



Jean Blewett's

OWN PAGE

of Happiness



**Is 107
Years old
and has
Knitted
800 Pairs
Socks**

I HAD THE HONOR lately of taking tea with a Canadian-born woman one hundred and seven years old, and of watching her "toe off" her 870th pair of "war" socks, so a little pride on my part is excusable. Wait until I tell you about her. She was born in Lincoln County on March 17th, 1811—"such a day for a Scotch woman and kirk woman to be born on!" she says with a smile. "My schooling consisted in what my mother was able to teach me, reading, writing and ciphering, but my education, ah! that's a different thing. I hold there's something wrong if we don't learn a new lesson (or review a half forgotten one) every day of our lives. You were asking about my memory—it is clear as a bell. I can recollect back a whole century—it don't seem long once you've lived it—but my thinker goes on strike sometimes. A week ago it fooled me into knitting all day Sunday under the impression it was Saturday and jobs waiting to be finished."

When we reminded her that many women knit on Sundays and asked her if she thought it wicked, she returned in her tolerant way: "When you get old as I, you don't say what's wicked—for others. I've been told that Thursday is the only day not recognized as the Sabbath by one nation or another, the Christians taking Sunday, the Greeks Monday, Persians Tuesday, Egyptians Wednesday, Turks Friday, and Jews Saturday, so what's in a name. But all the same it is a foolish person who doesn't observe one day's rest for the sake of body and soul. My good health and long life are largely due to the fact that I come of a Sabbath keeping people and have adhered to the good old commandment, "Remember the day to keep it holy."

**Decorated
with the
D.K.L.
for
Service**

"BEFORE YOU GO I must show you my Decoration," she whispered. It is a little silver watch, hung on a thin silver chain, this "Decoration." "Notice its face," she urges, "the figures stand out and the hands, so that I can read the time with my finger. A famous man designed it for the use of blinded soldiers—and the boys will have it that I'm one, on account of the knitting. I happened to tell in one of the many letters I've been in the habit of sending along with the socks, how, being blind—yes, my dear, quite blind in my eyes, but far-sighted in my fingers—I hadn't been able to tell the time on the clock, and so had worked till the wee sma' hours. A group of them, who kind of lay claim to me, sent me this—and let me tell you no hero coming out of Buckingham Palace after the King has pinned an order on him, is prouder than I am of the decoration awarded me by my khaki lads. What do the letters 'D. K. L.' stand for, you want to know? Why," with a blush of pure pride, "it's only their nonsense, 'D. K. L.' meaning 'Dear Knitting Lady!' The foolish fellows!"

There is a certain reverence about the way she puts the watch in our hands, and this same reverence marks our manner of holding it. We realize that this splendid woman is not only giving us a glimpse of a real Order of Merit, but also a glimpse into her faithful old heart. D. K. L. indeed! And at 107 years old!

**The
Woods
Call for
Women
'Sugarers'**

AND NOW BETWEEN the planning out of our thrift gardens and the planting of the same, we must attend to our sugar making. Doesn't it sound good after all the sugar shortage talk? Sugar making is one Canadian industry which women can carry on as well as, or better than, men. Every maple tree in the country should be "tapped," every sugar bush should have its pails out, its boilers ready, its watchfires trimmed and burning.

"But it is still winter," objects the University girl, who has promised to "carry on" in this festival of sweetness. "How can we go about in the woods until the ground is dry?"

You can go about in rubber boots, short skirts and sweaters, or overalls, and remember this, sugar-making, like time or tide, waits for none. "Ugh!" the maid of all work, another volunteer, says with a shiver, "'tis a lonely spot the woods must be with this winter wind sailing through it. Have a heart, woman!" Winter! No such thing. This is March, "bearer of the breath o' spring," March, whose wind and sun "Makes linens white and lassies dun."

The Rotary Club and other patriotic associations ought to see to it that the work of sugar-making, work the farmer has not time for, these days, is attended to systematically by our women, who are not too weak to lift the sap, boil the same to syrup, and "sugar off" the delectable creamy mass. As soon

as the buds begin to form on the trees sugar making is over—so, forward, march, to the tune our lads in khaki march to.

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever!"

Everywoman's Forum

Dear Everywoman's:

Man's inhumanity to man doesn't come up to woman's inhumanity to woman. I speak with feeling, owing to treatment received while placing pledge cards and doing other patriotic work which necessitates entering the homes of strangers. A query from housewives which more workers than I have grown familiar with is: "How do we know you are doing this for the Government? You may be a spy!" Can you understand women taking this attitude? And what's the remedy?

Patricia.

Yes, I can, Patricia. Considering some of the things done and said by zealous, but unwise, workers in our campaigns for thrift, I can easily understand a little hostility. As to remedy, how about all war workers adopting a uniform which would identify them as such? Our cousins across the line have a "National League of Empire. Every worker wears its uniform when on duty. These uniforms are made to order, dark blue skirt, coat, cap, and cost about fifteen dollars. They are natty and becoming, with white collars and cuffs, and two rows of the metal buttons which belong peculiarly to them, being the insignia of the league. The worker who wears in well doing, or quits the national service for any cause whatever, retains her suit—it is hers, she has paid for it—but she must return the buttons, as none but a war worker may wear them. Sounds sensible, doesn't it?—Ed.

Dear Everywoman:

I wonder if we women aren't mostly fools? We seem to go at one reform or good work with a rush, then to wheel about like a flock of sheep and charge at something else, leaving the first to live or die as it sees fit. For instance, while we have all been doing wonders in war work lest our lads overseas (God bless them!) know cold or hunger, we have this winter let women and little children in Toronto the Good suffer and, in an extreme case or two, die from lack of food and heat. While we have done our full duty by Home Missions, Foreign Missions and other worthy objects, we have not had time to attend to the little "heathens" at our own doors, ay and within our own doors. A park policeman brought a youthful offender home to this house not very long ago.

"Breaking windows, and glass the price it is!" we cried in wrath. "Didn't I warn you not to go out without asking me?"

"How could I ask you when you're never here, mother?" he flung back sullenly. It was then I asked myself the question which begins this letter—my first epistle to a paper—and calculated to get me in wrong, I know.

Busy Woman.

We're not aggravating enough to say "I told you so," but take a look at the letter which opened this Forum. And come again.—Ed.

Dear Everywoman's:

All this talk about economy makes me tired. I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut we real housekeepers can show a lot of you "paper and platform" thrift women how to save any day in the week. There may be wasteful wives among us, but tell me this, would Canada be the country it is to-day if the bulk of our women hadn't known the meaning of real thrift? Lord help us! Will they never quit their little a, b, c lessons to the housekeeper who has forgotten more on the subject than they'll ever know? If you love us—and we believe you do—make them can the economy stuff—or tell us something new—something we haven't known and done always.

Martha by the Day.

You're just the one we want, Martha. Tell us a few things. Pass some of your wisdom—gathered from everyday experience—on to us, and we'll be thankful.—Ed.

**Art
that
Awakens
a Real
Response**

THROUGH THE KINDNESS of the Woman's Art Association, especially of its President, Mrs. Home Cameron, Toronto art lovers had an opportunity of viewing a collection of pictures by the Italian artist (and soldier) Laurence Laurence. The exhibition opened with a "Private View," the hostesses of the occasion being Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Joseph Banigan, and Miss Loudon. The pictures drew many art

lovers, but made a special appeal to our Italian people. Among the reproductions were the works of Botticelli, Raphael and Carpaccio, etchings breathing of modern Italy, and of the Renaissance. The birthplace of St. Francis, the sunny town of Assisi, in Central Italy, seemed to have furnished more than its share of subjects for pictures. It was in front of one of these, a shrine snow white in the heart of a cypress covered hill, we saw a picture prettier even than Laurence's masterpieces, "the dark-eyed daughter of the south," who plays the street piano on spring days and summer evenings up and down College Street holding fast to that young brigand, Rodriga, her four year old brother, and pointing to the shrine with one dimpled, dirty finger.

"I am ten now, but long ago when I was only six, I take with our mother, the pilgrimage from Perugia to this place," she was saying proudly. "Someday, brother mine, you and I will go play under the cypress trees of Assisi."

One could not help wishing Laurence might have seen the pair and caught the wistfulness in the girl's eyes, wistfulness evoked by his work.

**Boy
Babies in
Majority
now in
Canada**

WE NEVER EXPECTED to hang upon the words of a statistician. But there, we never knew a statistician could be so interesting. It was at a little Eugenics Club which has no set time for meeting running on the schedule used by Elbert Hubbard in bringing out "The Philistine," "Every Once in a While." Up until now we had esteemed statistics another name for facts, the stubborn things the statistician threw at you by way of proving his erudition.

We know better now. You see the subject was babies—and still more babies. Every item concerning these dimpled, helpless bits of humanity is interesting, and "current events" on the subject, especially so. Euthenics, or the study of pre-natal influence and environment, affirm that these things are feeling (and showing the effects of) war's force and bias. Martial Mars is quite eclipsing the Venus of the hearth. No longer do girl babies predominate. All countries, Canada among them, are producing more male infants than female.

By this time we had borrowed a note book and purloined a pencil and our neighbor on the left (another who had come to scoff and remained to pray) was whispering in our ear, "Exit the superfluous woman—if the old law of demand and supply holds out for another generation or two, man is going to be the pursuer instead of the pursued. Think how scarce (and valuable) wives will be!"

"Statistics show," continued the speaker of the evening, "that since war broke out in 1914 the ratio of boy babies to girl babies has been unprecedented. Britain, who was wont to boast a third more girls than boys each year, in 1915 reversed the order. In 1916 her showing was 700,000 boys to 400,223 girls, while in 1917 the ratio in favor of males was the highest recorded since 1838, the year which saw a girl queen crowned at Westminster Abbey. That year almost twice as many males as females saw the light of day in "the right little, tight little isle in the sea."

**A War
of Wits—
Well
Worth the
Reading**

SHORTLY AFTER the restriction order in regard to petrol was passed, several people were summoned to the Police Court on the charge of running their cars with petrol or petrol substitute. Among these was the aged mother of General Lipsett, of the Canadian forces, who spoke in her own defence. Her contention was that she was driving to church,

and that provision was made in the Restriction Act for persons attending church. A war of wits took place between herself and the prosecutor, he asserting that the exception under the order did not apply to anyone going to church save to a clergyman, who went because his business called him there.

"I went because my business called me there," she said.

"It would have to be household business on your part," he urged, "and women have no warrant for going to church to transact such."

"What concerns the household is the housewife's business and I was but attending to my everyday affairs under a rule more ancient and binding than your restriction. 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

"But religion is a spiritual affair, not an every day one," he insisted.

"Yours may not be," came her retort, "but ask any right thinking woman, and she will add her word to mine that real religion is a household affair, and an every day one."

The stipendiary reserved judgment, but congratulated the octogenarian on her defense.