

us here to a problem which was with us before the war, is with us now, and must loom up larger than ever when this war is over. That problem is the "Yellow Peril." This is a question which most directly concerns the women of Canada, for in our hands lies the future of the race. Every mother, every potential mother here on the borderland, looks always toward the east with anxious eyes, for there lies what most menaces the race's supremacy in this country. The question is too large a one to be more than touched upon in this letter. Let us only say that we have seen the gradual encroaching of the Chinese here on the frontier. They have come from the fringes of the towns where at first they were isolated, to take their places in the very hearts of our cities. The Orientals are monopolizing certain branches of our trade, and threatening others. Let us only say it costs a Chinaman one-fifth what it costs a white man to live, so that a Chinese woman can afford to have five children where a white woman can afford but one. What does this mean to you and to me. We are not only the mothers of our own children, but the mothers of the nation, present and to come. The war that follows this war will be a war of peace, but upon it will depend our whole national and racial existence.

While this problem has not come as closely home to you as it has to us in the west, there are other problems the seriousness of which is affecting us all equally. One of these is the enormously increased cost of living. Why is it that in a country teeming with fertility any of our children have to go hungry?

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At the Sign of the Red Cross

How a Garage was transformed into a popular Garden Tea House, where upwards of \$150.00 a week are realized for Red Cross and Field Comforts

By MARY SPAFFORD COLBY

SPEAKING for itself, the Tea House would confess to having had its origin in a wood-shed,—a satellite to the near-by barn. When the barn was moved away to make room for a hill-side view which it had always hidden, the capacious woodshed graduated to the sphere of a garage. And now, it has attained the height of its career in the guise of a Red Cross Garden Tea House.

There came a time, when the Red Cross workers of the "Three Villages,"—Rock Island, Stanstead, and Derby Line,—found that they could make up more supplies than those purchasable by the \$150 pledged monthly, by the community. A Red Cross Tea House was suggested as a possible means of eking out these funds. It was thought that the "Broadview" garage, belonging to a private house, known as "Broadview," would be "just the place" for the "Tea House"; whereupon, the mistress of "Broadview," offered it, with that cordial spontaneity which is characteristic of her.

"Of course it's full of old calamity now," she said, "but I think that it offers decided possibilities" and she led the way hopefully toward it, followed by a little inspecting bevy of women.

That was the beginning of numerous meetings in the garage to consider ways and means. There were various points to be decided,—some of them apparently insignificant, yet debatable.

To have, or not to have oilcloth on the tables? To use square tables, or round ones? To serve a simple lunch, or just afternoon tea? To have the Tea House open on Sundays, or contrarwise? Whether, or no, to put up picnic parties for motor parties?

Such were some of the questions.

It was finally decided to use pretty paper doilies on dark, round tables, seating four people, with a larger, oblong table in the centre for parties of six or eight; to open the Tea House from noon to nine in the evenings, on week days, and from four to seven, on Sundays; and to engage a competent head for the culinary department.

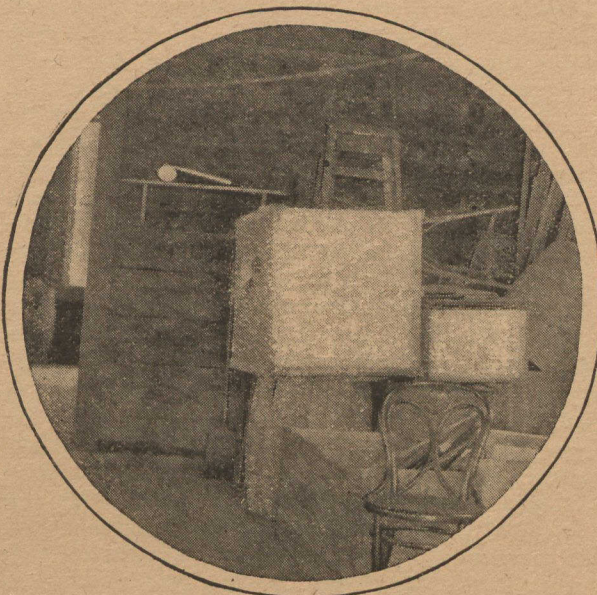
From the first, even in its dishevelment, the Tea House was a lovable place. The large front room, during its woodshed days, had had its sides open to every wind that blew, and the rafters of the

ceiling were weather-beaten the rich brown of Swiss chalets.

"Let us stain the walls to match," exclaimed the committee, and it was done.

There were heaps of lumber there. There were workmen's tables about, spider webs in the corners, and tiles piled under the stairs. "All sorts of calamity," as its mistress had said, but workmen soon made inroads upon these things.

Behind the large front room, and a step above it,



Once it was a common garage, as you may note from the useful decorations.

were two smaller ones. These found their vocation as a kitchen, and butler's pantry; while from the latter, a flight of stairs accessible by a side entrance, led upward to what is now the ladies' rest room, where a couch invites repose, and dishevelled beauty can find the conveniences it desires.

On the wall of the Tea Room, near the front door, from whence one sees the garden that gives the Tea House its distinctive name, hang two boxes—one with the Red Cross on it, and one with the Blue. They are opened fortnightly. It is amazing how the mites count up for the wounded soldiers, and the poor wounded horses.

One of the few wet blanketers of the Tea House project said: "Oh, the first year you won't more than make expenses."

An optimist said: "You'll clear \$200 a month." Last summer's proceeds netted \$2,000, and the present season is promising equally well.



Now it is a very conventional tea-room and much more useful than when it was a garage.

It is fair to state that the "Garden Tea House," started with a clean slate, as regards initial expenses. Necessary carpentering, plumbing, lighting, the use of a Jersey cow, an oil stove, refrigerator, and dishes, were met by private donations, and by the proceeds of a Rummage Sale, which cleared \$200, and will be remembered in anecdote, both for the things that people bought, which they didn't want, and which they did. An example of the former is the story told of a man who purchased a dress suit that did not fit him, for a dollar, and had a chest protector, and a box of ancient evening ties

thrown in.

The ladies of the Three Villages take charge of the "Garden Tea House" two at a time, for a week apiece. The two in charge, arrange about the girl waitresses, the lady at the desk, and the cakes solicited. The bread, the ice-cream, the salads and the sandwiches, are made on the spot—the two latter, as ordered, to insure their being fresh and delicious.

Other good results, besides the raising of money for Red Cross supplies, have sprung up alongside this fundamental one. People of various creeds, nationality, and up-bringing, have been thrown together in a common interest, who would never have gotten as thoroughly acquainted, otherwise. Each is actuated by the broadening desire to help.

"I have learned so much from you, during our week here," said one of the ladies in charge, to her running-mate.

"And I from you," said the other, cordially. "This week, and its experiences, will be a bright spot in my memory."

The work has thrown into strong relief the "best side" of those who have participated; while such qualities as generosity, unselfishness, thoughtfulness, zeal, and ingenuity, have blossomed like the rose.

A good deal of fun, coupled with a chance to study human nature, enters into the running of the Tea House, while good-natured raillery and a wholesome sort of competition exist among the ladies from week to week.

"We're going to order the hardest thing to get-ready-in-a-minute, that we can," threatened two ex-manageresses, as they sat at ease, studying the menu, after their own strenuous week.

But thy didn't, although individual strawberry shortcakes graced the bill of fare!

Each week has its distinguishing features, and distinctive episodes, at the Tea House. The sensation of one week was a \$20 bill left by a generous Montreal gentleman, who had seen the advertisement in the Ritz Carleton Hotel. Another week, it was the visit of forty-two Board of Trade men. They were invited to motor from their convention, some miles distant, for a complimentary supper at the Tea House. They came, they partook of the good things provided, and after appreciative speeches, they left \$38 at the Tea House desk, by way of a visiting card.

One week, a band concert on the Tea House lawn, was the crowning feature, and \$30 the result, in cold cash. Again, fragrant hay cocks in the meadow, which leans inquiringly toward the Tea House door, was a picturesque note in the general order of things.

Just a few words about the Three Villages,—two in Canada, and one in Vermont. Stanstead and Rock Island are in the Province of Quebec; and there is no perceptible dividing line between the three except the iron post which marks the United States boundary. When dwellers in the Three Villages attend an entertainment in the Haskell Opera House the unique spectacle is presented of the stage being in Canada, and the audience sitting in the United States.

The Customs House, alone, stands aloof in seeming unfriendliness. But even this institution befriends the Tea House.

I stopped, one morning, beneath its great flag suspended across the roadway, with some fruit for the Garden Tea House.

"I want to declare this fruit," I said, to the official in charge. He smiled.

"It's Monday, so you can't get strawberries on the Canadian side to-day, and it's a donation, and anyhow, it's for the Red Cross," he said, conclusively.

Thus, even the stern Customs House officers smile approval on the mission of the Garden Tea House.

Where blooms this garden, with its Tea House of delights? Far up the stately Stanstead village street this Tea House sign with its blood-red cross hails the weary motorist and offers him wayside refreshment such as he little dreamed of.

Does it sound a Utopian sort of place? Maybe so. But if you doubt my words, just plan your motor trip by way of sweet, sunny, sleepy Stanstead, and see for yourself this Tea House of delights.

It'll be there.