



# Jean Blewett's

## OWN PAGE

### of Happiness



#### Philandering Not Always the Fault

"LADY, YOU ARE UNFAIR when you put all the blame of the (unduly) long engagement on the man," writes a correspondent. "He is a philanderer for the simple reason that he is afraid to marry, scared of his life to take the plunge! Why? Because he realizes that marriage is apt to change a charming girl into a jealous, fault-finding woman. If he is discerning at all he knows that many a girl who considers her lover perfect while the courtship is in progress has a way of seeing every fault so soon as the knot is tied. This is an excuse for him, merely an excuse. Mind you, I'm not attempting a vindication. Another is that the extravagance of the average Canadian girl is such that for him to marry on his modest salary would be to commit 'economic suicide.' She knows nothing about creeping before walking, she wants the earth, and she wants it right away. She must start out in style. I heard the following conversation as I sat behind two girls at 'Intolerance.' 'Yes, poor as Job's turkey, my dear.' 'What a fool a girl is to leave a home like hers for a four roomed flat in a poor locality!' 'Yes, if she marries for a home she ought to do her best in that line,' came the quick reply, 'but if she counts in love and happiness neither the size of the rooms, or the locality makes much difference.' 'Pooh! that kind of love has gone out of fashion,' laughed the other. I believe her. I also believe that woman's extravagance is to blame for most of the philandering you shoulder on my sex. Let her learn to be a help-mate, instead of a hindrance, and she will not be left like a gaudy flower to wait and wilt on the stem! (Signed)—BENEDICT."

#### When 'Tis Hard To Grin and Bear It

TO A CERTAIN EXTENT we agree with Benedict. Some of our girls are extravagant. They desire to start out in style. Many a young man begins married life hampered and harassed by debt incurred to gratify this desire. One feels a certain amount of sympathy for both. They are young and foolish, and in love and have the wrong idea and ideal of marriage, is perhaps more their misfortune than their fault. But it is not the showy, extravagant girl who "waits and wilts" if you notice, Benedict. Oh no! she is a social success, and marries when she pleases, and, generally, whom she pleases. It is the shy girl, the girl who appears just a bit old fashioned because she makes her own clothes, the nice "housekeeper" girl who is famous for nothing unless it be her cooking, and who carries a home atmosphere right with her, whose heart is oftenest hurt and prospects spoiled by the selfish philanderer, who loves and rides away. She is well rid of him, of course, only she does not see it that way.

#### View-point of Modern Business Woman

"I WISH" exclaimed the business girl who has earned the title of 'Efficiency Eleanor,' "that the people who tell us with the air of getting off something new and noble that woman's place is in the home, could be made to do one of two things, provide the home for her, or hold their tongue about it. They make me tired. If I had a home I'd be proud of it, if I had a husband I'd be proud of him at the least excuse; but as these luxuries are denied me I persist in being proud of the fact that I can earn my living, and am economically independent." When Eleanor is in this mood we let her have her say—she would have it anyway. "I'm not ashamed of being a wage earner," she continued, "nor am I by force of circumstances. It is what I want to be, love to be, what I would be no matter how much of this world's goods I be possessed. Can't they give us credit for the good that is in us?" She settled herself back in her chair and fixed us with her deep grey eyes. "When I began the family friend said to me, 'Eleanor, you will lose your charm'—for all the world as though 'charm' was a trinket one wore on a chain." "Anyway, I'll try and retain my pay envelope," I told her, "and so save my poor father from slaving to keep me in idleness." She was shocked. "The fine lady in you will grow weaker as you mingle with the throng," she urged. "And the woman in me, the feminine soul that is the real me, stronger and more human," I retorted. She washed her hands of me.

#### The Last Woman and the Last Horse

BY AND BY we got at the reason of all this earnestness, Eleanor had attended an affair given by the Business Woman's Club, in honor of Miss Florence King, and heard enough about woman's works and worth to make her all in love with herself, her vocation, etc. She had also heard the candid opinions of a candid man (a brave man as well to air them at that woman's gathering) and been incensed by the same. "He told us we would do better to trust to the chivalry of men." "Chivalry!" Her tones were accusatory, her pose tragic, surely, surely our men are not such snobs they refuse to exercise this male attribute toward a woman engaged in earning her daily bread! If so their chivalry would be a broken reed to lean on.

#### Christmas Laurels

Gray old gardener, what do you bring!  
"Laurel and ivy and bay,  
With Palms for coming of a King,  
The morrow is Christmas Day.

Holly with thorns, and berries like blood  
On its shiny greenness flung.  
O, the pierced side, and the Thorny Crown,  
And the Cross whereon He hung!

Mistletoe meaning all healing  
Hang close to the Holly's Thorn,  
Lest we forget that on Christmas Day  
The Healer of Souls was born.

Bay's for remembrance full and sweet;  
It speaks with its fragrant breath  
Of Manger, and Cross, and a lowly Tomb,  
And of love that conquered death!

O, laurel leaves for the Altar lights,  
Laurel, and ivy, and bay,  
With palms for the crowning of a King,  
The morrow is Christmas Day!"

—Jean Blewett.

And oh, his age-old arguments! The new woman wanted to vote—(so she does, and so she will) also to dress like the man, smoke, swear, act the man, Lord love us! and a whole company of the unmanliest women, business women, old and young sitting right there in their chic fall finery and freshness. Its enough to vex a saint, and I'm no saint. Its all in the viewpoint. What she said set us "thinking back" to another noted man who deplored the trend of affairs, and the shivers which ran up our spine when, in tunes of finality, he said that he, even he, in the easy chair of old age expected to live to see the last real woman, and the last horse. All wise men are not prophets. True the motor has a great vogue, but the rustle of cavalry is a familiar sound at the front. And women—real ones, true and tender as of yore are filling their place in this old workaday world just as faithfully as the women of yesterday filled theirs. As Eleanor avers, "Its all in the viewpoint."

#### The Need of a Saving Sense of Humor

BECAUSE I DON'T laugh at my husband's stories he declares I don't know a joke when I hear one," confided this year's Bride to last year's Bride. "Why don't you laugh at them?" the other wanted to know. "Because they aren't funny, really." My dear," returned the other out of the fullness of her extra year's experience, "it's not a bit truer that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, than that wit is in the ears of the hearer. If our sense of humor is what it ought to be we can laugh at Hubby's idea of what is funny if at nothing else—this is why it is called the "saving sense," it saves the situation, don't you see?" It certainly does.

The other day Mrs. L— took her daughter Eve aged five to make a first call on the new baby at the Manse. The baby was the pride of its learned father, happy mother, and of everyone

in the house; but Eve saw only its redness and its wrinkles. She gazed so long into the bassinette without speaking that the minister's wife prompted her with. "Well Eve, what do you think of our baby?" "Mebby the back of his head is all right, but his face don't please me," Eve announced judicially. Poor Mrs. L— tried to apologize, but, bless you! there was no need. The parents were in fits of laughter. The saving sense of humor! "whispered Mrs. L—," thank heaven for it!"

#### Zangwill Manuscript Sold for War Funds

LAST MONTH, when for the purpose of raising funds for patriotic work, an Italian gentleman put his library on the market, an original manuscript of Israel Zangwill's, containing a brief story of his childhood and the struggles of his early life, sold, after brisk bidding, says the "Bookmaster," for so goodly a sum that were it put on one side of the scale and the price in gold on the other the weights would be equal.

It was the story nearest the eminent author's heart, and told by himself would grip one hard. One would see the home with the touch of poverty on it, the dark eyed brothers, Louis signing his sketches "Z.Z.," and Israel studying always in his own dull corner among the faded tapestries. Life's handicap could not hold him back. Although he had no teaching save what he gave himself, he no sooner entered London University, than he proceeded to take the lead. How they would laugh at him, his queer accent, appearance, ways, those well-groomed fellow students of his! Never mind, when he took his degree with triple honors, they would forget to laugh. And only the other day that rugged "Zangwill" of his on a yellowing manuscript netted its weight in gold for the holy cause of Liberty. Good for the little Jew boy!

#### Mothers and School Teachers Coalesce

MOTHERS AND TEACHERS used to have a way of standing apart. Their attitude toward each other was often frankly critical. "She may be a learned person, but she doesn't understand my child" was the common complaint of one, and "A mother-spoiled pupil is a nuisance" the comment of the other. But the Home and School Clubs are making them acquainted with each other, bringing about a real fellowship. They begin to realize that no matter how diverse their methods their aim is identical. Most of our teachers are overworked, all of them are underpaid. The least we can do for the men and women who have so large a share in the fitting of our children for future usefulness is to give them our loyal support when their wills happen to clash with the wills of our offspring. We are steeped in partiality, we mothers. Like the old lady watching the procession we exclaim (to ourselves) "They are all out of step but our Jock!" Another thing the Home and School Club is accomplishing is the curing of that latent jealousy which lurks in the nature of many a mother, jealousy of the woman who in a way succeeds her, the woman to whom her laddie, usually loses his heart instant, her younger, prettier, much quoted rival, the school ma'am.

#### The Woman who knows how to do things

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW speaking before the American Women's Advisory Council, of which she is President remarked: "The woman who will prove a help in this hour of need is the one who knows how to do things." It is the same with us. The showy woman has had her day. So has the woman whose clothes were always an object of wonder and envy. The ambition now is to look as nice as you can on as little as possible. It took a war to teach us that extravagance is a crime. The woman who knows how to do things is the one in demand. Capability counts. We are volunteers in training, members of the Home Guard, and in the passion and stress of the hour we need to be sane thinkers, intelligent workers. What we do not know in connection with our work we must learn. And our first thought must be service—not will this job suit us, but will we suit it, put into it the best we are capable of? This is war time, and war time is our time. With so many patriotic endeavors needing us, and the Food Problem depending largely upon us for solution there is no place for ornamental inefficiency. In the words of a famous woman worker, we must pull, push—or get out of the way.