



# Jean Blewett's

## OWN PAGE

### of Happiness



#### Professor versus Martha- by-the- day

YESTERDAY WE ELECTED to hill the late potatoes and virtue was its own reward. We were treated to the following delicious bit of dialogue between the white haired professor mending his hedge and the cleaner-up-lady, as the children call our Martha-by-the-day, washing windows. The two were old cronies, we were about to say, but rather they were old antagonists, which is even better. He opened fire by railing against woman suffrage. "It makes me smile to note how sure women are of themselves nowadays," came in his cultured voice. "They think they can do anything. I've no faith in them—I'm a pessimist."

"You're worse than that, Professor, you're that old feller fell asleep for all them years and only woke up when the hull world had gone ahead and left him gapin', old Rip van—what's his name?" fired Martha.

"Woman will never amount to much in the business world," he continued, pretending not to have heard, "owing to her detestation of detail, nor in the professional on account of the nervousness peculiar to her. As for politics, she has no business with them—she is too easily influenced, too irrational. The home is the only place for her."

The sound of Martha's cloth polishing vigorously on the window panes was followed by silence, then came the volley:

"So it is, so it is, but when there ain't homes nor husbands enough to go round, what?"

"The Spartans had a law compelling every bachelor to take a wife," began the professor, "it was an extreme measure, but—"

"Go 'long!" broke in Martha, "you'd have a time nowadays marryin' off your bachelors by law. Huh! Our women are pretty particular, pretty particular, let me tell you. Also you don't need to worry none about their lack of pep, or nerve, or backbone. They've exercised them qualities so much gettin' the right to earn a decent livin' in the world, and a decent world to earn it in, that it's goin' to take a lot to tire 'em, turn 'em or daunt 'em. Take my word for it, Mr. Rip—professor." And her face shining with the light of victory she flounced into the house, leaving the adversary with the birds, the bees and the late roses spilling their splendor on the soft warm earth.

#### The \$25,000 raised by the W.C.T.U.

WE ARE VERY PROUD of old Ontario in the matter of W.C.T.U. efforts and accomplishments. To have raised twenty-five thousand dollars, as the members of that order have done, or will have done when the funds are all in, is a notable feat in these days of many calls and collections. The Trunk Fund netted a goodly sum. Collections for it were taken in the various churches and unique indeed were some of the offerings, such as ancient timepieces, smelling bottles, thimbles, brooches, bracelets, cruets, etc. This \$25,000 is to be handed over to the national executive of the Y.M.C.A. for the purpose of providing free refreshment for our soldiers.

"It means a lot of work, that \$25,000," a lady remarked to one of the leaders.

"Yes," was the gentle answer, "but it also means refreshment to our boys overseas—not only the cheer of a cup of tea, coffee or cocoa, but of a thought from home and mother. Who would grudge the work?"

This is the spirit!

#### The Home Town News- paper

THERE ARE MANY THINGS people are too busy to bother with these days, but you will notice that the paper from the old home town is not one of them. It never fails of its welcome. There is a rush for it when Postie brings it, but father comes off victor. "Well, well," he says, "the little old sheet is still alive!" After supper the twins row over that section of it containing a realistic account of a lacrosse match, their sister cries: "Oh, give me a peep at the school reports?" adding "please" like a little lady. Father hands mother the column telling about the I.O.D.E. sock shower, Ladies' Aid birthday tea, and the Dominion Day concert, and keeps for himself the news items, council meeting minutes, letters from lads overseas, etc. Local pride runs high. Presently from mother: "Boys, your old chum, Tommy D—has turned out a comedian. His numbers at the concert brought down the house."

"Charlie Chaplin ain't a mite funnier than Tom," asserts the talkiest of the twins with good faith if bad construction, "when that fat rascal gets a-going."

By and by Father reads aloud the farewell to a couple of lads who are leaving to join the Flying Corps.

"It seems odd to think of that mischievous pair—" comments mother softly, "why, they're only boys, and—"

"They've the makings of men, good ones at that! I know the breed," crows father. And so it goes until the whole paper is read, even to the advertisements, reports of council meetings, "accounts passed," cemetery caretaker appointed, etc.

Why not? It is a breath from home, full of the fragrance of old friendships, warm human interests. It is from the old town—their own old town.

#### Nothing Humdrum About House- keeping

HOUSEKEEPING IS NOT humdrum work, far from it. We make this statement after duly weighing the facts of the case and being well aware that a round dozen of women of our own personal circle, all of them possessing a "great gift of the gab," as country folks say, stand ready to challenge it. Everything depends on the way we look on this business—yes, business, the best and biggest business of all—that we have taken up and are carrying on. If we are too far above

### The Mullein Meadow

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Down in the mullein meadow  
The lusty thistle springs,  
The butterflies go criss-cross,  
The lonesome catbird sings,  
The alder bush is flaunting  
Her blossoms white as snow—  
The same old mullein meadow  
We played in long ago.

The waste land of the homestead,  
The arid sandy spot  
Where reaper's song is never heard  
And wealth is never sought,  
But where the sunshine lingers  
And merry breezes come  
To gather pungent perfumes  
From mulleins all abloom.

There's playground on the hillside  
And playhouse in the glade,  
With mulleins for a garden  
And mulleins for a shade.  
And still the farmer grumbles  
That nothing good will grow  
In this old mullein meadow  
We played in long ago!

JEAN BLEWETT

it to take solid satisfaction out of it, then it becomes a weariness of the flesh. "Housekeeping humdrum!" exclaims the woman who is always thinking up new ways of doing old tasks, "hard work it may be, but never humdrum unless the housekeeper gets in a rut. There is the secret of it—if our work—any work—is humdrum it is because we are humdrum. We are in a rut and the wheels go round and round without getting us anywhere."

#### Hired Help— The Art of Getting and Keep- ing It

BLESSED IS THE HOUSEKEEPER who can afford good help—and succeed in getting (and keeping) it. But for one who can do this a dozen cannot. The \$25 per month asked—and earned—is too large a slice to be spared from the family income loaf, and with much to do we must be careful not to give our muscles too much exercise, our mental make up not enough.

"Humdrum!" smiled the young faced woman who has kept house for thirty years. "It is too interesting to be that. I've no patience with people who talk of the maddening monotony of dish-washing, dusting, etc. How anyone can hate housekeeping is a mystery to me. My mother used to say that no matter how tired she was it rested her 'all over,' meaning brain and body, to wash her old willow pattern dinner set and shine it up on soft linen towels. No monotony there. Every housekeeper not above her business knows the feeling. Yesterday I baked a batch of

bread, so light, so brown that as it came from the oven I felt like singing a little song over it. I wasn't thinking of the toil it took, but of the satisfaction it gave." When anyone tells us that housekeeping is humdrum we shake our head. Housekeeping means child welfare (the Lord grant that childless homes do not become the fashion in Canada) means thought, and prayer, and planning, means study of social questions, means being dietitian and cook in one, means not only being sweetheart to your husband, but guide, philosopher and friend—ay, and sometimes conscience as well, means being the life and soul of a world all our own. To term housekeeping humdrum is to write oneself a failure.

#### Titles, Beads and Bargains

EVERY ONCE AND AWHILE the question keeps coming up, "To be or not to be?" Are we to have our stock of knights replenished early and often, or is the supply to be cut off? Not that it matters much, unless it be by way of example. A title does not make a man, neither does it mar him. He is of exactly the same calibre with "Sir" to his name as he was before, no wiser and no worse. It may make him a little vainer, a little more pedantic or dictatorial, but time would likely have done this without help from high places. In this country titles are not taken seriously except by a few. The clear-eyed Canadian smiles, seeing in them but trifles handed out generously, much in the order of the beads, bracelets and bargains which passed between the noble red man and his white brother in the long ago, shiny, alluring, inexpensive. "Inexpensive!" you exclaim, "the man who secures a 'Sir' pays for it in one way or another, pays high." So did the one who got the beads, you remember. Lo, the poor Indian!

#### Two Women Receive Degrees of B.S.A.

FAIR ONTARIO, always in the van, sunny Alberta, usually ahead of time, Manitoba, whose proud boast is that she starts every forward movement worth while, and the other western provinces with "a guid conceit of theirs" are left in the lurch. What do you say to Quebec and Nova Scotia, those two sisters, old, grey and miles behind the times (or so we thought) producing two of the newest of new women—the only two of their kind in all Canada? One is Margaret Newton of Senneville, Quebec; the other Pearl Clayton Stanford of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, bachelor girls, not bachelors of arts, but of agriculture. The fact that they have taken the degree of B.S.A. from McGill University has lifted farming into the professions. The women of other provinces are bound to follow suit. The old order passeth with its drudgery, its standards of brute strength and physical endurance. The new, with its ingenuity, its nice balance of brain and muscle, and best of all, its co-operation, is with us. The farmer mentally alert as well as physically strong, is bound to be the most successful citizen in the land. All honor to each of our pioneer professional farmers of to-day with the letters to her name! And to yesterday's whole army of pioneer women with their splendid record and their unsurpassable achievement.

"They went their way these women strong and grand,  
And as they went, they blazed through this young land  
A trail, that half the world will follow still,  
To homes by mountain, forest, stream and hill."

#### Comrade- ship the Keystone to Happiness

COMRADESHIP is the keystone to happiness in married life.

"What?" you exclaim, "surely you do not put it ahead of love!"

No, not ahead of, but keeping pace with love. Doing team work, so to speak. Two people can love, yet succeed in making each other desperately unhappy. How is it the poet puts it?

"Some loved you not, and words let fall  
That must have hurt your gentle breast,  
But I, who loved you best of all,  
Did hurt you more than all the rest."

There is a world of comfort in that comradeship born of congenial tastes, common interests, deep sympathy, perfect understanding. The couple possessing it can never be poor while they have each other.

"Isn't it enough that your working days are spent side by side?" demanded a friend of one happy pair, "but you must holiday together? Why not try the effect of a little absence?"

Darby and Joan did not answer in words, but the look he flashed her said, "Because I'm happier with you than with anyone in the world," and the answering glance he received said the same—and more.