

Jean Blewett's

OWN PAGE

of Happiness



Honor to Our Mothers of Confederation

HALF THE HOMES of this country boast a picture entitled "The Fathers of Confederation." The older generation swore by that picture, and as the children and the children's children came to years of discretion, a part of the home training was the inculcating in their young minds of a sincere and wholesome respect for every "Father" of the group. It stays right with most of us to this day, though a few of us still cherish the curiosity which prompted us to demand, on our attention being first called to this splendid aggregation of men, each wearing his noblest expression: "Where are their wives? Hasn't Confederation got a mother to bless itself with?"

Most history is made by men, chronicled by men. It tells us of brave deeds done and brave words spoken by these men of an earlier day and proud enough we are of it. But mark you, if some one had deemed it worth while to chronicle along with all the heroic deeds men did, and words they said, some of the things that the women of that day thought, we would have not only a history of absorbing interest, but the keystone to the loyalty and love of country that form the very foundation of Confederation. We have had a little too much about the Fathers, and not quite enough about the mothers.

You will remember the remark made by little Mary to the school teacher who was dilating to the class in the grandeur and patience and courage of the Pilgrim Fathers. "Is there in all the world a record of people who bore so much and bore it without faltering?" she demanded. Up went little Mary's hand. "Very well, name them," said the teacher with much wonder and more sternness. "Please ma'am," said little Mary eagerly, "the Pilgrim Mothers, for they had to put up with all the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers, and put up with the Pilgrim Fathers too."

I, for one, refuse to believe that Confederation had not a mother to bless itself with. The mothers were in the background of that historic event, their fortitude and their faith inspired it, helped bring it to pass. On this anniversary of what was in a way the birth and beginning of a greater Canada, let us give them their mead of recognition. What is it Bliss Carman says:

"Our fathers fought for England at the outposts of the world,
Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers
smoke up-curl'd,
By portage, trete, and trail,
By packet, steam and rail,
They kept a thing called honor with hearts that did
not fail."

Britain's First Woman Candidate

MISS BOYLE, whose militant activities in the vote seeking days were so numerous and spectacular that immediately on her appearance at any public meeting the street bands would break into "He's a devil in his own home town," and who was the heroine of the coup which scored one for the suffragettes, that of stealing a launch past the river police, anchoring it by a chain to the historic terrace of the House of Commons and from its deck telling the M.P.'s who thronged the said terrace her opinion of them individually and collectively, is the first woman in Britain to be nominated for Parliament. She will stand for the old borough of Keighley. Her platform is defined as follows: "Conquering the Kaiser, representation of women in both war and peace councils, recognition of the interests of women as apart from those of men in all settlements with countries whose integrity is guaranteed by British pluck and the sacrifice of British men, restoration and compensation for wronged and deported women, an equal moral standard for the sexes," and other inspiring reforms.

Miss Boyle is said to be a clever speaker, learned, cultured, and with a daring originality of thought apt to take the breath of her audience.

The Temptation to "Show Off"

"DEAR MOTHER MINE, we're rich enough now to leave the shack, the wee house of beginning—and build a regular show place," ran a portion of the letter sent from a thriving Manitoba homestead to an Ontario village. "Plan it big, bigger, biggest," said Dave to the architect, "we've been in cramped quarters long enough and to spare; give us space, something that'll show folks we've made a success of the life out here." Our plan calls for size and show, I tell you, all the up-to-date improvements, and conveniences. We haven't forgotten a single solitary thing."

"Except to kneel together and pray for common-sense, my Mary," wrote back the mother. "It is a dangerous time in the life of you and Dave, or in

the life of any couple, this one of building a new home. The temptation to 'show off' is so strong. And in showing off you make trouble for the future. Enough space is good, too much is burdensome. Take care the fine house doesn't stoop your shoulders with its weight and wrinkle your cheeks with its worry. The content that thrives in the wee house is sometimes crowded to the wall in the big one. It is not the size, the style, or the cost that makes the home worth while, but the love, the comradeship and the common interests which fill it. Tell son David from me that brick and mortar are at best a poor monument to a man's success."

The "Bigger Fools" Who Live in Them

BUT ISN'T IT STRANGE the lure a large house has for us women? We are much more ambitious than men along this line. Why? Perhaps because most of us, either as little girls or as grown ups, have lived like Mary in "the wee house of beginning" and learned to long for space, perhaps to show off is a natural instinct for us. Anyway, we seem

willing sacrifices on this particular altar of worldliness. Yet we know that the housewife with more rooms than she needs is not a whit happier than the one who needs more room than she has. All this dwelling on contentment, mansions, what does or does not make for real happiness calls to mind a remark made by a well known M.P. of this province. He had, a few years previously, bought at a great bargain a house, an immense stone structure, the building of which had financially ruined one man—and moved in. A friend visiting him said: "I suppose you feel quite at home by this time?"

"I will never feel at home here," he returned, "there's too much of it."

"You know the old maxim," laughed his friend, "fools build houses and wise men live in them."

"I've changed that to read, 'Fools build big houses and bigger fools live in them,'" exploded the disillusioned politician.

Should Stand by Our Soldiers

HARPING ON THE SINS of our soldiers is poor business. When Rosedale residents, or rather some of them, wailed a protest against St. Andrews College being turned into a hospital where the wounded men in khaki might win their way back to a certain degree of health amid the quiet and beauty of the surrounding landscape, they showed themselves unpatriotic and ridiculous. The talk of "moral lepers" was in wretched taste. The men who have fought so well in our defense may not be "plaster saints," to quote Kipling, but when their shortcomings are the theme we may well be loyal enough to lay our hand upon our lips remembering that courage, like virtue, covers a multitude of sins. Cowardice and its twin, ingratitude, are the only unforgivable vices.

The soldiers are going to have St. Andrews after all, which makes one feel like cheering the Rosedale women who stood up at the protest meeting and voiced their faith in our fighters with no uncertain sound. Sometimes it would seem that women have a corner on the wisdom that is first pure then peaceable. It was the glow in her soul, the desire to help, that made Mrs. Harry Ryrie, whose home is in the shadow of St. Andrews, stand and voice her full faith in our defenders, affirming that she stood behind them in this matter of the hospital and that her home stood ready to serve them. It was an inspiration. There were many more whose words spelled welcome to the maimed, the halt, the blind. The public press ought to mention this fact when, as an Edmonton daily does, it refers to North Rosedale as "a plutocratic Potsdam," and declares the inhabitants will ask Peter for a little corner of their own in Heaven that they may not be forced to associate with "outsiders." The times are too full of great issues to waste even words over individual foolishness and, yes, snobbish local pride. Soldiers are not sinners above other men—and if they were the North Rosedale protestors took a very poor way of helping them do better.

Our Men More Moral Than Our Laws

I AM CONFIDENT the Minister of Justice was not proud of this law when our delegation of women asked him if he saw anything approaching justice in the fact that the law, while not recognizing the right of a girl to dispose of property by sale or gift until she is eighteen years old, holds her fully competent to sell, or give away, or allow herself to be wheedled or swindled out of that greatest possession of all, her virtue, at the tender, thoughtless age of fifteen? A man seduces a chaste girl and the maximum punishment is two years; he steals a cow and the maximum

punishment is fourteen years. Is it not strange that in a country like ours, woman's innocence and honor should be lightly held? A famous Englishwoman, lecturing in Massey Hall a few years ago, said: "Women of Canada, you may thank Heaven on your bended knees that your men are more moral than your laws." It would seem that she knew whereof she spoke. Our men are the best in the world, a Canadian product, while our laws relating to women belong in the back ages. They were made by man, chiefly for the protection of man. Someone—our women legislators maybe—must wipe them off the slate. Canadian citizenship demands it, and what it demands it gets, in God's good time. If you don't believe it, read up the old histories you studied at school. To-morrow is going to be better than to-day.

Team Work is What Tells

"I SAVED BEFORE ANY Food Controller came round to tell me how," is the protest which reaches us from many sources. "I didn't need a war to shake me free of wasteful ways." Never mind, fall into line. It is not so much the old individual effort that counts to-day as the new concerted one—the drive made up of both veterans and recruits. One of the lessons we as Canadian women needed to learn was how to do team work. And we are learning it. We have passed that old Slough of Despond which threatened to end Pilgrim's immortal progress—distrust of ourselves and others—and are up and away towards heights of practical endeavor, aye, and achievement undreamed of before we united our forces.

To be sure, there are many among us who know all that experience can teach about saving—wheatless and meatless menus mean nothing to them. They have saved of necessity or from the sheer joy of showing a working balance out of each month's housekeeping allowance, saved gladly because they wanted to, or rebelliously because they had to. Also there are many (more than there will ever be again) who have scattered abroad and are now learning the A B C of economy. Now comes into working order for the first time the utility of team work. No more of the conceit which laughs our amateur efforts to scorn, but a whole-souled sympathetic merging of seasoned veteran and raw recruit for the accomplishment of a duty lying near the heart of everyone of us. The more team work we do the closer we will come to that unity which spells strength and confidence and faith in each other. So no more balking among you veterans; the beginners need your co-operation, not your criticism.

You know what the Berlin war report said of our men after a battle: "There was no keeping them (Canadians) back, they came onrushing, shoulder to shoulder." Shall their example be wasted upon us who love them?

Team work is what tells. No more misunderstandings, no more feuds between the country women and the city women, the home woman and society one, but shoulder to shoulder, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.

The New Minister of Education

TO KNOW CANON CODY is to esteem him highly. As Rector of St. Paul's, Toronto, he leaves nothing to be desired. As Minister of Education, one of the most important posts in this or any other young country, he would, we believe, make a shining success. But he has no right to attempt to fill the two positions at one and the same time. No man, were he wise as Solomon, virtuous as Joseph, patient as Job, could do it and do it well.

There are constitutional reasons against it in this case. We are of our own free will and accord a democratic people. How is the Government, how is Sir Robert Borden going to square it with us, this return to Church and State union, seeing that a leading principle of democracy is the absolute separation of the two? Hon. H. J. Cody as a Minister of the Crown, will be warmly welcomed. Should he elect rather to remain a minister of the cloth, preacher and spiritual leader of the church he has served faithfully throughout a lengthy pastorate, the old-time respect and affection will remain right with him. But if he essays to fill both offices he will need more logical arguments to back him up than he has as yet produced. It is not that Canadians do not desire Mr. Cody as Minister of Education. It is that first and foremost they feel that the office ought to have and to hold the undivided energies, activities and ideals of the man who fills it, be something more, infinitely more, than a "pulpit and parish side line," an additional burden borne by one already overworn with going full steam ahead with the affairs of one of our most successful churches. Commonsense says it should not be, democracy says it must not.