

FAIR PLAY FOR FATHERS

Mistakes Some Mothers Make.
By Dorothy Dix

Are you teaching your children to love and admire their fathers? Do you point out their father's good qualities? Do you hold him up as a hero before your children's eyes? Do you teach your children to appreciate him?

If you do not, you are not being fair to him. Fatherhood calls for just as many sacrifices as motherhood does. The only coin in which these can be repaid is affection and gratitude, and if he is defrauded of these he is poor indeed.

From the time that the first baby is born the average man becomes literally the slave of his family. He sells himself into bondage so that his children may have advantages that he never had in his youth; that they may enjoy luxuries he never knew.

Sacrifices Without Reward.

It is father who wears the shabbiest clothes. The percentage of money that father spends on himself and in gratifying his own personal tastes and desires is negligible. Virtually all the money he has earned by a lifetime of hard toil has been lavished on his family.

Whether this pays or not, whether all of this labor and anxiety and self-denial have been worthless or not, depends on his children's attitude towards him. If they love him; if they are grateful to him; if they appreciate what he has done for them, it is the best investment that a man ever made, and it makes him richer than any millionaire.

But if his children are indifferent; if they take all that he has done for them as no more than their due, and without even a "thank you"; if they see in him nothing but a shabby little man who hasn't been particularly successful as a money-maker, all his life work goes for nothing. His sacrifices are without reward. He is bankrupt in heart.

The attitude of children towards their father is almost entirely determined by their mother; and whether they look upon him as a superior being or merely as a cash register depends upon what she has taught them.

There are women who teach their children to regard their fathers simply as money-making machines that exist solely for their own use and benefit. What the children want they must have at any cost to father, and mother undertakes to get it out of him. The children see that mother has no consideration for father and they grow up to have none.

She tells them what the last penny out of him with no more feeling for him than if he were some sort of automatic device worked by her for supplying their desires and needs.

Other women teach their children to despise their fathers by always criticizing them and calling attention to their faults. They tell the children that their fathers are lacking in enterprise, that they are poor business men, that they are too easy and let people take advantage of them, that they have this and that weakness, until the child's mind is poisoned with the idea that his father amounts to nothing and his opinions are not to be respected.

Few women deliberately set themselves to teach their children to love and appreciate their fathers. Few women try to make their children see their fathers as heroes who, for their sakes, are fighting the battle of life as bravely and gallantly as any knight of old. Few women teach their children to show real gratitude to their fathers.

Why so many women fail in this important duty is partly through carelessness and a lack of thought, but mostly because of an unconscious mother jealousy. They want to be first with their children and monopolize their love. But it is a cruel thing to the child and to the father.

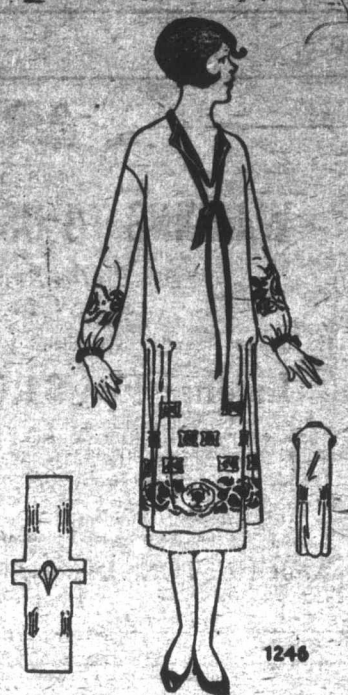
Music Engenders Ideals.

It is never too late to learn to appreciate music. But without doubt the best time is in youth. It is during youth that the tastes are formed. If the children are developed for the higher order of desires that is the way they will grow up. It is never wise to rush a child.

The ideal home is the home where the parents keep their minds steadfastly on the beautiful things of life. If the parents are God-fearing, beauty-loving, patriotic, generous, sacrificing souls, the children are more apt to be that way, whereas if they are vulgar, selfish individuals, it is more likely that the children will tend in that direction.

And so it is with music. Begin young, show the way, love the art, let the little ones hear lovely music, and that is how they will develop in maturity. If you begin early enough and persist long enough we shall succeed in making Canada a more desirable place to live in.

Music and musicians and music loving people are a great asset to any community. Music engenders ideals. Ideals are what we need more and more in this young country.



THE NEW COSTUME BLOUSE.

One of the new silks having an attractive border design has been chosen for the fashioning of this charming costume blouse. The new trimming feature of fine tucks is introduced in the groups placed at the hips either side of the front and back, emphasizing the bloused effect; and right now let me tell you that the smartest way of wearing your tucks is on the inside of your frock with just the back of the seam showing on the outside. The appeal of this blouse lies in the length. Frequently one has dresses that are worn at the top and around the hips, yet quite good at the lower edge. The worn-out top may be cut off, making a slip over which this blouse may be worn, making a charming costume. The full sleeves are gathered into narrow bands at the wrists, and a collar with long ends is tied in the front. No. 1246 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch, or 2 1/4 yards 54-inch material. Price 20c.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dress-maker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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Winter Warmth. Twinkling flames danced beneath the mantelpiece. Bronze andirons carry the figures of dormant lions, symbols of soft subservience to the flames, asleep like gentle cats under the spell of the fire. Lichen-covered logs, colored a sage green, with young moss and earthy smells clinging to their round and knotted surface, crackle merrily in the wide fireplace, etched with polished tiles. Grandmother sits contentedly in a Windsor chair and reads.

This is a modern home! Transplanted beauty of the ages abounds within the four walls of the living room whose hardwood floors radiate from the Chinese design on the taupe Wilton rug. The fireplace is only evidence of old-fashioned enjoyment of winter in northern lands. The blaze is bringing anew a blush to grandmother's cheeks. As the living flame leaps from the log a glowing atmosphere is left, which forms the essence of the foyer to the French; the hearth, without its cricket, to the English.

The fireplace is the link with winter days of yore. Memories and dim pictures are in the fireplace frame—pictures that live and breathe and vanish with the ever-changing music of the crackling logs.

All pervading is the warmth, the winter warm which bears no kin to the vagabond days of summer. Outside, the lawn is snow strewn, lit by the glow from the window where fringe of shade leaves a bar of flickering light and shadow above the sill.

Odors of the forest fill the living room. Phantasies of spring leap from quickening logs, as the rich aromas arise from red and purple flames that make only one step to the vanishing point in the somber shadows of the chimney and go out over the roof top into the night as a veil of smoke.

Toads, bats, and snakes live longer without food than any other creatures.

The Loose Foot-Brace.

With his gold-rimmed glasses, expensive clothes and carefully polished shoes, the visitor from the city rather looked down on the old fisherman and his boat. He took a wide step into the middle of the boat to avoid the none too clean sides. But his heavy step set the boat rocking, and he took a second unsteady step quickly forward. His foot caught a loose foot-brace, which tripped him, and he fell forward, striking his face upon a thwart, breaking his glasses and causing his nose to bleed a little. After expressing his anger with some violence, the man noticed the loose brace, lying in the bottom of the boat.

"It's a stupid piece of business," he exclaimed, "to have loose sticks like that in a boat!"

"That's a pretty useful little piece of wood," said the old boatman calmly. He had sprung forward to help the fallen man, but he was clearly offended by his language and manner. "You'll find how good a thing it is when you want to row yourself anywhere."

"Every stick that's needed in a boat should be firmly fastened," retorted the hurt and angry man.

"If that stick had been solid," said the boatman, "you might have toppled clean overboard into the lake."

The man took his seat with an impatient gesture, thrust out the oars, swung them back and gave a vigorous pull. His feet, having no brace, slid along the bottom of the boat; the man slipped from his seat and fell over backward. The boatman's boy, who had looked on with sympathy when the man first fell, now laughed outright, and even the old boatman grinned a little.

"If you'd put that brace you kicked aside in them cleats at your feet, you'd have some comfort to your rowing and make some progress," said the boatman.

The shamed man now heeded the old boatman, put the brace in the cleats that suited the length of his legs. Now he had a firm support for his feet, and he could throw his weight safely upon his oars.

It is so with many of the laws of life. Moving about in our ignorance and foolish impatience, they trip us up. Hurt and angry, we cry out against them and wonder why they exist. But when we recover our balance, observe life's rules and put these laws in their places, we find in them the very power by which real progress is made. "But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped," says the Psalmist in the Seventy-third Psalm. This verse and the whole Psalm is a commentary upon this experience of the man with the loose foot-brace.

I am a tremendous believer in honest work, in working for work's sake, for the sheer joy of working and producing.—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that many copper mines are timbered with rosewood, and mahogany is used for locomotive fuel.

Making Use of a Paisley Shawl.

The fortunate possessor of a Paisley shawl has a charming decoration for the wall. While these shawls, so popular in the last century, were woven in Scotland, the Oriental colorings and patterns make them delightfully harmonious with period furnishings. The famous palm-leaf pattern, for example, is a decided "find" to hang in the fashion of a tapestry or other decorative textile, on neutral walls. It makes a "point of interest," as interior decorators say, when hung in a dark corner needing more color. It may be hung above book shelves, above a mantel, a console table or a couch. It can be fastened directly to the picture molding, or hemmed at the top and a stick run through the casing. Then a cord must be tacked to each end of the casing and hung with a tassel like a picture or mirror upon the wall.

Sometimes, a treasured Paisley shawl may be too worn to be used entire. Then a strip cut so as to make the most of the pattern is attractive as a straight table runner. It should be lined with satin and the edge may be finished with a narrow metal gimp. A strip cut diagonally from a shawl may be used either in a runner or as a centre panel in a soft cushion. Contrasted with black satin, paisley is very effective in an oblong cushion. Where it joins the satin the seam may be covered with gimp to match the table runner.

One more use for this colorful shawl is to drape a couch with it. Plain cushions should be used. A room furnished in Colonial or Queen Anne style, especially when the Oriental note is present, will be interesting with this picturesque cover.

Colors to set it off best include dull green, gold and black.

Our Remarkable Brains.

The brain is a curious organ. It is almost insensible to pain, for one thing, and it is much less subject to disease than the rest of the body is. Even when there is definite brain trouble, it is often impossible to detect in the brain tissue any alteration of substance. It is also very difficult to exhaust the brain by intellectual work, provided the other organs are in a healthy condition. Finally, the brain does its work on an exceedingly small amount of sustenance. Sir Arthur Keith, the British surgeon, has put the fact very graphically by saying that the energy contained in an ounce of sugar would be enough to produce one of Shakespeare's plays if it should find its way to a brain as gifted as Shakespeare's was.

In running, a common length of step is 36 inches; few women can take so long a step, hence their inferiority in running compared with men.

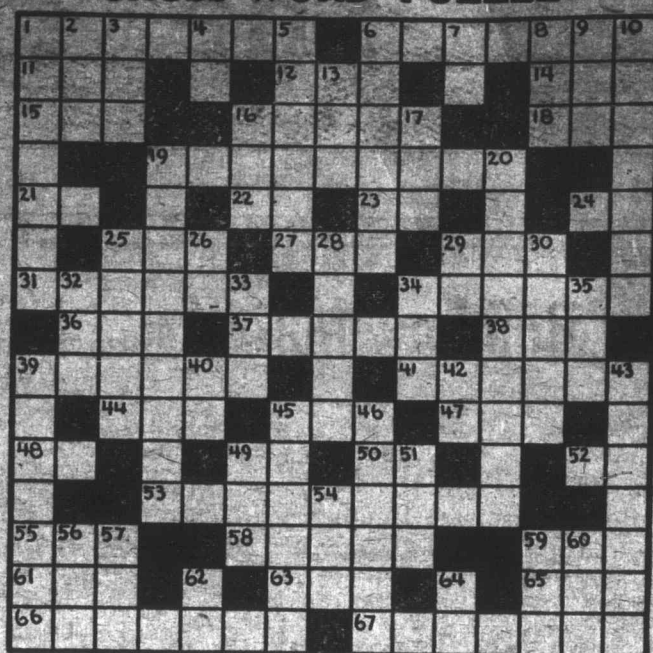
A new breakfast food, containing about 30 per cent. apple and the remainder wheat, is being put on the market by a Nova Scotia concern.



WAS FAMOUS SPY, "MADAME X" DURING WAR.

Above is Marie Coenegrachts, perhaps the most famous and beautiful of all allied spies during the great war. Certainly none were more daring. Time after time she outwitted the Germans until she became internationally famous, and headed the Belgian espionage system behind the German lines. Finally, planning one of the biggest coups of the war, she was betrayed, arrested, and subjected to cruelty and indignities. She is starting life anew, with her husband, who was also taken prisoner and wounded during the war, at Cooksville.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



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HORIZONTAL

- 1-Woody spike of an ear of maize
- 6-A precious stone
- 11-Color; shade
- 12-Employment
- 14-Fragrant
- 15-An ending of nouns
- 16-Part of stomach used for food
- 18-Prefix—"thrice"
- 19-Having mutual agreement
- 21-Pronoun
- 22-Topographical engineer (abbr.)
- 23-Trustee (abbr.)
- 24-A measure of weight (abbr.)
- 25-Conjunction
- 27-Sooner than
- 28-A tropical fruit
- 31-A popular game
- 34-A light fall, as of snow
- 36-Latin for "by way of"
- 37-A brownish color
- 38-Call of the cow
- 39-The existing universe
- 41-In England; a high silk hat
- 44-Time period
- 45-To shut in
- 47-Article

HORIZONTAL (Cont.)

- 48-Toward
- 49-American institute (abbr.)
- 50-Close to
- 52-"No good" (abbr.)
- 53-An entrance
- 55-A fragment
- 56-Not refined
- 58-look
- 61-Part of verb "to be"
- 63-Single
- 66-A pastry
- 68-An abusive or personal satire
- 67-A country of Europe

VERTICAL

- 1-A war vehicle of ancient times
- 2-Pronoun
- 3-A color
- 4-Prefix—"with"
- 5-Triangular yacht pennant
- 6-To appoint as an agent
- 7-Part of verb "to be"
- 8-Frequently (post.)
- 9-And not
- 10-In the manner of a diva
- 13-A title
- 16-An explosive (abbr.)
- 17-Ever (post.)

VERTICAL (Cont.)

- 19-A province of W. Ireland
- 20-Gained a victory
- 25-Girl's name
- 26-Prefix—"two"
- 28-Monetary unit of British India
- 29-Florin (abbr.)
- 30-To feel one's way in the dark
- 32-Girl's name
- 33-Point of compass (abbr.)
- 34-Obsess
- 35-Fish eggs
- 38-Normal
- 40-Prefix—"again"
- 42-A division of the Bible (abbr.)
- 43-A common weed
- 45-A tyrant of Syracuse (467 B. C.)
- 46-The Mohammedan messiah
- 49-Part of a circle
- 51-Part of the foot
- 54-A celestial body
- 56-A constellation
- 57-Precious stone
- 59-A watering place
- 60-German for "one"
- 62-Behold
- 64-Antonym (chem. sym.)

"Leave it to Pink."

The wise cow-pony is a familiar figure in fiction, film and fact; but in Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart's recent account of her participation in a round-up we are able to view him from a new angle, that of a woman rider, new to his duties and hers. At six o'clock they were off.

"Underneath me," she records, "Pink moved sedately along. He had the air of an old hand at the business, and of being slightly bored at the preliminaries. It was a fine morning; the sun warmed my back, and Pink's delicate tread was like a rocking chair beneath me. I yawned. And then somehow or other I was riding down a valley with Irving, and Irving was glancing right and left for cattle, and Pink was gathering himself together and getting ready. Ready for what?"

"What am I to do?" I inquired in a thin voice.

"You just sit tight," said Irving comfortably, "and let Pink do it. He knows. Only watch him when he whistles. That's all."

The "whirling" did not come until four hours later, when a bunch of cattle were to be headed off.

In a second Pink started for them, and then and there did I give such an exhibition of pulling leather as I hope not to give again. He whirled and ducked; he flew and leaped; and to his back, helpless, I clung and prayed. And he did the job. He rounded up that stampeding herd and pointed it where it should go. And when it was over I let go the saddle-horn, took my first breath in five minutes and straightened my hat. But the worst was yet to come. It was in a dry creek bed, like a canyon. Pink slid and scrambled down into it, and between its high, unclimbable banks we moved along.

And there, without warning, we came upon an enormous bull. He looked as large as a locomotive, and he was barring the way with his wives and children. The moment he saw me he lowered his head and began to paw the ground. I attempted to turn Pink round, but he refused to turn. Instead he tried to make for the creature, and it pawed the ground again and stared at me with red and horrible eyes. I moistened my lips and spoke to it in a small, faint voice.

"Go on!" I said. "Get along there!"

"Just an inch nearer!" said the bull, in effect. "Just an inch!"

"Irving!" I called feebly, but he did not hear, and Pink was tagging at the bit, and the cows had set up a kind of melancholy chorus. I tried other tactics; I spoke gently and kindly.

"Go along!" I said. "Nice old fellow! Go along like a good boy!" I even whistled—it had no appreciable effect on the bull, but Pink took it as a signal and dashed at him. And the creature instantly threw up his tail and started off! Some few minutes later I rode up out of the creek bed, driving my monster and his harem before me. And Irving, waiting on the bank, surveyed my catch with approval.

"Made quite a pick-up," said he. "Took a little time," I said easily. "That creek bed's a poor place to work."

In A.D. 2000.

Give me a spoon of oleo, Ma, And the sodium alkali. For I'm going to make a pie, Mamma! I'm going to make a pie. For Dad will be hungry and tired, Ma, And his tissues will decompose; So give me a gram of phosphate, And the carbon and cellulose. Now give me a chunk of casein, Ma, To shorten the thermic fat, And give me the oxygen bottle, Ma, And look at the thermostat. And if the electric oven is cold Just turn it on half an ohm, For I want to have supper ready As soon as Dad comes home.



Would He Remember?

Mother (at zoo)—"Now, Jimmie, we will go look at the stork."
Jimmie—"Oh, mother, do you think he'll remember me?"

Sentence Sermons.

—It Will Pay You.—To treat any man's honest opinion with respect.
—To give the criticisms of your enemies pretty careful consideration.
—To investigate twice before you invest once.
—To learn to manage money before you ask for the big raise.
—To answer your faultfinders courteously.
—To invest more in friends and leave less for tombstones.
—To spend more for books than for banquets.