

## Woman and the Home

## Women

By Miss Lillian Scarth

Much has been said and written on this subject very lately and very often—about the new woman who cries as did the French Revolutionists, "Justice, Liberty, Equality," whose path, full of pain and unrest and the woman of old who tranquilly thanked Heaven for the privilege of being a woman—turning her emotion into service, which meant attendance to the wants of man and his children.

"There is nothing new under the sun," we are told often enough to make it credible. From the changed conditions of modern life, has a new woman evolved with new emotions, new capacities? I think not. The new conditions are here, but when we look for a new woman history tells us no—there are only different kinds of women.

There are women of all types, beautiful and plain, brilliant and dull, good and bad, positive and negative (that is to say, the effective and ineffective, the Joan of Arcs and Marie Antoinettes of history, the Becky Sharpes and Maggie Tullivers of fiction).

You are all familiar with the heroine of Vanity Fair. Becky had her ambitions, neither high nor worthy. Handicapped by an unsavory early environment, a small mentality, and unenviable disposition she however knew what she wanted and when a woman knows that, she will soon find the strength of her weapons. She used the weakness of Amelia, the egotism of Jo Sealey, the laxity of Rawdon Crawley and the softness of William Dobbin, in turn to further her issues and retired at last surfeited, to pay the price of satiety.

Her successes proved a dismal failure because ends and means were unworthy but decision creates resourcefulness and she must be given credit for both. Women seldom know their own power as they seldom know their own mind, but when a woman does know it she is a force to be reckoned with. "Genius is concentration" said a very wise man. There are few women geniuses.

Maggie Tulliver, idealistic and passionate had a heart full of visions, beautiful and worthy and the mixture of saint and sinner in her make-up made her altogether lovable. Her environment happy, her nature generous, she however only knew what she did not want, heaven help her and her conflicting impulses carried her to the winds.

Maggie's whole life was a negation, not a passive one, but active and vital, a struggle against her narrow limitations, never able to quite overcome them. Maggie's end was consistent; she sank against the current both literally and figuratively. Are we the playthings of the gods to sport as they please? What was wrong, the world or Maggie? The positive type of woman appears in history, the negative type only in fiction.

There are plenty of Maggie Tullivers in the world, splendid women yearning for the highest good, without force enough to cope successfully with contending forces.

The days of the woman with the soulful eyes, quick sensibilities and ineffectual will are fewer than of old. The strenuousness of modern life demands efficiency and effectiveness. To secure these we must begin early and train late and continuously. Success demands strength of character, a comprehensive term, the chief element of which is strength of will. Without this foundation, our rose-windows will crash in because already the walls are heaving.

Life is complex to most women and simple to a few. The few are those who move in a straight line with a clear vision of a goal away in the front, the women who count.

I remember expressing vehemently a wish for a happy but remote possibility and a little woman overhearing it said, "How long have you wished for it?"

"For a long time."

"Then you have never wished hard enough."

"But pardon, it seems so improbable."

She smiled and said, "You are not starting the right way to get it. You do not want it very badly or every day would bring it nearer."

One of my friends is a very clever and a very discontented woman. She paints pictures well, criticizes them better, sings

in tune, is unusually talented with her pen and cleverer still with her tongue. Her versatility and quick wit have commanded intense admiration throughout her whole life.

Recently she said, reflectively, "Look at me now, old and poor and sick of the world. I have always been lonely."

I considered her life. Though she inherited her mother's brilliancy and good looks the two women had always been in conflict but the daughter really loved always contested and was always dominated by the selfish old woman. When she died the daughter, middle-aged and unmarried was a rudderless craft in an open sea.

"Why did you not marry? You had plenty of chances." I asked her.

"I couldn't make up my mind about anybody."

"Why did you not choose something else then?"

She threw up her hands. "My dear, I never chose anything in my life."

She had never in her life known what she wanted.

Becky Sharpe's genius was all misdirected but it was admirable for its unity and persistence. Had she used it worthily twenty Amelias would not have equalled one Becky.

I know a little woman who married a few months ago and is living happily ever afterward. She came of an obscure family, neither handsome nor brilliant. When she was fourteen she resolved to get an education. She went into town, attended school during the day, returned to her boarding house at four o'clock to look after children and do housework till bedtime to pay for her lodging. She never wasted a moment, never lost her temper nor sight of her purpose. She learned to comb her hair neatly, keep her clothes fresh and make some occasional new ones.

She passed her examinations creditably, taught school a while, took a training course in the city, and came back again to teach in the town.

She now helped support her mother encouraged and assisted her younger sisters and began to take up the study of music. She was not musical beyond her keen appreciation of it, but she practised painstakingly, finally accepting one position as organist in a church and another as accompanist to an orchestra, both sources of excellent training. She cultivated friendship wisely, read carefully, epitomizing what she read, and learned to marshal, ticket it off, and dispense it judiciously.

She had little time to flirt and frolic, but she enjoyed the acquaintance of two or three estimable young fellows and when she was twenty-seven she married one of them. He was not at all wonderful, but he was light hearted and level-headed two hopeful qualities in a husband.

It is only in books that marriage culminates a woman's career and her quiet perseverance in removing one by one the obstacles which lay before her has tested her strength and trained her for future responsibility.

"What a man soweth that shall he reap" but likewise, "If a man soweth not he shall not reap."

"Character is destiny." In the history of the world, this saying admits of so many examples that it is worth considering.

The gods have divided their gifts unequally and while some fare abundantly, others go scant. One woman grows up, beautiful and graceful as a flower, another must work early and late to secure the place the other woman wins with a smile, while still others struggle in the heat of the day, burdened with inherited physical weakness, lack of beauty, meagre mental endowment, or inherent indecision.

The world, however, has a divine and unconscious way of bestowing credit on all earnest human effort, and she who hopes to succeed without it will find herself suddenly alone and the toilers who were away in the rear, far to the front.

## Keeping Babies in Good Health

(The "Times," New York)

The man who made New Zealand the safest place in the world for babies has just left New York for England, whither he was summoned to apply his methods to preserving the lives of English babies.



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(1921)

### Quaker Oats Bread

1 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)  
2 teaspoons salt  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 cups boiling water  
1 cake yeast  
1/2 cup lukewarm water  
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour. Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast and a part of the white flour. This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

3/4 cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar. Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

### Quaker Oats Sweetbites

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 1/2 cups uncooked Quaker Oats. Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

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