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Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor

Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor

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EDITORIAL

May, 1918

Wool Scarcity and You: Children and the War: Passing of the Title



DO you object to wearing a suit that has developed a shine? Do you feel self-conscious in clothes that have begun to look "shabby"? Naturally! Then it behooves Canadian women to take precautions, preventative measures *now*—to sponge and turn, re-make and re-model their old wool suits, to preserve their new ones, for the day is fast approaching when wool will be practically unobtainable for general use.

Canada is producing more wool to-day than she has at any previous period in her existence; yet there was never a time when wool was so scarce, or when so much cotton was used as "filler" in Canadian clothing. The demand is so pronounced, from a military standpoint, that the conservation of wool on the part of civilians is a patriotic duty of no little importance.

The following facts relative to the use of wool for military purposes are enlightening:

During the last three years and eight months, the Allies have made, it is said, sufficient khaki cloth to stretch around the whole world more than fifteen times—approximately 375,000 miles of cloth nearly a yard wide.

This has been an unprecedented strain upon the wool supply and accounts, in part, for the increase in Canadian sheep values from about \$6.50 per cwt. in 1914 to \$14.50 the price sheep are bringing at the stock yard at the time of writing.

Of this enormous amount of wool being utilized for soldier wear, there is a very small percentage that returns to the woolen mills to be torn to pieces and used over again as shoddy.

When civilian clothes are discarded they find their way back to the pickers, where they are combed to pieces and used again with new wool. But with the military uniforms it is entirely different. They are buried! A stupendous consideration, this—that the 375,000 miles of khaki cloth, nearly a yard wide will never be reclaimed!

It is not strange, then, that the outlook for us, here in Canada is a serious one. According to T. Reginald Arkell, manager of the Dominion Wool Warehouse, which has been recently handed over by the Government to the Canadian Wool Growers' Co-operative Association, these conditions will continue to increase in gravity until the termination of the war. It is possible, in fact, quite probable, that the Government will curtail the use of wool by the civilian.

Pure wool piece-goods are not merely at a premium, but are next to impossible to secure. Goods which formerly sold at \$2.00 a yard are now sold at \$10.00. Tailors say that suits will be from 40 to 50 per cent. higher next fall than they were this past winter, and even then, the quality will be inferior. Cottons and silks are rapidly becoming the chief run for dress materials.

In the face of all this, is it necessary to say to Canadian women,—"Don't waste one scrap of wool goods. That scrap may be a priceless treasure next year."

WHILE the serious aspect of things is being borne in upon us every day, there is a great danger that we may transmit to the children of the nation a viewpoint that may lack appreciation of the sweeter, the happier, the freer things of life.

The Gentlemen of Oxford

The sunny streets of Oxford
Are lying still and bare,
No sound of voice or laughter
Rings through the golden air;
And, chiming from her belfry,
No longer Christchurch calls
The eager, boyish faces
To gather in her halls.

The colleges are empty,
Only the sun and wind
Make merry in the places
The lads have left behind.
But, when the trooping shadows
Have put the day to flight,
The Gentlemen of Oxford
Come homing through the night.

From France they come, and Flanders,
From Mons, and Marne and Aisne,
From Greece and from Gallipoli
They come to her again;
From the North Sea's grey waters,
From many a grave unknown,
The Gentlemen of Oxford
Come back to claim their own.

The dark is full of laughter,
Boy laughter, glad and young,
They tell the old-time stories,
The old-time songs are sung:
They linger in her cloisters,
They throng her dewy meads,
Till Isis hears their calling
And laughs among her reeds.

But, when the east is whitening
To greeting the rising sun,
And slowly, over Carfax,
The stars fade, one by one,
Then, when the dawn-wind whispers
Along the Isis shore,
The Gentlemen of Oxford
Must seek their graves once more.

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

With so many activities—new duties—clamoring for our help, we women are apt to forget the little daily needs that were ours to plan and ours to fulfil. Home must still be made comfortable, and children must still be fed, clothed, cherished as lovingly and tenderly as in times of peace.

The same pleasures and occupations that claimed the attention of the little ones ten years

ago, call to them to-day. Youth and strength and buoyant spirits must be conserved. War, or no war, the generation of to-morrow will need sound bodies, trained minds, steady nerves and cheerful dispositions.

The normal happiness of childhood should be disturbed as little as possible. It is right that children should have intelligent knowledge of passing events, but it is wrong to allow young lives to be shadowed by profitless brooding over horrors. There is only one way in which the war should be brought home to them—and that is in terms of *service*. Teach them what they can do to help; what they must not do. But keep from them the hatred that comes of reverses, the knowledge of calculated, universal slaughter. It will be sufficient for them to review it as history; there is to necessity for them to *live* it as a reality.

* * *

THERE will be very little mourning in Canada over the announcement made in the House of Commons that we are done with hereditary titles, and titles of all kinds, for that matter. It was with some consternation, if not a little amusement, that Canada's feminine democrats accepted the news of war-inspired titles for women. The passing of titles from husband to wife was, possibly, a necessary evil. The advanced (?) social status the husband attained with his title must needs be assumed also by the wife. But that women should be designated "Dame" and the like, is really just a trifle far-fetched for comfortable acceptance on this side of the Atlantic.

The move to abolish titles in Canada has been made at an opportune time, in so far as the effect on the future is concerned. They have always been the handbook of political partizanship. And now that women are in the field, and eligible for such awards, much as we hate to admit it, what a merry time official title-makers would have!

At the present period of civilization, there is only one excuse for titles—war distinction. And Canadian women are ready and willing to leave all the titles of merit going for the men on the field. The good results effected are the only recognition we desire for our participation in the war.

"If it could be done without disrespect to the Crown he was quite prepared to make a bargain with the other Knights and take his title to the market place and put it on a bonfire," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, amid the applause of the whole house. "I would not object to being present," said Hon. N. W. Rowell, "at the bonfire suggested by Sir Wilfrid." Neither would we women!

ATTENTION is called to "Shadows of the Salient" on page 8 of this issue. The writer, Ex-Sgt.-Maj. Hector Macknight has been in the heat of war for the past three years. These chronicles, which he is writing exclusively for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, are first-hand impressions. They are as realistic as it is possible to make them without verging on depression. Between battles the "Bard of the Battlefield," as he has been called, will continue with this series, and they will be published immediately on receipt of them—the next in the June issue.