

O PATRIOTISM—IN THY NAME

EVERYTHING we do in these days is done in the name of patriotism. We dance and play, we eat—and some of us even sleep with patriotic fervor. Those who sell do it in the name of patriotism; those who wish to buy do so for the good of the country. Look at the advertisements in the daily papers! If high class, durable goods are to be sold the advertisements will point out the fact that it is economical (and therefore patriotic) to buy the best and to buy it now before prices advance; if the things advertised are low-priced, a different argument for patriotic thrift is put forth. If the articles are made in Canada we are made to feel it is disloyal to buy anything that is not, but if imported goods are on the market we are then urged to patronize our gallant allies. I once saw a table piled high with corset covers made of be-ribboned flimsy muslin trimmed with coarse imitation lace and these were labelled in large letters, "War-time Saving—Only 39 Cents!"

Do we want to give a dance or a concert, get up amateur theatricals or a bridge tournament? Patriotism urges us on. Tired of knitting, do we crave the relaxation of fancy work? There are always patriotic bazaars to supply, and though if we have decided that this year all our Christmas presents shall be sent overseas, we must distribute the gifts we have patriotically purchased at the patriotic sales. Patriotic people prepare luncheons and teas and we patriotically eat them, though between times we patriotically exchange recipes for bran muffins and butterless cakes. If we want remunerative employment, munition making is both patriotic and profitable. We can also, says the Food Controller, serve our country by raising hogs, and that is also most profitable, but here we meet with a new difficulty; it seems traitorous to feed them wheat, yet that is the cheapest food on the market!

NOT only is everything we do patriotic, so is everything we don't do. If we don't play golf, or dance, or go to the theatre, that too is patriotic; if we don't buy or eat or do embroidery it is because we love our country more. The devil can cite Scripture to his purpose and he can also suggest a patriotic motive for all our desires.

Personally I am revelling in patriotism. I always hated formal receptions and parties and visiting days. Now, thanks to patriotism, we need only be sociable to intimate friends. I always preferred brown bread to white, have a real fondness for fish, a dislike for sweets, and could say farewell to my last slice of bacon without a pang. When the war started I decided to give a certain amount each month to patriotic work and I continue to do so, but the money goes chiefly in buying tickets, and I get plenty of nice concerts and teaparties in return for what was meant to be a sacrifice. I try to look virtuous when I say, "No sugar, please," but some of my friends are unkind enough to remember that it always spoiled the taste of tea for me. It is difficult to be a patriot and a martyr at the same time.

We are urged to show our patriotism by investing in the Victory Loan, yet it is the safest and best investment on the market. We are asked to deny ourselves luxuries and be more saving in everything—and, lo a direct benefit to our pockets! Take the case of the girl martyrs who have given up lives of luxury and ease (which made them fat or neurotic) who forsook their round of social pleasures (which bored them excessively) and have gone in for massage, nursing, munitions, or some other form of war work in Canada. Do you pity them? They are nearly all healthier and happier than ever. The exercise, the regular hours and, above all, the new interest, all these make life a different thing for them.

IF there is one of my patriotic activities that I enjoy more than another, it's the giving of my worldly goods to the Red Cross Waste Collectors, the Superfluities Sales and the Melting Pots. I don't mean rubbish, that one can part with without a thrill, but only through patriotism will your conscience permit you to discard clothes you always hated, though they aren't quite worn out; Christmas pres-

ents you never knew what to do with; heirlooms that revealed the bad taste of your ancestors, and bits of broken jewelry which you knew had some value but did not know where to sell. Patriotic ladies will do this for you, they will gratefully receive your donations and sell them for surprisingly large amounts, leaving you with the glow that comes of having performed a noble deed and at the same time reduced the accumulated junk of your store-room, closets and bureau drawers.

Soon after the outbreak of war large numbers of German men and women gave every jewel and gold ornament they possessed to their fatherland. Even in the United States we have seen them wearing the little iron ring they received from the German government in exchange for this sacrifice. One young man was bemoaning the loss of his dead mother's wedding ring which meant so much more to him than its actual cash value, but he felt that in giving his jewelry to his country he must hold nothing back. Even in England people rarely part with all their treasures at once, though many valuable heirlooms exchange hands at the sales at Christmas in London, which enrich the coffers of the Red Cross to the extent of about \$200,000 each year. It is surprising what large amounts can be raised by the sale of unconsidered trifles made of silver and gold. The

tiful settings, but beautiful hands look lovelier unadorned, and rings only serve to attract attention to those that are ugly or have begun to have that withered look that denotes age.

We are told that we should have nothing in our house that we neither know to be useful or believe to be beautiful. If we all conscientiously did this Superfluities depots would disappear, for the demand would not be adequate for the tremendous supply, but there are so many things we cherish, believing in the old saying that if you keep a thing for seven years you will find it useful; if you keep a garment for seven years the circling fashions will bring it into style once more! So we optimistically fill our store-rooms and carefully preserve these doubtful treasures from moth and rust and thieves, and we prove the truth of the old saying over and over again. Take the wide taffetta petticoat you laid aside when narrow skirts became fashionable. At the end of four years you were able to use it again by shortening it. To be sure it fell to pieces at the end of a week, but still . . . Then there is that old seal cap you kept for seven years—real seal! It would have made a stunning little toque this year if the moths hadn't spoilt it. The old lace that has been resurrected looks as lovely as ever, but I sometimes wonder if the hours you spend darning and bleaching it could not have been put to better advantage! So when the Red Cross Collectors call for your waste, when other societies organize rummage sales, when silver and golden trinkets are demanded, be generous, but don't pose as a patriot, for you will hardly miss them, indeed you will be happier with fewer possessions.

ALL our patriots are not overseas. The love of country, which is but a larger love of home, is an instinct present in all of us. You cannot define patriotism any more than you can define love, or death. It inspires great sacrifices and grows through suffering; it should unconsciously inspire all our lives, but it seems a thing too spiritual to be associated with the eating of bran bread or the selling of old trinkets, and yet . . . "Despise not the day of small things!"

The love of country, like the love of parents, is always present in children, unless it has been expelled by hardness and violence. Some people argue that patriotism cannot be taught, while others insist that it must be taught, and that it rests with the elementary schools to make it noble or detestable. If it resolves into an orgie of flag-waving, idol-worshipping and bombast, it becomes offensive, but the existing patriotism in every child can be made, not a clamorous and provocative thing, but a rule of life and (if need be) death.

A recent French circular from the Ministry of Public Instruction pointed out that the role of education at the moment, was to second the French armies by informing the boys and girls of France why their country was fighting—for what past, for what future, for what ideals. That is what we also need in British schools. We do not want a vainglorious and militaristic conception of life; but we do want—what is the exact reverse—such a well-applied love of one's country that every child may grow up to think it worth while to devote his life so far as he can, or to lay it down if necessary, in order to maintain this country as the inviolate home of liberty, and as a great exemplar of the political art of conceding liberty to others. A child can be taught that it is base to consent to tyranny, and it is nonsense to say that such teaching as this is impossible. You can justify patriotism even though you cannot dissect it.



"The Trinket Box Fund," at 71 King St. W., Toronto, will transform despised jewelry into soldiers comforts.

"Silver Thimble" Fund in England raised many thousands of pounds for the relief of the sick and wounded. But why should we content ourselves with giving wornout thimbles, battered umbrella handles, when we have rings and necklaces that we seldom wear and that our heirs will prize even less than we. Many of them contain stones of real value, many are made of fine gold but fashioned into ugly forms. Yet we hoard them like magpies.

A MAN'S happiness consists not in the multitude of things that he possesses, in fact the reverse is often the case, for each new acquisition brings an added care. I used to wear several rings of no great value and I was constantly mislaying them, so that when travelling a hand-bag containing my jewelry was lost, my first subconscious thought was, "Thank goodness, I'll never be wondering where I left those things again!" Later, meditating on their cash value and sentimental associations, I regretted the loss, but still I am much happier with ringless hands. I am very fond of beautiful jewels in beau-