

of parks and the conservation of water supply which would have taken up the slack of our manpower and enriched and beautified our country, but to all our entreaties that this should be undertaken we were met with the cry:

"We haven't the money!"

Professor Morgan of Toronto University has just written a startling little book called "The Morgan Plan for Perpetual War" in which he advocates that a nice quiet little war, played according to all the rules, would bring a remedy for the spectres of hunger and unemployment which stalked the country during these tragic years of peace. It is a satire, of course, but a clever one, with so much truth in it, it cannot be laughed off!

In 1921 I was elected to the Legislative Assembly of Alberta on the Liberal ticket, and in my support my brother, Will, cast his first Liberal vote. I was surprised when he told me he was going to vote for me and I took advantage of Will's lapse from his old loyalty and told him he might as well vote for the whole five Liberals, to which my dear brother replied sadly:

"I know I shouldn't—but no doubt I will. When a man begins to go downhill all nature is greased for the occasion!"

The five Liberals were elected in Edmonton but the party was defeated by the United Farmers of Alberta. The opposition numbered thirteen, out of the total number of sixty-two.

I was not a good party woman, and I'm sure there were times when I was looked upon with disfavor. I could not vote against some of the government measures, which seemed to me to be right and proper, and I tried to persuade my fellow members that this was the right course to pursue. I believed that we were the executive of the people and should bring our best judgment to