous painting by Farquharson, a great Scotch painter.

Very shortly it is our purpose to reproduce in this page a series of great paintings with a little story about the artists who produced them. From some of the letters sent in in answer to our request for suggestions for the improvement of the woman's page, we feel sure that this new feature will be appreciated by both the men and women readers of The Guide.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.  
The address of this Company, should



LEAVING THE HILLS

any of you care to write to them, is The Perry Pictures Co., Boston and Malden, Mass., U.S.A.

## A CARD OF THANKS

Dear Miss Beynon:—Would it be asking too much to ask you to express my great appreciation of the kindness and sympathy the farmers have shown me. They have indeed proved themselves worthy of what they were—my father's greatest friends. I cannot express my feelings myself just now, but I am sure you will be good enough to thank them thru your columns.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain,  
Yours sincerely,

MURIEL TREGILLUS.

Calgary, Dec. 5.

## READING FOR THE KIDDIES

Dear Miss Beynon:—Someone was asking recently for the names of magazines suitable for little children. For some years my children have subscribed to some little monthly magazines from England, which cost thirty-six cents a year, postpaid. They contain colored pictures and stories suitable for little ones, while there are two others of the same price which are better for older children from ten years up to thirteen or fourteen years. Our Little Dots and The Infant's Magazine are for the tinies, while The Children's Friend and The Child's Companion are for the older children.

The Infant's Magazine and The Children's Friend are published by S. W.

Partridge and Company, 21 and 22 Old Bailey, London, E.C.; Our Little Dots and The Child's Companion are published by The Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row, London, England. Our Little Dots has simple songs in occasionally.

At the end of the year I bind the twelve numbers together, first placing them evenly and piercing a hole right thru with an awl and tying with fine string, doing this in about four places. A piece of cardboard cut slightly larger than the book makes good covers. I stick a picture (one of the covers of the magazines does well for this) inside and outside these and join them with a piece of colored print stuck on with glue. When quite dry, glue the back of the magazine, press down onto the cloth back, shut up and leave to dry. When dry I stick a strip of white cloth inside both back and front covers to strengthen the binding. These little books make really nice volumes and are a great delight to the young folks, who look forward greatly to their monthly mail, addressed, of course, to themselves. The knowledge that their copies will be bound into a "real book" at the end of the year if carefully kept is an incentive to keeping free from tears and finger marks. Some of my children have five or six nice volumes now which they have obtained in this way. The Prize, published by Wells, Gardner, Darton and Company, 3 Paternoster Buildings, London, Eng-

folks could not do this openly they would do it on the sly. There you are also correct, as when father goes to a committee meeting in the evenings we play cards all the time he is gone and if we think we have long enough we have a neighbor in also to play. Another thing we do is to play cards on Sunday evening when he goes to church, as we go in the morning so as to manage it that way. The oldest boy has left home on account of these things, as he said if he did not get them at home he could other places, so now he goes to the pool room and such places. We don't say much about dancing, as he would find out from others if we went secretly, but we make it up when we get the chance.

There are no amusements substituted, as we live five miles from town and there is no skating rink nearer.

Now I think if father would let us do these things it would be much better, as only harm has come of it so far and it will be liable to go further. Of course, he says he has the right and that he will rule us whatever way he likes and we are not to question. People who read this (If you don't put it in the waste paper basket) can judge for themselves and I hope if any parents are doing the same as stated here they will see the harm and try to right it for the sake of the young folks. This is getting long and as I am just a young girl, I'll close, wishing you all success in your good work for others' benefit.

TRUTH.

## DISH DRYING

Dear Miss Beynon:—I wished to know if it was entirely satisfactory to dry dishes on a rack and I also wanted to know how to make one, with full particulars.

MINNIE HEWITT.

I am afraid it has not proven entirely satisfactory to dry dishes in a rack. This method is used in dish washers, and most of those who have them say that they have to be wiped off afterwards.

F.M.B.

## SPIRITUAL FLATTERY—WHY?

By Richard Arnold, in The Mothers' Magazine.

Jimmy was a difficult boy to control. Saturated with animal spirits, agog with activity, hands and feet more prone to work mischief than good, he was the despair of his father, his teacher—but not his mother. His father scolded, nagged and punished. His teacher, also, scolded, nagged and punished. But they accomplished little in leading Jimmy into the paths of righteousness. His mother, adopting exactly opposite methods, overlooked as far as she could Jimmy's wrongdoing and praised his every slightest effort toward being good. And she triumphed!

She didn't talk about these bits of effort that Jimmy put forth; instead, she tinged them with an air of mystery, wonder, aloofness, magic. Every night Jimmy found a tiny scented note tucked under his pillow when he went up to bed. Eagerly he felt each night for its crisp crackling surprise; happily he opened the envelope and unfolded it. It was always an encouraging note. The day that Jimmy played truant from school he knew that a notification of the fact would come from his teacher, bringing tomorrow's punishment from his father in its trail, but the bedtime note kindly overlooked Jimmy's naughtiness; instead of reproaching him for his badness, it praised him.

"Dear Jimmy"—it read,  
"It was thoughtful of you to play so nicely with Little Sister today. Mother was very tired, and you gave her a long, free hour to rest in. And you made Sister so happy. Thank you, dear."  
"Your Mother."

Did Jimmy overlook his own naughtiness any the less because of this pointed overlooking of it on his mother's part? Indeed, no! He knew that his mother knew. She had opened the door for him when he came in at four o'clock, ob-

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