

# The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

## MOTHERS

At the mention of the word mother one is expected to walk softly and reverently, there being a superstition to the effect that mothers are a peculiar class of beings with an instinctive knowledge of what is good for children. Well, perhaps, sometimes. Yet on the other hand there are mothers who for ignorance and stubbornness beat anything alive.

Some of these mothers have fads picked up from some quack which they inflict upon their innocent offspring to its everlasting hurt. If they call in a regular doctor and he condemns the fad, then all doctors are fools and idiots and not to be trusted.

Sometimes it is some ignorant old granny's theory about babies that the young mother takes up and sticks to thru thick and thin. She may lose a child or two over it, but it never shakes her faith in the theory.

Or again it is a certain doctor to whom a mother pins her faith and from whom she refuses to be parted however incompetent he may prove. And when the child dies thru the physician's neglect, she blames it on Providence.

With the more intelligent class of women it is beginning to soak into their minds that the mere fact of having brought a child into the world is no preparation at all for motherhood, that motherhood is a profession to be studied earnestly and humbly and reverently. May their kind increase.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

## THE WAR AND MARRIAGE

One of the outcomes of the war should be a readjustment of woman's relation to marriage, or perhaps it would be more correct to say a readjustment of the popular conception of woman's position in this matter.

Up to the present time the feeling has been general that woman's manifest destiny is marriage, and this notwithstanding the fact that for several generations there has not been nearly enough men in the older countries to go round. With this disparity becoming infinitely greater, it should follow that in the war-stricken countries there will be large numbers of women who will put quite aside all thought of matrimony and settle down to live useful and efficient lives in industry. The great scarcity of marriageable men will remove any stigma associated with spinsterhood, and the removal of several millions of men from active competition in the labor market will give women a more assured position in the economic scheme of things.

Surely this combination of circumstances will bring about a freer and happier condition for the women of Europe, who in the past have been in the unpleasant position of being too cheap on both the marriage and the labor markets.

## MINISTERS' LIVES NOT EASY

Dear Miss Beynon:—I am sorry I did not read your article on the superannuation of aged ministers. I would like to say a few things in answer to the letter written by "A Friend" in your issue of June 2, entitled "Ministers have an easy life."

I do not know what would prompt "the friend" to write such a letter but ignorance of the truth. In my opinion nothing but ignorance would try and compare a minister's salary with other men's salaries, and in doing so choose the terms "business man" and "hard working man" either of which might apply to men of any occupation.

The minister has a house rent free, in some instances, but I am quite sure the many little accessories mentioned are on the wrong foot to help the minister.

There are upright and honest people in all walks of life, but for all that we expect more from the minister than from other men. The farmer or the lawyer may walk down the street with a cigar in his mouth and nobody notice it. The doctor may deal in real estate and nobody criticize him; but the minister

cannot smoke a cigar or buy a lot without people objecting. Some may think, as the young man did whom "the friend" mentions, that he is going to have a very easy time as a minister. I am a farmer now, but I have spent a few years in college, and I was personally acquainted with many young men studying for the ministry. I believe that almost without exception they have chosen to be ministers because they think they can be of more service to their God and their fellowman than they could otherwise be. How could anyone be so unfair as to judge a class of professional men by what one young man thought before he even began to study for that profession? What he thought then, and what he thinks now, is most likely very different. A man to be thoroughly equipped for the ministry must spend nine years at college. If he is self-supporting, as they nearly all are, he must be very economical to keep out



And looking now at the fabric fine,  
With its lines all straight and true,  
Would you like to say that this or that  
Was woven by she or you?

'Twas woven betwixt you two.

So now, if you'd see the ship of state  
Make port from a voyage fair,  
See to it, see to it, prairie man,  
That your woman does her share.

She is waiting to do her share.

of debt. I knew many who lived on two meals a day and did most of their own washing and mending to keep down expenses. At the end of nine years he may be Rev. —, B.A., perhaps a few hundred dollars in debt, but certainly he will have nothing on hand. He is just at the beginning of his work and must expect a small circuit and a still smaller salary, and then, if he be successful, gradually work up to a better. Perhaps, by the time he is forty, he will have a fair church with a salary of \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year. But how much can a man with a family save out of that? By the time his family is grown up he will be an old man. He has spent his life in preaching the word of God, visiting the sick and dying, and encouraging the downcast.

Is such a man, when he is no longer able to carry on his good works, to be in want the rest of his life?

I think the superannuation of aged ministers just as necessary as the pension for old soldiers. Have they not both spent their lives for the good of others?

"A FARMER."

## FOR PRESERVING HUSBANDS

Dear Miss Beynon:—I am sorry for the poor, unfortunate women who have such miserable husbands. I wonder if they are good wives. If "Discouraged" would read the book of "Polly-Anna," the glad book, I think it would do her a world of good. "Discouraged," try to please your husband, and, to be sure, cook things just the way he wants them. Keep your house nice and tidy, and don't be nagging all the time. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and in giving it will be measured back to you doublefold. Here is a receipt to preserve a husband. I have tried it and it is fine:

Be careful in your selection. Do not choose too young, and take only such varieties as have been raised in a good moral atmosphere. When decided upon and selected, let that part remain forever settled, and give your entire time and thought to preparation for domestic

## THE WEAVERS TWAIN

(By a reader who signs B. M.)

You took the girl from a pleasant home  
To live in a prairie shack,  
And just because of her love for you  
She has never once turned back.  
Nor thought of turning back.

The years were fat and the years were lean,  
The battles were bravely fought;  
The warp and woof of the web of life  
The woman and you have wrought.

You and the woman have wrought.



use. Some insist on keeping them in a pickle, while others are constantly keeping them in hot water. But even poor varieties may be made sweet and tender and good by garnishing with patience, well sweetened with smiles and flavored with kisses to taste. Then wrap them well in the mantle of charity, keep warm with a steady flow of domestic devotion and serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared they will keep for years.

## AUNT SALLY

P.S.—To get rid of bed bugs, get ten cents' worth of quicksilver and have the druggist mix it for you in one ounce of lard. Then put it in all the little cracks of the wall and bed with a feather and there will be no more bugs.

## BED BUG EXTERMINATORS

Being once troubled with bed bugs, I know how to sympathize with anyone who has them. I had tried various cures but to no avail, when one day my daughter came in and said, "Mother, your troubles are over. I have a cure for bed bugs." The cure was gasoline. So I

bought two gallons. I gave my bedsteads, mattresses and every place where I thought they could get, a good soaking twice. The gasoline hurts nothing, if you keep it away from fires. Be very careful of a blaze, or you will rue ever having used it for it is very inflammable.

Well, I used the gasoline in this way five years ago, and I have never seen a bug since.

## A GRAIN GROWER'S WIFE

I notice in The Guide someone inquiring for something to kill bed bugs. Well, I could not refrain from writing you to tell you what I know, so that it may benefit anyone tormented as I once was in a house I moved into in Moose Jaw. I tried everything I could hear tell of but with no real satisfaction until a person told me to use sheep dip. Take a half-cup of sheep dip to a quart of warm water. With a good stiff feather go into all the crevices. This will not injure bedding, so you can apply freely. One or two applications will rid your house forever. You can get this at any drug store.

DIXIE

## A HANDFUL OF DUST

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

A handful of dust, that is blown by the wind,  
That is sporting with whatever thing it may find,  
It goes swirling and whirling and scattering on  
Till it puffs into nothingness—then it is gone—

A handful of dust.

It may be a king who of old held his rule  
O'er a country forgotten—it may be his fool  
Who had smiles on his lips and had tears in his heart;  
But the king, or the fool—who may tell them apart  
In a handful of dust?

It may be some man who was mighty and proud,  
Or a beggar, who trembled and crept thru the crowd;  
Or a woman who laughed or a woman who wept,  
Or a miser—but centuries long have they slept  
In a handful of dust.

It may be a rose that once burst into flame,  
Or a maiden who blushed as she whispered a name  
To its ruby-red heart—and her lips were as red—  
But no one remembers the words that she said,  
In this handful of dust.

So hide your pining imbeciles,  
Your old and sick and vile,  
And keep the fear of age beyond my ken,  
For youth is full of loveliness, a very little while—  
And I never can be beautiful again!  
A handful of dust—it is death, it is birth,  
It is naught; it is all since the first day of earth;  
It is life, it is love, it is laughter and tears—  
And it holds all the mystery lost in the years—  
A handful of dust.

## YOUR HIGHEST THOUGHT

Associate reverently and as much as you can with your highest thought.—Thoreau.

## THE GREATEST PREFERMENT

Opportunity to do good is the greatest preferment which a humble heart doth desire.—Thomas Fuller.