



THE HOME WORLD



The Glad Season

Oh, I'm glad that I am living;
For the world's a jolly place;
I have reasons for thanksgiving,
And the smiles that breathe my
face.
I have reasons to be merry,
And no longer will I sob;
For to-day I'm happy, very,
Eating corn upon the cob.

Eating corn upon the cob,
'Tis a pleasure, I declare;
With my elbows on the table,
And the cob up in the air.

Oh, the summer joys are many,
There's a charm of azure's kias;
And of sorrow there's not any,
There's a twinkle in my eye,
There's a twinkle that is merry,
There's a joy that none may rob;
For to-day I'm happy, very,
Eating corn upon the cob.

Eating corn upon the cob,
'Tis the only joy for me;
With the butter in my moustache
And a napkin on my knee.

Oh, the summer days are fleeting,
And the wintry nights are drear
But the days for luscious eating
I should say, at least, are here.
And I know beyond all question,
When the kettle's on the hob;
There's no fear of indigestion
Eating corn upon the cob.

Eating corn upon the cob,
'Tis a joy I ne'er forget;
There is but one way to do it,
And it isn't etiquette.

Oh, this life is full of pleasure,
With a mixture now of pain;
There is illness in the measure,
There is sorrow in the grain.
But if ever sickness claims me,
I shall never sigh and sob;
That the season when it claims me,
Corn is smiling on the cob.

Corn is smiling on the cob,
That's the reason I am gay;
With my elbows on the table,
And my mouth in disarray.

Pleasures of Farmers' Wives

WHETHER the conditions on our Canadian farms are such as described in the following article is a matter on which there would doubtless be a considerable difference of opinion. We print the article as we find it in one of our American exchanges and suggest that our readers think it over as applied to their own cases:

Country pleasures are much sung about by poet and writer, also by numbers of old city men who have made fortunes in the city, who continue to live there and will die there. However, they still talk of the merry days down on the farm, when with bare feet they paddled around in the streams and brooks, fishing with pin hooks and disporting themselves generally.

They have never gone back to the farm!

A spirit of unrest pervades the farming class. It starts with the women, the wives and daughters of the farmers. In every locality you will find households where the women are restless, dissatisfied and living under protest, yearning for city, town or village life with a longing that will sooner or later cause the family to move to town. We do not have far to seek for the main reason for this dissatisfaction among the women.

The paramount cause lies in the selfishness (or perhaps it is just thoughtlessness) of the farmer, for as a class, the farmer does less for the real happiness and pleasure of his family, than any other class of respectable men in the world. Soon after he marries, he speaks of his wife as the "old woman," and she remains just the "old woman."

Upon the women on the farms falls the unceasing treadmill of hopeless drudgery—a drudgery that blights the beauty of maid and matron until a woman of twenty-five looks forty. What incentive has the farmer's wife to look pretty when in most cases she begins her day's work of household drudgery when the chickens leave their roosts, but do not end it when they go to roost. On the c. hand she is often the last one to lie down to rest.

Her lord and master, be he ever so poor, reserves to himself the right to "knock off" at times. He goes to "cote," to the cross-roads store, or to the neighboring town or city. These little excursions break in on the monotony of farm life—for in spite of all that is said to the contrary, the life on the ordinary farm, under ordinary conditions, is monotonous.

In writing this article I meant to expatiate on the pleasures of farmers' wives. How small a space they take! How easily enumerated! I should say they consist in going to Church occasionally, in attending a semi-annual picnic or lawn party, and of perhaps a once-a-year visit to some city, when they have the melancholy pleasure of observing how decidedly behind the times they appear to their city cousins. A week's stay in town, possibly, and then back to the routine of the old life.

Now this is not fair to the women and girls on the farms. They recognize the unfairness of the situation and are becoming more dissatisfied each year. Is there a remedy? There should be. The farmer in the first place should endeavor to help his wife and daughters to make the home surroundings attractive. Women, even of the poorest classes, love the beautiful and long for the little refinements of life! In the heart of nearly every woman is the love of the "home beautiful."

There are so many ways of adding to the attractions of country homes, many of them not costly, that farmers of the most moderate means can do much to help the women in their endeavors. Land is cheap all over the South. A good sized yard fenced in with some of the fencing wire now offered in so many varieties on the market will be a good beginning. Flowering bulbs and plants can now

be bought at little cost. They will beautify the most commonplace home.

Around the dwelling house there are numberless little conveniences that can be introduced at a price hardly felt by the "Lord of the Manor."

The day is past forever when the women on the farms will be satisfied to work fourteen hours for their bread and clothes. The world is moving along.

Let the farmer recognize this fact, and if he wants the wife to keep young and to enjoy life, and the girls and the boys also, to remain under the dear old roof-tree, let him pay a visit to the city, and see the city brother spending his time and money in making home attractive to the women of the family.

Some Definitions of Home

An inn where love is landlord and contentment chief guest.

Home is a corporation whose preferred stock is contented children.

Home, happiness, health, harmony, heart's-ease, holiness, heritage, heaven, heir.

Home is where we express our worse and best selves.

Neat wife, sober, industrious husband. Respectful children. Out of debt.

Home is where love, rules; unselfishness, tact and harmony exist.

Home—the centre of gravity in the sphere of life.

Home is the result of learning to bear and forbear.

Home is where the heart finds its greatest content.

The best school for making true men and women.

The dearest earthly shelter from the cradle to the grave.

God's blessing to mankind; the safeguard of the world.

Put to the Proof

An agent of a patent churn called on the good woman of the farm and said he had a churn that would get more butter out of cream than any other churn and do it in less time. He only wanted a chance to demonstrate the churn and he was sure she would buy it.

"Call around to-morrow morning and you can show me your churn."

The next morning the agent was on hand and soon was working his churn. He churned and churned, sweat and churned. The woman went calmly about her morning work and let him churn. After he had churned for an hour and a half he said that there must be something wrong with that churning, for he couldn't get any butter.

"Of course not," she replied, "I churned early this morning and gave you the buttermilk to get the extra butter out with your new-fangled machine. You said your churn would get more butter out than any other so I let you try it."

He quickly took his departure.

Lady customer (in a china shop)—

"Do you break these things?" Dealer—

"No, madam; the servants usually do that."