

The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

TO THANK YOU

It is said of the Scotch that they are a dumb people in the matter of expressing their feelings, but I have arrived at the conclusion that there are more than the Scotch who are dumb. It has been my desire for a long time to put into words my appreciation of the loyalty of the readers of this page to myself, but have always been restrained by the fear of seeming sentimental if I were to voice the emotion aroused by such letters as Mrs. Pelle's.

I never cease to wonder at the fervor with which the readers take up the cudgels in my behalf. Whether the criticism be just or unjust, offered in a mild and kindly spirit or with venom, makes no matter. The writer is certain, sooner or later, to be demolished and used as a floor mop by a loyal friend or two.

Far from contributing to one's vanity, this intense loyalty makes one humble as nothing else can possibly do. The work that we women do on the weekly papers is our business in life, for which we receive compensation from our employers. That in doing work which one loves and for which one is paid it is possible to earn such friendships as these is a privilege that falls to the lot of but few people.

As I said before, it is impossible to put into words my gratitude for this loyalty on the part of the women of the West, and so I am particularly glad when I encounter these women at the conventions and can put into a handclasp the things that words are so inadequate to express.

I hope that it will be my privilege to meet several hundreds of our readers this winter at the Saskatchewan and Alberta conventions, to which I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

REMBRANDT

Rembrandt, who was born in Leyden, Holland, in 1606, had a very unusual life story, in which success was succeeded by failure and poverty. He was the son of a miller who had married a baker's daughter, and he seems never to have lacked the means to engage in the study of art.

At the age of fifteen he left school and began to study under a local artist and later went for instruction to Lastman, an artist who was then at the height of his fame. But it seems that Rembrandt was restless under tuition and his stay in Amsterdam was brief. He returned home determined to work out his own ideals independent of tradition and external influences.

The early portion of his life was devoted largely to portrait painting and he repeatedly sketched himself and the members of his family, in various poses, acquiring greater and greater skill in imparting the light of character and emotion to the countenance.

The "Portrait of an old woman" is one of his very famous paintings, in which he has found the character and strength of the old woman and transferred them to the canvas. It was painted in 1634 and is now in the National Gallery, London.

Others of his works which are world famous are the portraits of himself in the Cassel Museum, the Hague Museum and the Pitti Florence; the portrait of Elizabeth Bas; "Presentation in the Temple," Hague Museum; "The supper at Emmaus," Louvre, in which Christ is represented as revealing himself to his disciples; "The shipbuilder and his wife," and "The Anatomy Lesson," in which a doctor is lecturing to a group of students on anatomy and demonstrating from the hand of a dead man, which has been stripped of its flesh. To the novice, the significant feature is the expressions of eagerness, horror, sympathy and indifference so brilliantly portrayed in the faces of the various students. But he was a prolific painter and these are

really only a few of the great works of this master painter.

Rembrandt, in 1634, married Suskia van Ulenburgh, in the town hall of Bildt, and his marriage was followed by the happiest and most successful period of his life. He had many paying pupils and more commissions for pictures than he could fill.

How much of his success and prosperity was due to the good management of his wife, history neglects to relate, but it is significant that after her death he seemed to become almost immediately involved in financial difficulties. She left all her property to him, on condition that he educate and provide for their son Titus. Lacking all business sense he lost everything and the house had to be sold, and Rembrandt went to live in an inn. Even here, however, he was not allowed to remain and he had to suffer the mortification of seeing his beautiful possessions distributed among strangers in payment of his debts. He died in the most utter poverty.

To the outsider it seems unthinkable that one who had been the idol of the people of Holland should, before his death, so lose prestige that some of his work sold for as little as sixpence. It is still more incompre-

hensible, in view of the fact that he continued to paint up until the last, and produced some of his finest religious paintings during the later years of his life.

I trust you will give this matter your very kind consideration and see if you can't see this matter in the light in which I, and I am sure a great number of others like me, am forced to look at these cartoons. In case you

wad" pictures to illustrate the farmers of Western Canada. Anyone who used their judgment at all could not help but see that they were used simply to show the unfairness of the laws that exist in our Dominion.

One writer, in protesting against the pictures, and who thinks they were used to illustrate the farmers, says, "such extreme cases as John and Jennie Tightwad's would lose the women a vote." If the pictures were used to illustrate the farmers, I do not see where they could have anything to do with the votes, whereas, if they were used to illustrate the laws, they certainly do show the unfairness of such a law and they do show that a woman should have some say about a law which so vitally interests her. However, if the women showed no better judgment in voting than they have in grasping the idea the pictures were meant to convey, they could not be relied upon to vote intelligently.

No wonder the men think that women are not capable of having any important role to play in politics when they show such sane reasoning and clear insight(?) as some have used in regard to these pictures.

Let the women waken up, and whatever else they do let us by all means give our splendid editress due credit for the good work which she is doing.

Yours for women's rights,

MRS. H. C. PELLE.

Duval, Sask.

I would like to say that I do not feel the indignation towards the critics of the Tightwad cartoons that Mrs. Pelle does. In almost every instance it was offered in the kindest spirit and in the most courteous manner possible. All such criticism is welcome.

F.M.B.

SIR JOHN JELlicoe:

From Current Opinion

Personal descriptions of the silent sailor in whom Great Britain chooses for the moment to incarnate her sovereignty of the sea lay stress upon the simplicity of Sir John Jellicoe. He has no complexities of nature, nothing vivid in his personality. He makes no phrases. He never emerges as the central figure in episodes picturesque or romantic. He stands before the world as the ideal of cool, technical efficiency, and this explains why his country has given him more power over her squadrons than any man has wielded since Nelson. Upon him alone falls the responsibility for that bottling up of German fleets and German commerce which gives the key to England's naval policy in this war. He has orders to seek out the fleet of the enemy and destroy it.

At the age of fifty-five he emerges in all accounts of him, whether in the friendly London News or the critical London Post, as an insignificant-looking little man with shoulders that droop and an aquiline nose. The somewhat scant hair is plastered down to the skull, while the dimpled chin is blue with shaving twice daily. The nose is definitely aquiline and perhaps unduly prominent. The eye looks straight ahead, impersonally, fixedly, almost un- easily. The expression is characteristic of the British naval officer, resulting from an inveterate scanning of the horizon thru powerful glasses.

Jellicoe lately lost his father, also a veteran of the sea, who lived past his ninetieth year. He has a brother in the church. The family is quite an old one but poor, and the resemblance between its members is said to be striking as regards character. The Jellicoes are all reserved and cool but prone to explosions of feeling, as if the accumulated emotions of a long period of self-suppression must find vent. Thus the admiral relieves the monotony of his long silences by an occasional burst of speech and then holds his tongue for six months by way of penance. He unbosoms himself at such times with great freedom. At all others he might be a statue of

Continued on Page 19



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN
From a painting by Rembrandt

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE OFFENSIVE

Dear Miss Beynon:—Above is my name and address as evidence of good standing as a subscriber to The Guide. There is no better paper published in Saskatchewan, but I take this opportunity to ask you what good purpose it is proposed to serve to print such cartoons, as are lately appearing in the Country Homemakers columns conducted by yourself. The John Tightwad cartoons for a start are, even tho possibly true to a very small extent, to say the least, very bad taste, and are, altho perhaps not meant to be, extremely offensive to the great majority of Saskatchewan men, especially the bachelors. Are you trying to ruin their hopes of matrimony entirely? Do you hope to catch votes for the "votes for women propaganda?" If so, I may say that if this is the way the women of Saskatchewan choose to work for

wish to publish this letter and, perchance, dress me down proper, in explaining your side of the matter, I will sign myself,

DISGUSTED.

Dear no, we have no desire to blackguard the gentleman and it is very regrettable if the bachelors do not approve of this page, but there still remain a goodly number of columns of reading matter which they can approve and enjoy.

F.M.B.

MEANING OF CARTOONS OBVIOUS

Dear Miss Beynon:—I have felt for a long time that I couldn't write a letter worthy of being published, but lately I have seen so many letters from women, who, to judge by their ideas do not appear to exert their thinking powers at all, that I really felt that I had to write and put up a plea for our editress.

Surely any woman, with common-sense, that has read the splendid addresses and letters that have been in nearly every issue of The Guide by our own editress, could not believe she used those "John and Jennie Tight-