

on a career which gives every promise of being very effective, and she is yet one of the strongest sinews in its Advisory Board.

Two years ago Miss Beynon married A. Vernon Thomas, one of the editorial staff of the "Free Press." Since that time she has edited only the woman's page on the weekly paper, but in addition has taken up with most encouraging success the writing of short stories for the American magazines. She also continues to speak throughout the Province in response to continuous calls for talks on suffrage or other questions of live interest to women; she is on committees in the Women's Council and University Club, and there is a well-defined rumour that she is to be the next executive head of another important organization of women.

"Out of the Dark"

THIS remarkable volume by Helen Keller is available now in Canada (publishers, McClelland and Goodchild), at a time when how to deal with the blind is one of the problems engaging educators. "Our Duties to the Blind," "What the Blind Can Do," "Preventable Blindness," "The Conservation of Eyesight," "The Training of a Child," "What to Do for the Blind," "The Plain Truth," "The Unemployed Blind," are chapters all of invaluable wisdom, being written by the deaf-blind woman who has greatly triumphed.

There have been afflicted persons of genius—conspicuously Byron—who have railed against fate, or their parents, for their misfortunes. Beautiful by contrast is the attitude of Miss Keller, whose volume is dedicated simply "To My Mother."

In addition to the chapters devoted to blindness, the author discourses with a wide scholarship and in a most delightfully readable manner on other themes: "Woman and Her Position in Modern Society," "The Higher Education of Women," "Our Present-day Economic and Social Condition," and others.

That one, out of whose vision has been shut the conventional view of men and means and matters, should speak thus clearly of these things as



MISS HELEN KELLER

Whose Book is Reviewed Herewith, Though Blind and Deaf, is a College Woman, and Will Lecture Next April in Winnipeg Under the Auspices of the University Women's Club.

they really are, appeals strongly to even the casual student of the volume as illumination most worthy—"out of the dark."

Housing Company "At Home"

SPRUCE Street, Toronto, was probably always Spruce Street, but only now has it found a valid reason. And the other day an exclusive public, including the "Canadian Courier's" agent, was invited to investigate that reason—the spruce, new, little quadrangle of houses over which, as a visitor forcibly put it, Mr. Beer and his colleagues of the Toronto Housing Company certainly must have been "sweating drops of blood."

The day was a horribly drizzly one—but what is a "rainy day" henceforth on Spruce Street? Nobody noticed the weather, once in, for were

there not ladies to serve you tea, and was there not Mr. Beer himself to apologize for the weather and show you over the new place, proud as a bridegroom? Answer: There were. Also there were numbers of friends to confuse you over the figures and to become like oneself dazed to see it demonstrated that a man on a salary of, say, twelve dollars a week, need



CANADIANS DOWN SOUTH. And, Just to Anticipate any Misconception, the Mounts Belong to Colorado Springs.

not hand over more of it than twelve dollars monthly to pay his landlord and keep his self-respect.

As a result, it seems, of private initiative and government co-operation money has been got cheap and invested—sixty thousand dollars in the cottage flats on Spruce Street, and a half-million being now laid out similarly on Bain avenue (pronounce it "blessing" in future), and the enterprise is in no wise philanthropic. If I've got it right, in forty years the property will be paid for—BY THE RENT.

OF course we put umbrellas up and picked our way about to explore the houses. There were three types of houses at Spruce Street—A, B and C. "A," which appealed to me quite the most, was designed, or looked so, for brides and grooms, or for people who, when they saw "A," wished they were. A sunny, big living-room, one bedroom, a bath-room, a kitchenette with gas-stove, sink and laundry-tub (the installation of which last increased the amount of rent by five cents monthly), oh, yes, not to forget the pretty verandah in front—were there complete for (fancy it, sisters!) the modest, natural rent of twelve dollars a month. The said rent includes hot water and heating.

A couple who had taken one of these "A's" had just been married—an arrangement which had reduced them from the income jointly of twenty-five dollars a week to the man's salary alone, which was fifteen dollars. The wife has been earning ten in a down-town office. Needless to say, this couple is type and that to such these houses are a godsend.

There were sixteen houses exactly like "A"; sixteen like "B," with the difference of an extra bedroom, and six of style "C," which are six-roomed houses. All of these houses could have been rented three times over by people who came about them before they were done.

The Housing Company's attitude toward tenants will be paternal. Fancy having a landlord like a father! By the requisition of one month's extra rent per year, a fund for general upkeep of the place will naturally be provided and will be refunded when not required for repairs. No family consisting of more than three members will be permitted to live in style "A" houses—in the others accordingly—as the cubic contents of air have been reckoned to need. Vines will be planted for the beautification of the places. And the area will shortly be equipped as a playground for children.

One had much more to think about than the rain which was polishing up a score of waiting motors and, leaving, each guest had that pleasant glow which comes when a person has been permitted to look from an author's side upon his book. The ladies to be thanked for the social pleasantness were lady members of the board of directors of the Toronto Housing Company, among whom it may be interesting to know are Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Strathy, Miss Currie, and Dr. Helen MacMurchy.

The Women's Canadian Club of Montreal elected, at its recent annual meeting, Mrs. Huntly Drummond as president.

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