



Jean Blewett's

OWN PAGE

of Happiness



"What Will Women Do Next?" He Asked

"WHAT WILL WE DO NEXT?" was the title of the only address I ever had the joy of hearing Mark Twain deliver. It was before the first (and at that time the only) woman's press club in Illinois, and with all his irresistible drollery, his delicious humor, were mingled some staid facts, some truths which set me thinking and kept me thinking long after the laughter had died away.

He said he had on one occasion asked his chum's father if it were really true that the hand that rocked the cradle was the hand that ruled the world. "No," had come the despondent answer, "it used to be that-a-way, but now she brings the babies up without rocking, and rules the world with both hands." "The Governor of this state is one bilious old pessimist," he confided, "who'd give a lot to know what woman will do next. He was growing about it the last time we met, said his wife used to do her own dressmaking and let him manufacture her opinions. 'She has turned things round—nowadays she gets ready-made finery and does her own thinking—it's mighty uncomfortable.' 'For her?' we asked, and got the truth out of him before he had time to think up a lie. 'No, for the rest of us,' he snorted. 'You see, nobody knows how far she'll go, once she gets a good start.'"

With a Good Start Her Motto is "Sail On"

"SHE HAS THE GOOD START all right—and what she will do next remains to be seen," went on Mark Twain. "Death and taxes are the only sure things, but there are a few other items one can almost count on. One of them is that having started up the hill of progress, she won't stop putting one foot up and one foot down till she gets somewhere. Also, she isn't going to make herself dizzy by any sudden backward turn. Christopher Columbus is her hero, and her motto, 'Sail on.' She's hailed at and hailed at, but it's not troubling her to any extent, she is too busy discovering a new world (and a new woman) to be put out by trifles. She is up and away to the fair and her itinerancy hasn't a single, solitary return engagement in it.

"What'll she do next? Never mind—the higher she goes the wider her outlook. What'll she do next? Only heaven knows. But between heaven and her it will be well done, whatever it may be.

"To climb down from this lofty flow of language to my old lumbering style, I rise to remark that the most disturbing thing about a woman who begins to sit up and take notice is that you never can tell where she'll elect to do the sitting up, nor what she'll take it into her head to notice."

Women Are Learning the Value of Money

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE is going to cure woman of extravagance—once she learns the meaning of money. So long as her knowledge of money-getting is confined to what, as a girl, she gets from father, and what, as a woman, she gets from husband, she naturally looks on it as a sort of lucky find, something which allows her to do what she likes and buy what she pleases. But once she earns her dollar by the sweat of her brow, she knows just how much every one of the hundred cents which go to make it is worth.

But she has to learn more than the mere making of it, she has to learn to save it once it is made. The girl who up till her marriage has earned her fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five dollars a week, and put it all on her back, is not going to make a good business partner for the man whose salary she expects to spend. The wife's ability to spend judiciously is second only in importance to the husband's earning power.

Heaven's Gift—These Babies Are

EUPHROSINE OF THE PERFECTLY appointed house, took us in her perfectly appointed car to pay our respects to the new arrivals. "Are we to congratulate you or condole with you?" she wanted to know of the proud mother. They were dear, those twin girls, in their white slips without a trace of tuck or lace, and their sleeves tied back with blue. "Wax dolls," laughed Euphrosine, "if you drop one it will break." We shook our head—No wax dolls, these soft little mites, breathing gently, moving gently, closing and unclosing their hands, lifting the lashes from sleepy eyes, but flowers "a-growing and a-blowing" in the warmest sunshine of all, the sunshine made up of breast-warmth and mother-love. "Let me hold them both, oh please! There now, look out you don't make me mad or I'll take my

playthings and go home. They are lovely!" we cried.

The mother smiled assent. A woman may be too modest to praise her own offspring, but never too modest to listen to your praises—and look for more.

"Excuse the litter on the sewing table," she said. "I'm making over my old rose dressing gown. We oughtn't to get a thing more than we need in wartime, and—"

"But what about those?" interrupted Euphrosine, pointing an accusatory finger at the twins.

"Those," she said with sweet assurance, "are heaven's gift to hearts in need of them."

Everywoman's Forum

Dear Everywoman's,—

May a wild and woolly westerner make bold to lift her hand, snap a finger and thumb and call "answer" to the "Why is it?" of an eastern sister re the rows (oh yes, I know you call them differences of opinion down there, but up here we give things their honest names) stirred up in women's clubs and organizations by the last Dominion election? What goes to make a woman's row? Talk of the wrong kind, bitterness, recriminations, mean little jabs—things which mark her small. Because women do not think alike is no reason for trouble. A club is an organization where people meet on common ground to learn something and do something. You have no business quarrelling with me or I with you if our view point happens to be opposite as the poles. Your women's clubs seem "touchy" to say the least. With so much real work to be done, doesn't it seem childish in one of Montreal's strongest clubs to be split up over the soul-racking query, "Shall or shall not our President be made to resign from her position because she showed herself a Liberal in the last elections?" And Toronto's pet organization follows suit by "censuring" certain charter members who happened to have opinions of their own. It's the old Family Compact leaven still working. It belongs in the east—keep it there. The west has no use for it; it belongs with empty titles, "mind your manners," "touch your hat to your betters," and other fool forms of snob-bishness. When we get this wide wonderful west just where we want it, we'll send some missionaries to wean you from your idols.

Thanking you, dear Everywoman, for space for my sermon, I am yours in faith, hope and broadmindedness—which goes charity one better,

Margaret Arbuckle.

What a breeze from the west! It is almost a hurricane. How we poor Easterners do catch it, eh! But don't be in too big a hurry sending that missionary—you know about the hare and the tortoise. We make haste slowly.

"No use hurrying that I see, Take your time is the text for me.—Ed.

A Rose of the Garden Type

YOU KNOW HOW ON A JUNE DAY, with all its beauty unfolding to the sun, a garden seems to lie back and smile to itself for sheer downright gladness that in this weary old world there is at least one spot on which the dear Lord can look and see that it is good.

"The Lord into his garden comes, The spices yield their rich perfumes, The lilies grow and thrive—the lilies grow and thrive." She was just like that, rejoicing in her fertility, her beauty, her blossoms. The garden type of woman, dewy, wholesome, wonderful, with sudden surprises in beauty, and warmth and fragrance strangely sweet.

"Children are mussy things," commented Euphrosine, as we drove home, "my house-proud heart

would break if I had to be bothered bringing up those two bundles of trouble tied in blue."

Nothing of the garden type here—a rose, I grant you, but a rose of linen leaves and wax, with a drop of French perfume in its heart—lovely to look at, but not wholesome or heartening like the garden type. We tried to tell her so, but Euphrosine only laughed at the comparison.

Biggest Thing in Life is Finding One's Self

YOU ARE SURE TO RECEIVE some pithy advice if you attend the open meetings of the Business Women's Club. Mrs. Carrie MacMichael gave her hearers a talk calculated to start the dullest thinking. The biggest thing in life, she maintained, was finding one's self and making the best of one's self after said finding, climbing steadily up, with a hand outstretched to help others along. She did not urge that business girls study certain cults or read certain books, hers was the practical advice so valuable to youth and inexperience. Mrs. MacMichael laid stress on good health and good dressing. Soiled finery should be tabooed—so with jewelry—"every piece of ornament worn in working hours detracts from our force," she said.

"But," argues one, "a girl doesn't want to look a fright when working." Of course not. And a proper business costume is not going to make her look like one. I have in mind a frock worn by a young book-keeper in a village store. She designed it herself, cut, fitted and made it herself, and it is perfect in its way. The country girls and village girls very often have more taste and initiative than their city cousins. This frock is of dark grey wool and silk material, a one piece garment with box pleats in the back, a wide belt, and dear little collar, and the severity of it redeemed by the bit of exquisite hand embroidery in bright colors on collar, cuffs and belt. With her hair brushed till it shines, her sweet face, her becoming dress, she might well stand for a model to business girls everywhere.

The Mother-Spoiled Boy a Poor Husband

SHE MADE THE BIG MISTAKE of marrying a mother-spoiled boy. You know the kind, kept a baby by pampering, made a bully by the same process. Until he reaches man's estate he is only a nuisance, the mother-spoiled boy; after that, he is a menace. One feels like calling all the nice girls in, when he goes in search of a wife. He wants the best, of course, has all his life had the best, if mother could manage it. If he would be content to fix his affections—and inflictions—on some girl so lacking in charm she would be grateful for any kind of a lover! Not he. Or a meek, melting maiden, who wouldn't mind being bossed to death by a selfish hulk in the form of an Adonis—but no. For a space one indulges in a wild hope that a certain handsome virago will be his choice. She would be a kill or cure proposition, and anyway it seems a shame to spoil two houses with them. Heigho! nothing comes of it. He wants to make sure he is securing the "queen rose of the rose bud garden of girls" for mother's boy.

Nine times out of ten, he does it too. Then what happens? "Oh, you fortunate girl!" sighs his mother. "He is awfully in love." He is—with himself—and "awfully" is the word. What kind of a husband does he make? Ask the girl. She will not tell, but the beauty gone from her face, and gladness from her nature, writes in letters large enough for all who run to read that the mother-spoiled boy, selfish, exacting, is no life partner for a woman with a heart.

Women Learning How to Co-operate

THE CONFERENCE OF CANADIAN Women held at Ottawa, while it did not accomplish all that was hoped of it, revealed the pertinent and pleasing fact that women are learning the potency of co-operation, and establishing a broad bond of sympathy. "The Eastern women are dears!" cried one enthusiastic member from the prairie, "they seem to take us to their hearts and look on us as sisters, in all the helpful schemes discussed."

"There is a strength and optimism most inspiring about the big-hearted, breezy western women. They do not seem afraid of anything—even failure. I cannot find words to express the comfort we find in working with them," was the way many of the eastern contingent expressed themselves. It means that they are doing team work for almost the first time in the history of Canada. This is how it should be. We are learning to stand shoulder to shoulder in behalf of all that means right, justice and fair play for women, heart to heart for all that heaven has in store for us when we are ready to receive it. Team work is the work that tells.