

# WOMEN and THE HOME

## CANADIAN CLUB HONORS AUTHORS

Beautiful Joe Is a Canadian Dog, Says Marshall Saunders.

### GUEST OF DAY

Distinguished Canadian Recounts Early Experiences As a Writer.

It was a delightfully informal talk which Marshall Saunders, distinguished author of Beautiful Joe, gave before the Women's Canadian club yesterday afternoon. It was bright with wit, and full of the little personal incidents which audiences love to hear about persons who have won a laurel crown. In the audience were members of the local writing profession, special guests of the afternoon, and honored by the Canadian club because it happens to be Book Week.

The Canadian club policy of entertaining the London writers is not a new one. Last year, Madge Macbeth came as the special speaker, and this year it was Marshall Saunders, and her subject, How I Happened to Become a Writer.

Marshall Saunders evidently began to write just naturally. There was no big appeal in her life to force her to the pen. It was just a suggestion from the poet, Dr. Theodore Rand, who happened to be a friend of her father, and loved to find new recruits for his profession. The suggestion came to the young Marshall Saunders in a letter from him.

"And what shall I write about?" she wrote back.

"Write about the beautiful Nova Scotia woods in winter. Write about a rabbit's track in the snow," came back the answer.

### First Love Story.

And did she do it? By no means, confesses the author of Beautiful Joe. She had a sister who was a bit of a wag. She said "Fiddlesticks with his old rabbit's track in the snow. Write a love story with lots of blood and thunder in it."

And that is just what the budding author proceeded to do. She had gone to school in Edinburgh and had travelled

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### WILL APPEAR IN THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.

Little Miss Dorothy Donahue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Donahue, Cromwell street, and Master Bobbie Wood, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wood, Chesapeake street, as they will appear dancing the minuet in the Church of the Redeemer pageant to be presented in the Ryerson school on Friday.—Photo by Darragh.

a bit in France, but neither of these countries which she knew would make a suitable setting for her story. She must choose Spain, about which she knew nothing at all. And so proceeded to weave a love story.

The next question was where to set it. For both she and her sister were keen on the end of the game. They had visions of retiring as millionairesses within a few years, on the money earned from Marshall Saunders' pen. They purchased all available magazines from the nearest book shop, took them out into the park, and proceeded to choose a suitable one. A magazine was selected and story forwarded to the editor. What was the joy of the two sisters when a check for \$50 came back.

So delighted was the author's sister that she volunteered to look after the household for the next few weeks, while Marshall Saunders should sit down and write another, perhaps more profitable work. This time, however, the story was rejected. Nothing daunted, the sisters sent it on to the second editor, and a \$25 check came back. This was the beginning, and success followed quickly in the life of the young author. So she told it to the Canadian club.

### At School in Edinburgh.

She was born into a typical clergyman's home in Nova Scotia. Sent to school in Edinburgh, her outlook upon life was easily broadened. She had interesting stories of her life in Scotland—of her monthly pilgrimages to the little out-of-the-way Baptist church just so she would not become too Presbyterian. On other Sundays she attended church with the rest of the school girls, who took delight in calling the assistant minister "Baby Face."

That he later became the noted divine, Henry Drummond, author of Natural Law in the Spiritual World, worries her not a bit.

After writing a short time, she came to the conclusion that she didn't know enough. I must travel some more, she said, and her generous father found the money and she was sent back to Scotland and France. Since then she has lived a kypsy sort of life, spending a great deal of time in travel.

### About Beautiful Joe.

It was while visiting a friend in Meaford that Marshall Saunders first met Beautiful Joe, the wonder dog who has been immortalized by her pen.

The American society for the protection of Animals had just offered a prize for a story about a dog which they could circulate with Black Beauty, the noted story about a horse.

Miss Saunders decided to enter and took the dog Joe as her hero. She stresses the point that Beautiful Joe was a Canadian dog, and that the dog, other animals and people who enter the book were all transported from Canada to the state of Maine to comply with the regulations of the contest. The result was Beautiful Joe, the prize story.

The villain, at first a Scotchman, came in for so much criticism that the author had to change his nationality. People of Scotland declared that the author was giving the world a bad impression of the Scotch people through this character. In a later edition of the book she changed him to an American.

The story of her visit in Boston, of her interest in all the queer religious faiths, which were unknown back in Nova Scotia, was intensely interesting. There she moved among the distinguished literary people of the United States and was a constant guest at a famous salon there.

### Keeps Bird Sanctuary.

The speaker told of her great interest in animals and birds. She has a passion for buying captive little singers and taking care of them in her great cellar aviary, just on the outskirts of Toronto. In fact, her whole home is a beautiful bird sanctuary, and many is the quaint story which she tells of these little feathered creatures.

"I don't want you to think I am a doting about birds," she said. "I don't believe in pampering animals and feeding them at table. I think that people should be kind to them, but I do not see why they should elevate them out of their own sphere. Mrs. John Stevely presided over the gathering.

The members of London's writing profession, honored guests of the afternoon, included Mrs. J. W. Russell, who writes under the name of Margaret Clarke Russell, Miss Grace Blackburn (Fan Fan), Miss Susan Blackburn, J. Stevenson, Miss Eleanor Grant, Mrs. John Crawford, Mrs. D. C. MacGregor (Marion Keith), John M. Gunn, Vincent Perry, Dr. F. R. Miller, Stanley Meredith, Dr. Loney, Mrs. R. M. Graham, Miss Leckie, Mrs. Charles Thomas, Miss Kathleen England, Miss Betty Waters, Miss Frances Beatrice Taylor, Miss Leila Donnelly, Miss Florence McDonagh, Miss May Clendenan, Miss McInnis, Miss Gordon Hutchinson, Mrs. J. W. Thorburn (Amy Campbell), Dr. W. F. Tamlyn, Prof. H. W. Auden, J. H. McIntyre (Mack), Mrs. J. Chalmers, Prof. John Russell,

## WELFARE PLANS CLING PARTIES

Mothers' Clubs of City Will Assist Association—Appeal Made For Clothing.

Christmas parties for the mothers of the various child welfare clinics in the city are being arranged for the days prior to Christmas. The dates of the parties were announced yesterday afternoon at the regular meeting of the women's board of the association, held at the Y. M. C. A.

They are as follows: Victoria school, Dec. 11; Tecumseh avenue school and Ryerson school, Dec. 14; Empress avenue school, Dec. 15; Aberdeen school, Dec. 16; Boyle Memorial school, Dec. 17, and Trafalgar school, Dec. 18. The various mothers' clubs of the city are to assist in arranging the affairs. Milk and animal biscuits for the kiddies are to be supplied as usual, while the clubs will provide the tea and cake for the mothers.

A large bundle of clothing was brought in by the Hale street Mothers' club.

It was also announced that a voluntary collection would be taken at each clinic. A milk bottle was to be placed at the door, and mothers attending could help if they so desired. The smallest offering would be acceptable.

An appeal was also made for warm clothing. Special mention was made of undergarments and wearing apparel to be cut down for the children. It was stated that the association aimed to keep the little folk warm enough to be healthy, and that the appeal was not for charity but for public health.

Mrs. Davis Williams was in the chair.

### DEATH INQUEST ADJOURNED

Premier Witness Found To Be Absent After Six Heard.

Canadian Press Despatch. Windsor, Nov. 24.—After six witnesses had testified at the inquest held at Walkerville police headquarters into the death of Nicholas Tukalski and John Dawhunk, both of Ford, who died in Hotel Diet Monday, Nov. 19, following a Sunday evening collision with a truck on Sandwich street near Walkerville road, it was discovered that the central witness, George Pentur, who was confined to the hospital for a week or more, was accordingly adjourned until Monday, Dec. 7, at 8 p.m.

## Paddy Beaver Will Travel Far To Find the Right Kind of Trees

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

No one ever has called Paddy the Beaver a shirk and no one ever will. Long, long ago Paddy learned the blessedness of work. He wouldn't be happy at all if he couldn't work. To live in the happy-go-lucky way that Peter Rabbit does would make Paddy positively ill. Yes, sir, it would so. Paddy has learned the joy that there is in doing things. He can take things easy when there is nothing of importance to be done, but when there is work to be done you never find Paddy loafing.

You remember that Peter Rabbit found Paddy doing some distant work. Laughing Brook, and that Paddy said he was looking for trees. A week later Peter discovered Paddy as far down the Laughing Brook below his pond as he had been above it when they met before.

"I suppose," said Peter, "that you are still looking for trees."

"I suppose," said Paddy, "that you are still looking for trees."

"What was the matter, didn't you find the right kind of trees?" asked Peter.

"Some," replied Paddy. "I found some of the right kind."

"Well, for goodness sake how many trees do you want?" demanded Peter, to whom the idea of taking a whole tree for food seemed very like greed, to say nothing of taking several trees.

"Enough," replied Paddy. "I might as well have none at all as less than enough."

"How many is enough?" demanded Peter.

"That depends on how big the trees are, and how well they can be cut up and floated to my food supply," replied Paddy. "A lot of small trees are better than a few big ones. They are easier to cut down, easier to cut into logs after they are down, and easier to manage, so you want to have a lot of small trees. So, I cannot tell you how many trees I want. It all depends on how many I can find, and where and how they are growing, and how much work will be required to harvest them. I can't afford to run too great a risk."

"Well, you must be fuzzy if you can't be suited with trees right near home," declared Peter. "What is the use of coming way down here when all around your pond are trees of all sizes. If you want little trees there are plenty right near your home, and if you want big trees there are some big enough to suit any one so near your pond that you should cut them if you would fall in the water. I so, what sense is there in coming way down here to look for trees?"

The next story: "Paddy the Beaver's Thanksgiving."

## FREED OF GALL STONES ESCAPED AN OPERATION

Mrs. Marie France, Gunter, Ont., writes:

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Uncle Wiggily  
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Thanks! barked the poor old chap.

"Tomorrow, Billy, won't we have fun!" chattered Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, as he frisked about the hollow tree house.

"Jolly fun!" echoed Billie. "Such nut cakes as I saw in the pantry! Such a big dish of cranberries! Such heaps of celery! Oh, yum!"

"And Uncle Wiggily just brought in a big box of candy," went on Johnnie in a whisper. "I think party days almost as nice as Christmas; don't you, Billie?"

"Almost just as nice," agreed Billie. And then the little squirrels heard their mother calling them.

"Yes, mother, dear, what is it?" asked Billie politely. Isn't it strange how polite animal children are just before parties and around Christmas time? I wonder why that is?

"Come, Billie and Johnnie," went on Mrs. Bushytail. "I want you to help me set the table for the party."

"But party day isn't today—it's tomorrow," cried Johnnie. "I know," his mother answered. "But all the good things are ready to eat and we might as well put them on the table now. It is almost evening. We shall only have a light supper and just a little bite for breakfast, so the big dinner can be put

on now and I will not have so much to do tomorrow."

The squirrel boys helped their mother prepare the table for the feast. At each one's place was set out what each was to have to eat, and there was an especially large pile for Uncle Wiggily. The rabbit gentleman was a guest of honor in the squirrel home.

"That evening, after a light supper, Uncle Wiggily looked in the dining room and saw the table all set and ready for the feast next day."

"My! What a lot of things for me!" exclaimed the rabbit. "You are always so kind to everyone that we love to be kind to you."

"It is no more than you deserve," cried Mrs. Bushytail. "You are always so kind to everyone that we love to be kind to you."

"Oh, how hungry I am!" said the bunny. "I hope that isn't the Fuzzy Fox, who I once saw a poor, old goat gentleman tramp. 'Come here,' invited the bunny, and he gave the goat tramp a lot of food from his own pile, Uncle Wiggily did."

"Oh, you are very kind!" bleated the goat as he hungrily ate and then he jumped on his way. And soon after that along came a hungry pig gentleman tramp.

"I gave some of my party to a goat,"

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said Uncle Wiggily, "but there is a bit for you, Mr. Grunt," and the pig had all he wanted. And then came along a hungry tramp dog gentleman. Here is something for you to eat," said Uncle Wiggily, taking the last of his food for the dog.

"Thanks!" barked the poor old chap as he hurried away.

And when the Bushytails came back from the movies, Johnnie cried: "Oh, somebody has taken all Uncle Wiggily's feast!"

"No, I gave it away," said the bunny. "I don't believe I shall be very hungry tomorrow. And, besides, if I ate too much I might get ill. I shall be happy

and thankful watching you eat. And it made me thankful to feed the tramp goat, pig and dog."

"Isn't that just like him!" laughed Mrs. Bushytail to her husband, "but luckily I put away some extra food, so you shall not go hungry, Uncle Wiggily." And the next day the bunny had a fine dinner, even though he had given so much away.

So this teaches us that sometimes it is better to lose money than to have it taken away from you. And if the parlor paper doesn't climb down off the wall to play tag with the dining-room carpet, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Billie's bits

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