

A Model Nurse

The Freedom And Knowledge I Am
Gaining With The Help Of
My Babies

By
EVALYN EARLY

FROM the day my first child was born I resolved to hold an important part and have a recognized place in his life. To enjoy and appreciate with him the good and beautiful of this big world, and not go "moping" blindly on, ignorant of its charms. To do this I realized I must be his companion, playmate and confidante, in other words, his nurse. To-day my babies enjoy their mother's companionship and love. We are staunch comrades, and this is how it all happened. In the springtime of life, when all is beautiful and gay, my babies, five and two years, respectively, enjoy with me full days of pleasure together, regardless of home duties or tasks; these are second considerations. Many days our time is well spent journeying to the many parks of our city, seeing, studying, calling by names the many trees, plants, flowers, animals and birds, enjoying its swings and many child's amusements found there, with a final lunch on the grass or, gathering the wild flowers and collecting the numerous pebbles along the drive way. Many a happy hour is spent rolling down the grassy slopes, mother nurse joining in the sport. Often the visit to the park is changed to a stroll out some lone-some road, plucking sun-flowers and wild daisies on vacant lots, digging the little saplings to replant in our back yard on reaching home.



A Little Tea Party on the Lawn—Mother Nurse plays her part, too.

When the summer days approach hot and sultry, each morning as the solar rays are creeping skyward and upward, babies and mother nurse have an early breakfast with "Dada." Dishes are cleaned and placed away in a "jiffy." With a happy good-bye to Dad as he leaves for business, babies and nurse start for an early walk in the cool of the morning. Often spades and little pails are carried and a sand pile is formed on the corner of a street where a new house is being erected, or an asphalt street molded. A few times the sand play was enjoyed where a new sidewalk was being laid, perhaps a mile out, for this all happened in a western metropolis, where these new achievements and forms of progression were needed and wanted.

Mother nurse feels that the necessity of an afternoon nap on these long hot days is essential to her health, so takes advantage of same, lying down with her children for a half hour or more, regardless of home duties. Those not completed to-day can be done to-morrow.

With the coming of fall mother nurse changes her plans to afternoon pleasures, sought between lunch and 4 o'clock. Sometimes a long car ride is indulged in, giving notice and discussion to the many items of interest seen from the windows. The immense buildings are talked of—what the height and who the occupants, railroad crossings made, sign boards read, and as we ride nearer the country our eyes feast on nature's beauty, on her alfalfa and cotton fields, "looking like little fairy snowballs hung on a bush, for the sun to smile upon," so our boy expressed it. Domestic animals grazing could be seen all along the route.

If the fall winds are unusually strong and piercing, a short walk to a suburban car station is enjoyed. The different cars are learned by name "on sight." The specified routes with stops and fare "required" are inquired into. The distance and destination of each made known, and as they hurry by the occupants' faces and manners are studied. If their faces are smiling, their voices pleasant and cheerful, we decide the day's work or mission has been an enjoyable one and the bearer is a pleasing character. Our boy favors the motormen, because he says "so much

depends on his hands, the lives and whole care of the car." I then explain how the conductor has his share of the responsibility.

The most beautiful impression left on our minds was, when one autumn afternoon, late in the season, we walked to a floriculturist's plant, near a mile distant. All evidence of the dying fall surrounded us. We could feel it as we gathered the many fallen leaves, in their tints of yellow, gold and brown, and see it when we collected the many different seeds of the wild flowers now rank and tall, drooping by the roadside. All our conversation was of the departure of nature—why so? where to?—and when its return? Oh! suddenly we found ourselves looking on a wonderfully big glass house located in the centre of a wide expanse of land, full of flowers with all their beauty and fragrance. The expression on my children's faces was that of pleasant surprise. And our oldest child afterwards said, "Mother, it was like a fairy tale." Yes, it was grand! We were wishing for Spring and walked right into its real beauty. All our recreations together "in my efforts to answer their many tangible questions on nature and man," have taught me the great-

ness and goodness of our Creator and the fullness and wholeness of humanity. When the wintry days are with us, snow and ice covering the earth, we find pleasures with each other in the mingling and directing of house games and amusements. When the day is an extreme blizzard or terrible enough under foot as to necessitate our remaining indoors, for an hour each afternoon our wraps are put on from head to heels, all windows are thrown open, gas turned out and a fresh air romp enjoyed. I have found this the means of discouraging many a cold we might have experienced.

There are exceptions to all rules. Every mother is debtor to her children for the best that is in her life as a whole, and in her character. To pay this debt she must ever strive to better herself and improve her surroundings. In other words, "keep up with the times," "be up-to-date." To do this she is compelled to mix with the world, giving to others the best her mind and life possesses, accepting their best in return. The mothers of to-day can find helps, improved ideas and suggestions that benefit and assist in church societies, magazines, mothers' clubs, etc. In her endeavors to attend all, it frequently becomes a necessity, health and weather conditions considered, to leave her children to the care of a substitute. Under only extreme conditions do I leave my babies to the trust of another, for our home is bereaved of grand-parents and deprived of sisters and aunts. I am a member of church societies and a mothers' club, and when I am marked present, my babies are too. I am sure their trips with me enlighten their consideration for others, improve their manners, broaden their little minds and hearts. But in the absence of myself from my children, I ever carry a prayer in heart and mind that the God who watches over all will care for them. They are my staunch comrades whose companionship I happily share. Our walks through the woods have taught me there is a fragrance and beauty in the depths of flowers and foliage deeper than mere sight, and their use is for better purposes than decorating, that their sweetness can sink into the depths of mind, love and character. The objects and duties I once considered trivial and insignificant, have grown to be the things of real power and worth.

Getting a Teacher

What a Toronto Music Student Thinks
About Studying Music
At Home

By
IRENE EFFINGWAY

WE have sent our students to Europe to study music; if a son or daughter showed a considerable musical talent the goal of the parent's ambition has always been Europe. In Europe we expected our students to get or complete their education in such a way as was, we thought, not possible here. We neglected our own musical possibilities to build up others at our own expense. Doing this, we lost in reputation, in music, and in money; our loss was the gain for Europe, to which we had got accustomed to look for the final seal and stamp of approval in music. This is to be changed. We can train our musicians in Canada; we are going to do so.

The present is a good time to begin. No one can study music in Europe now except with a great deal of difficulty. And this gives us the opportunity to consider what our students have been going to Europe to get, what they got, what they got at home, and what they could have obtained further if they had stayed at home to complete their musical education.

Students went to Europe to study with masters, but they didn't always find the masters to study with. There are just as many quacks in Europe as in America, and the foreign students would be the ones most easily imposed upon and fooled, because of their lack of knowledge of the country and its musicians. Granted a teacher of standing, even, the teaching was not as thorough, as conscientious as the teaching the student left behind in Canadian colleges; for foreign masters had a way of passing by the students ordinarily talented to put tremendous emphasis on the exceptionally gifted one. The majority of students who went to Europe to study lost rather than gained and came back actually not in such good form for playing or singing as they went away. The exertions would have achieved just as much by staying in Canada—more, for their advanced study would have added lustre to the reputations of Canadian teachers and dollars to the incomes of Canadian colleges.

The chief advantage which we were supposed to get by European study was "atmosphere." This we were said not to have in Canada. Musical atmosphere is largely a matter of imagination; like artistic temperament and other slang expressions of the arts, musical atmosphere is oftenest on the lips of those who fuss more about atmosphere than they do about music. The thing is to get the music; the atmosphere will take care of itself.

All these students who went to Europe could have got just as good results in Canada; can get just as good results now, even better. If the European reputation means something, there are teachers in Canada with world wide reputation. Also there are Canadian teachers who are worthy of teaching and a gradually growing Canadian public who appreciate this.

At the present time there are teachers in Toronto who are capable of making Toronto one of the greatest musical centres of the world. At the present time, it is possible to name six or seven more than capable musicians, musicians before the public over the whole continent, who have obtained all their education in Canada. This fact is not so widely advertised by their agents as it should be. The opera at Montreal is a significant expression of the desire of the people for complete musical life. But the one achievement—and it has been an achievement—that marks Canada as a musical country and Toronto as a musical centre is The Mendelssohn Choir. What Dr. Vogt has

done in founding and leading the Mendelssohn Choir is sufficient proof of what can be accomplished. So

far as the Symphony Orchestra is concerned, not enough has ever been done; but enough has been done to show what may be achieved when the present Symphony Orchestra is really brought together.

At the present time, there is still too much rivalry and not enough co-operation among all the people who love music. We want to keep our musicians at home and train them here. Very well, then, all must work together to that end. We have the teachers, we have the music latent in the hearts of a hundred composers. A European teacher now resident in Canada said to me most emphatically: "It is wonderful how Canadian girls love good music. But it must be good music. They do not regard music as a matter of culture; they want it."

This desire for music must be met by adequate instruction. To get successful teaching we must have faith in our teachers. This is why less rivalry and more co-operation in music is needed. Every country had to begin sometime. Let us establish Canada's reputation as a musical country; let us do it now. We must have faith in ourselves; then advertise; then a reputation can be built up.

Real musical composition only began in Europe about the time America was discovered, and the European musical reputation and atmosphere has been made since. The big reputation is not so old as that for it is really a matter of the last fifty years, glorious years so far as music is concerned, for they mean more than all the other 450 put together. Yet, that is exactly how old music is.

The point is, somebody had to begin; some nation had to begin. First real musical composition began in—Italy? France? Germany? Russia? No: in the Netherlands, in Belgium. There were English composers of the same period who did notable work. It was from these beginnings only that European music developed.

Canadian music must be organized, and the people represented by their Government will have to do it. This is different apparently from the situation as it has been in Europe, where music has always had the patronage of the great as well as the devotion of the people. But here in Canada, as we are a democratic nation, we have to look after arts and sciences ourselves, and ourselves and our government initiate movements that in older and wealthier lands have been started by individuals. Our Government in Canada has subsidized railroads, encouraged agriculture, and aided manufactures. Now we are surely well started in things material and we can take thought for those things which are in a new land left for consideration until after a certain degree of prosperity has been attained. Clearing land, farming, making transportation possible, developing a constitution and a political life—all these things naturally and inevitably came first. But now Government must become a patron of music. Already it has given encouragement to painting, and the National Gallery affords proof that the arts are regarded. Let the Government in similar way encourage Canadian music. This can be done by symphony orchestras, great choral societies, and musical bodies, and grand opera companies supported by the Government. Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, and in the farthest east and west, musical centres to which all the musical life of the land will turn for inspiration and guidance.

This is Canada's opportunity in music as in everything else.

