

effete east. On the prairie it is too much of a luxury."

"Oh! I—I see."

Finally Miss Jarr agreed to become a busy mother's help. In this capacity she could at least sing an occasional lullaby.

THE next was one of the well-informed children referred to at the beginning of this article. She was a stout block of a girl, of Polish descent, a husky young Canadian, easily the equal, if not the superior, of her brother. She wanted a little money to tide her over the summer. In the autumn she was going to enter business college. Incidentally this was the only applicant who wanted compensation.

The person who next approached the desk was a tall, angular, middle-aged woman of stern and uncompromising presence.

"I'm not afraid of work," she began, and her tone was crisp. "But I won't cook for any bachelor outfit."

Asked for her reason, she explained that at the last place where she had cooked the owner had made love to her.

"I have a husband at the front and he wouldn't stand for it," she added.

She looked quite capable of protecting herself, however, and one had a mental cinema-picture of some poor wight being beaten up with a frying-pan.

It was now noon and the secretary prepared to close up her books, and go to lunch.

"I've learned a lot about human nature this morning. Also one particular point has impressed itself

deeply on my mind," she said, as she pinned on her hat.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The way farmer folk and town folk look askance at each other! Two farmers' wives were in here the other day. They were very suspicious about this help that was being proffered them. They were under the impression that city people have a lot of leisure on their hands, that they don't know a pig from a sheep, or a tedder from a plow, that such work as they do is just 'dabbling at something,' and

come to understand each other and each other's problems!"

"Perhaps this new propaganda will help some."

The secretary shook her head.

"Still, the fact that so many townspeople are willing to go to the country and help, without any remuneration whatever, is encouraging," she said. "After four o'clock I expect this office will be swamped with applications from the various schools."

"And you'll have to admit that women are demonstrating their constructive patriotism equally with

the men. They're learning team-work, they're losing much of their 'cat-tiness,' they're organizing, their executive ability is being recognized, above all, they are showing that they're not afraid to tackle any kind of a job!"

And at that moment, as if to add point to my stale observations, in walked a stout Swedish lady with a broad smile and a green parasol.

"Say!" she opened up, coming to a halt at the desk.

"Housework — or outdoor —"

"Say! I'm a vet. Got

any place for a vet, Miss?"

"You don't mean —"

"Yaw. Horse doctor."

"The secretary steadied herself against the desk.

"Have — have you a certificate?"

"Sure," and the lady produced the document. "I got also seven kids an' de ole man."

"You wouldn't — be wanting — to take them, too?"

"Vat you tink I am, Miss? My man don't work. He keeps house. No, I don't want no money."



that they'll be more bother than they're worth on the farm. They are hyper-sensitive, too, in regard to the city people's opinion of farmers. On the other hand, town folk, while appreciating the beauty of nature, the miracles of dawn and sunset and all the other attractions of the country, believe that the farmer is an un-hygienic, illiterate sort of fellow who is content to do without a bathtub and books and spends his odd moments thinking up dodges to fleece the city man. I wonder if the two classes will ever

THE MAKING OF AN INN

By KATHLEEN C. BOWKER

ONCE upon a time a little village grew up out of the rolling country, seventy miles from Somewhere. Its birth was not much to boast about, and its yearly increase in stature wasn't anything startling. It really was only there, because it was seventy miles from Somewhere; and the railroad touched it with a tentative finger.

It was so isolated from any real town, that perforce it became a centre of trade and commerce for the surrounding country. "Travellers" came in on the rather erratic trains, and brought goods to the small store-keepers there. Farmers brought in their produce, and shipped it, sold it, or exchanged it for hosiery and hardware, and other things. There was not any regular rushing, roaring tide of trade in any one article. But there was always a drink to be had over any bargain. Bargaining, in fact, was done chiefly over drinks. You simply could not bargain without one. Every trade became a Bar-Gain, because the centres for trade were two ramshackle country taverns (you know the kind) which stood cat-a-cornered at the cross roads.

Those in charge were not a bit backward with their services. They would give you a drink, inside, or outside, or both, and several of each. If you came along with lots of coin, they would go fairly out into the road to meet you. Young or old, you were equally welcome; stranger or habitue, they lived only to serve you. Of course, it was not their fault if you did not know how and when to say no; they still served you. Served you right! After you were served right, and had cashed in, they turned you out into the road again, because they had no further use for you.

A little way up the road, lived two or three families who had grown up there. And they loved the place. They got tired of seeing so much money spent on fire water. They didn't mind any one having a real drink. But licensed poisoning!

Mostly it was the women who took it to heart,

They saw most of it; and it wasn't a pleasant sight. Even though they could cover the seventy miles in a motor, and get Somewhere-somewhere that it wasn't so obvious, and did not belong to their lives in the place that they loved—they did not go off and forget it, nor forget the unhappy people who got such service.

They thought about it.

And they thought about it good and hard. By-and-bye they stumped that country for Local Option. They worked with that wonderful force that the anti-suffragettes talk so much about: "the influence of good women." And they worked unceasingly. The licensed servers worked with self-interest; and the vote; and they worked like mad, because they felt that way. When it came to a show-down at election time, influence was just snowed under. Self-interest won, hands down.

But influence went on influencing.

After a while it began to be borne in on the minds of the farmers round about that they were not getting the best of the Bar-Gain. Woman may know things by intuition; but when she adds clear, cold reason to that —! So the little band of workers went about the countryside, explaining what Local Option meant; and they explained it well. There's a charming woman there, of whom an enthusiastic young man said:

"I used to drive her about, and listen to her talk. She had an argument to appeal to everybody; and all her arguments were true."

Somehow, truth always does appeal in the long run. But there was always this stumbling block. "No man can run them hotels as boardin' houses, or livery stables, and make 'em pay. If they don't pay, jest nate-ully they won't run 'em. And when we come in, we've got to have some place to feed ourselves, and to put up the horses."

Finally, that seemed to be the only plausible argu-

ment on the side of the Bar, for that particular place. But it was a very cogent one. Then came a courageous partisan, who said, "Very well! If lodging and refreshment are what you want, for man and beast, I'll see you get it."

And she did.

With this backbone inserted into womanly influence, next polling day showed a complete triumph for Local Option.

It just depends on your point of view, whether you consider this case for, or against, woman suffrage!

The courageous partisan simply bought the two taverns, and tore them down. Then, on the most advantageous of the two corners, she built the Kirkfield Inn. The picture on the opposite page shows the outside. The inside is like—well, like any delightful country house, where the hostess considers first the pleasure and comfort of her guests.

Even before you go in, you catch a glimpse of light and warmth through the windows of the glass porch. It was half-past nine, of a blustery night, when I arrived, after a tiring, though entertaining cross-country journey. The soft lights, the warmth, the blended browns and yellows (as comforting to the eye, as is the aroma of coffee to the nostrils on a frosty morning), the welcome of the big winding staircase at one side of the wide hallway, did away at once with that squeamish feeling of "entering a rotunda," which is the very worst thing about hotels.

Two comfortable armchairs under a shaded lamp, with a dark polished table between them, holding some books, and a brass tinder box, made one feel that this hall was a place of welcome, not merely a place to hurry through. When one had entered one's name, under the guidance of an artistic, but thoroughly efficient, hostess, there was supper at a little round table in a room where rosy lights gleamed cheerfully from the restful grey walls, and lighted up the autumn tints of the flowers.

It was a nice, comfortable supper of cold beef,