

# What of Your Grandchildren?

Are You Going to Have Any? Is Motherhood Waning?  
Better, Eugenic Babies is a Praiseworthy Slogan—  
But if it Means "Less Babies" Will There be  
Any Third Generation?

By KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

FROM very small beginnings, the Child Welfare Movement in the States has grown to national proportions.

Canada is already beginning to think along these lines. Dr. Allan Brown, the Canadian child specialist, of international fame, is anxious to see a Child Welfare Bureau established by the Dominion Government, and avers that the opening of such a department would be merely a matter of months, were each of our provinces represented in Parliament by even one woman-member.

Public opinion, and the public press, assure us that children are the greatest assets of the nation; and Strong Babies—Better Babies—Bigger Babies—Eugenic Babies—are advocated on all sides.

I am heart and soul in favour of the campaign. I think it is far better for a woman to bear two fine, strong, healthy children, and to rear them to womanhood or manhood, than for her to have five children, lose two, and be unable to give the remainder a fair start.

I am all for better business in regard to babies. I believe in weighing them regularly—measuring their certified milk, tabulating their records, and insuring their lives. But I do think that the purely business side can be over-emphasized.

Fifty years ago, everything was left to mother-love. It was supposed to take the place of brains, training, and experience. Mother-love frequently broke down under the cumulative burden, and showed itself incapable of coping, unaided, with serious situations. But to-day, the positions are being rapidly reversed. Brains, training, and experience, are being put in the place of mother-love. Is it not something of a slur on our civilization that it seems to be only the feeble-minded who consider babies as—just babies?

Even a slight study of the statistics on the subject makes one wonder if it is merely a slur—or a breath-taking menace for the future.

He was a wise man who said that to get the children right we must begin with the grandmothers.

Child welfare has started from that base. The Home base. But when the circuit of the field has been made there must be grandchildren, if the home base is to remain.

Child welfare is beginning—physically—upon the grandmothers of the future. So far, so good. But mentally? Soulfully? Humanly?

It has been stated by child welfare workers that the mothers, and (emphatically) the mothers who need it most—are the hardest to influence and interest.

A study of the personnel of Child Welfare Boards shows that mothers of children (children—not grown-up sons and daughters) are conspicuous by their absence.

Has it occurred to you that this may have something to do with the slow headway of which the active workers complain?

If it were possible for some of the splendid professionals who make up so large a part of the Boards, to become amateur substitutes for active mothers for an afternoon, and to let occasional mothers supply for them at the welfare meeting, or work. It might make for a better understanding of both sides of the question.

## Mothers Have No Time

"ACTIVE mothers" are prevented more by lack of time than by lack of interest, from taking much part in the public work. And ignorant mothers are apt to shy at theory, in what might be called its liquid—aqua pura—state. The brains and training of the professional men and women who are doing so much for the movement are assuredly the backbone of the enterprise. But if arms and legs, in the form of Real Mothers, could be added, there might be even more move in the movement. Active arms and legs DO help! It is easy to agree to the truism that

children—certified for citizenship—are the best business of a nation. Is it as easy to act upon the agreement? It is surely as dangerous to consider children as a purely business proposition as it is to take them without thought.

The whole trend of modern thought and action is towards shorter hours, higher wages, greater freedom, collective bargaining, and—consequently—decreased production.

Is it possible that thinking people expect this wave of thought to break over the heads of potential mothers, and to leave them untouched?

The thinking mothers of this generation are becoming keen on small families of sound and perfect children. Child welfare and social conditions are working together to this end.

Will those children think reproduction worth while?

Every minute taken from the professional woman's working day, and every cent added to her salary, means something added to the mother's work, and something deducted from her finances. Every child a woman has reduces her personal income, adds to her personal labours, and sets the date of her freedom further in the future.

The world was never before such a wonderful, worth-while place for the free woman.

Is it to be expected that she will act like the butterfly in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's poem, that "creature, madly climbing back into its chrysalis?"

Under the circumstances, she will ask herself the question: "Are children good business for the individual woman?"

I know (by eighteen-hour days of actual experience) just how busy the modern Canadian mother is. Yet I think I could safely trust each and every one to find time, in her already overcrowded day, to rise up and smite me over the head with the broom, the dishpan, the iron, or the preserving kettle (whichever happens to be handiest) for voicing such a monstrous suggestion.

Every MOTHER! For no mother—with a real, live, soul-stirring, sleep-spoiling, heart-curling, honest-to-goodness child—can regard that baby entirely as a business proposition.

(Can you, dear?) No Mothers' Union that might be organized can ever hope to achieve sufficient solidarity to carry out a successful strike. Peter's appendix, or Adelaide's adenoids, would prove stronger levers than the arguments or appeals of the most inspired leaders. They might agree from the ground up, with all their heads, hearts, and souls. But a child's illness would always have the power of removing its mother from the ranks of the collective bargainers. But a merely potential parent is less biased.

The clear, calm viewpoint of a detached woman is necessarily wider, more far-seeing—and more business-like—than that of a mother, who can never be more than semi-detached! The mother-instinct is implanted in every woman—in every female of the species; but in ninety-eight out of every hundred of them it takes a personal child to bring the seed to bloom. And while every normal woman dreams of a real mate, the mere husband has lost much of his early Victorian glamour. And though "Better Babies" is an inspired slogan, and a popular preaching, "Less Children" is the equally popular practice.

It is a fine thing to make the world a happier, healthier place for future generations. But it is a dangerous thing to attempt it by taking the heart out of humanity.

I often consider with interest the future of those interesting little creatures, my great-great-grandchildren. But there are times—since Democracy began smashing-up the landscape, with a view to making the world entirely safe for itself—that I have begun to believe that, like the core of the apple, "there ain't a goin' to be none."



# Pretty Teeth

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## Film is What Discolors

WHEN teeth discolor it means that film is present. That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is a stain absorber. When tartar forms it is due to the film. The film clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Remove that film and teeth will glisten in their natural whiteness.

Film causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The tooth brush alone does not end film. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why the old-way brushing fails to save the teeth.

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The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we are supplying a ten-day test free to anyone who asks.

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