

The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

CERES

By Bliss Carman

I am the daughter of earth and sun;
In the dusk I dream, in the wind I run.
I touch the fields with a greening fire,
And the yellow harvest is my desire.
When over hill comes the silver rain,
I spring with joy of the springing grain.
The farm lands love me, the acres know
Promise and fragrance where I go.
Over the furrows I wave my hand,
And gladness walks thru the plenteous land.
In all the valleys at golden morn
My garments sweep with the rustling corn.
The laughing meadows from hill to sea
For a thousand years have been glad
Of me.
When foamheads break in the surging
rye,
I race with the billows against the sky,
Lifting the song of the mother kind,
And the scarlet poppies troop behind.
Then when the far-spent rivers croon
To the rising shield of the harvest
moon,
With all the good well won from harm,
I come at last to the reaper's arm—
I sink to the ground, my senses dim,
And I give my life for a gift to him.

WHAT WILL THE ELECTORS DO?

A year has rolled around and another election is brewing, so it seems a likely occasion for reiterating what we said a year ago concerning political corruption, that it is of the people, by the people and because of the people. No use trying to shunt all the responsibility off onto the politician or the foreign population, as we would like to do. We, the people, can get clean men to give us clean government just as soon as we really want it.

We have it from several reliable sources that the necessity for large campaign funds arises as much from the demand of farmers, business and professional men for political preferment of one kind or another, as from the purchasable nature of some of the foreign vote.

A certain campaign fund is a necessity, since printing and travelling about the country cost money, and directly or indirectly the people of the province always pay. It may come originally in the form of presents to the campaign fund from big corporations, but in return for this spontaneous little gift there is a tacit understanding that the corporation will be given privileges which will enable it to take two dollars from the pocket of the consumer for every one that is contributed to the campaign fund. But as someone has aptly said, "The people love to be fooled," and politicians are most obliging in this particular.

Among the legitimate uses of a campaign fund may be numbered the printing of campaign literature, and its distribution, hiring of halls, canvassing and travelling expenses. The illegitimate uses to which a campaign fund is put are too numerous to mention.

It is about time that the people wakened up to the fact that it would be good business, taken from the rather low standard of dollars and cents, to put their hands down into their own pockets and contribute to the campaign fund directly, rather than permit the candidates to put themselves under an obligation to the big corporations.

There is a continual wall arising from our farming communities over the preferment given to the manufacturers in legislation, while the farmer petitions in vain for an alleviation of his burdens. The reason for it is obvious. The politicians know that fully a half of the farming population are such hide-bound partisans that they will stand behind their party no matter what kind of legislation they give them, whereas the manufacturer will vote for the party which is going to give him what he wants. The manufacturers contribute to the campaign fund, while a large number of farmers take from it in actual cash, drives to the polls and money

for their services in the campaign. While this state of affairs continues the wants and needs of the farmers will continue to be a negligible matter in the estimation of the politician, and corruption will continue to flourish.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

AGAINST WAR

Dear Miss Beynon:—I have been reading The Guide for quite a number of years now, and it has been quite interesting to read the different subjects that have been discussed thru your page. The one that is interesting me just now is with regard to ministers being superannuated. I do not think that they should be any more than quite a number of men in other callings, who really deserve it more than the clergy. I think if you will take the clergy as a whole they are a most easy going class and quite a lot of them are too lazy to take the trouble to read and study enough to make their sermons interesting. Then, again, they play to the moneyed class far too much to be true followers of Christ. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, and I think some men really try to live an example, but you will not find them in the fashionable churches but rather by the wayside, like the One whose teachings they are carrying.

The one big subject on everyone's mind just now is the war. I think it

are counted as nought. We can always build more beautiful buildings, there can always be more beautiful pictures painted, and we can always make more money, but we can never bring back the many lives that are being wantonly thrown away.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN

IGNORANCE IS DANGEROUS

Dear Miss Beynon:—Your letter on "War babies and others" was certainly full of truth, and altho a great many people prefer, or appear to at least avoid such subjects, we know to the heart's sorrow that they cannot be avoided. I often think how little the female sex sympathize with each other. This, of course, has been handed down for generations, and as long as the average woman refuses to listen to anything approaching reform, thru ignorance and prudery, so long will this state of things continue. There are so many well meaning mothers who make the mistake you referred to. A friend of mine, a mother of growing daughters, once said to me: "My daughter, M—, shall not keep company with any young man until she is 18 years of age," and this same mother accompanies her daughter to every place of amusement so as to be a bodyguard. Some will say that this is well and proper, and so it is, but what of this same

I hope, Miss Beynon, that such letters as yours will do much toward the awakening of parents and children, too. I have heard much criticism of your page from mothers and even grandmothers, because of some of the letters therein, but thanks to such women as you the coming generation will have a better chance for progress and enlightenment.

RED DEER

"A GIRL" WRITES AGAIN

Dear Miss Beynon:—I am very sorry I have put off answering you about the flax seed. No, my friend whose little boy is nearly five years of age and can only just creep did not take this treatment.

I received a letter from "Mother of Six," and she was very grateful for what we did for her. I like to help a person when it is needed.

For bed bugs, oil of cedar is the best thing I know of. Put it in all places they hide in, then shut up the room. A few doses of this will generally get rid of them.

The way we can green peas is to fill the glass jars with peas, pour water over them till the jar is full. Use cold water and a teaspoonful of salt, and shake the peas down well before putting on cover. Wrap the jars in old newspapers, place them in a boiler which has three or four layers of old newspaper over the bottom, place them as close as possible, fill in around them with paper and pour enough cold water in the boiler to cover them well for three hours' boiling. Let boil three hours after coming to a boil and set off to cool in water. They are then ready to take care of. Some years they will keep splendidly, while other years they won't.

Wishing the paper the best of success.

A GIRL

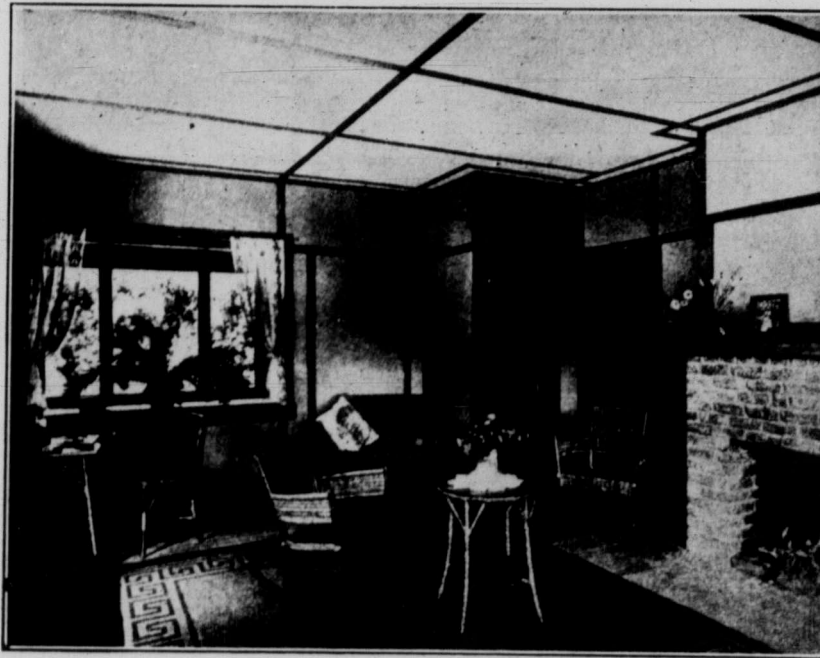
CHILDREN AS MOTHERS' HELPERS

The dear, self-sacrificing, busy mothers! How much rather they would most of them do things themselves than exercise the vast patience and ingenuity needed to train the children to help them. The refusal of the children's own offers and pleadings run all the way from the curt "Run away. You make more work than you can do," to the easy, "No, dear; you don't know how and mother would rather do it herself." But, in spite of the truth of the latter assertion, is it not the very truest selfishness, as well as the wisest self-consideration, to put up with bungling and blundering, and to take time to train the little ones as helpers, for their own sakes and for the sake of the coming day when the mother must be helped or break down?

The vital seed of all true happiness is love, and this the mother must early plant and cultivate. "Baby loves mother, and he will pick up his blocks to help her make the room nice for father," is a motive which very wee ones can understand and act upon. The very smallest offering in baby hands may be and must be a "cup of loving service."

A child left to himself, with no stimulus or encouragement to help others will have more angel than human in him if he does not grow up to be selfish and exacting. Therefore, as a factor in character building and for their own good, let children be trained to help others, and the mother most of all.

It is well to repeat the aphorisms that inevitably belong to this subject. Begin early. Encourage the smallest endeavor. Don't be critical or too hard to please. Don't let the child undertake what is certain to be too hard for him, thus discouraging effort at the outset. Make definite plans to open ways of definite helping; and keep at it evermore.—Harriette Waters, in The Mother's Magazine.



A COSY ROOM

A livingroom furnished in grass, which possesses that mysterious quality of homelikeness

is downright wicked for the clergy to pray for victory or to revile the enemy as many of them are doing. Just think it over, everyone, and is it not actually praying for murder and suicide, as what else can you call it in the present way? Just think what it would mean if the clergy of all the warring nations would concentrate their energies and mass together and denounce this war from one and every pulpit. How long do you think this war would last? Instead of this they are preaching war and encouraging more men to go; more men, more men to be food for the cannons. I think if they really think this war is a holy war they should be made to go. Every man that believes in it and talks for it, no matter what position they hold, are the ones that should drop whatever they hold and go and do the fighting, and not do the preaching and someone else do the fighting. Just think of the lives that have been lost, and we all want to think of the other side. There is some other mother's son and some other wife's husband and someone else's sweetheart, and mind you, while our men go voluntarily to this hell called war, most of them are compelled to go. It really looks as tho men's lives

daughter after she has reached the specified years? Will she be able to stand the temptations should the mother be suddenly taken from her, or when the props of loving hands and eyes have been taken away?

I say, prepare your daughters—and sons, too, there's too much said about daughters compared with the sons—for what might come. Don't let them confide in some uninterested party or lock their imaginations in their hearts simply because you have never given them an opportunity to confide in you. In our home I have often heard my father remark, "Trust no one, treat everybody as you would a rascal until you know them to be otherwise." This sounds rather harsh, but too often parents who let their children leave home without warning might have used some such a maxim to good advantage, and while there has been, or rather is, quite an argument in your columns re the life of a minister, I wish to say this: Teach your children that ministers are human, nothing more, and altho they should be an example for us to follow, many of them fall far short, just as teachers, mothers and fathers do who should be living examples.