

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

The Woman With the Hoe
Wanting to Help the Farmer's Wife
The Making of an Inn
Looking After School Hygiene
Eggs versus Olives

By

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FOURTH week of every month, being twelve times a year, we propose to set down in these five pages as many illustrated things pertaining to the affairs of Canadian women as can be so used to make every page and paragraph interesting to Canadian families. There will be nothing in this monthly five pages about brides, debutantes, social splashes or decorative functions of any sort—unless these phases of life have some connection with what women are actually doing in this country to make life more interesting, sensible and significant. We shall take women as they are—except those who are blase and la-de-dah—and let

their contributions to the life of this country sparkle with the interest that began in the Garden of Eden. Sentiment, common sense, experience, common problems, children, gardens, house decoration, pictures, music, pets, votes, social reforms, lingerie, literature, education, poetry, humour—all the pleasing exasperations of feminine life as it is to-day and will be to-morrow with as much of yesterday as we need to gild the story, will be found in these pages once a month in addition to our regular weekly page written for women. Contributions to this section will be read carefully and dealt with promptly by THE EDITOR.



Mrs. Joseph Reade, daughter of Sir Clive-Phillips Wolley, of Vancouver Island, during her husband's absence at the front is acting as superintendent of women workers in a Vancouver munitions factory. This photograph shows her in her working clothes.



The democracy of war-time takes a new tack through that amazingly efficient organization of Canadian women, Daughters of the Empire. The Dufferin Chapter, I.O.D.E., in Vancouver, are out on a campaign against waste. Members of the Chapter run their own salvage waggons. Here is one of the waggons on its rounds. The three ladies shown are all well known in the best life of Vancouver. Their cheerful disregard of merely conventional expedients is worth emulating by women all over the domain of the I. O. D. E.



Mrs. Black, wife of Hon. George Black, Commissioner of the Yukon, has gone to England, where she will engage in war work while her husband is at the front with the Yukon regiment which he organized and took overseas.

THE WOMAN WITH THE HOE

A Cheerful Chapter of Experience from Nova Scotia

By HELEN GUTHRIE

It was Sunday, too, when the inspiration came. Sunday in a Minister's family, when I couldn't possibly "show a bad example" either to the neighbours or to the children by introducing so much as a coal-shovel into the soil. However, on my way to the ash-barrel, I surreptitiously poked a kitchen knife into the ground and brought up—oh, joy!—real black loam. I thought about that fertile soil all through the sermon.

And Monday such a busy day! I positively grudged answering the door-bell, until, if you will believe me, the postman placed in my hands—what do you suppose? Why, a seed catalogue, its cover adorned with blatant pictures of the greenest and pinkest and reddest cabbages and roses and tomatoes, blooming and fruiting, cheek by jowl; in the most amicable manner possible. Whether a friend, or a clairvoyant seedsman, or the Lord Himself sent that blessed catalogue, I will never know, but no priceless volume bound in blue and gold was ever prized more.

That very afternoon I began! Any normal congregation will always yield a mute, inglorious labourer who, though perhaps not "worthy of his hire," will, nevertheless, turn the sod for "the Minister," provided he is over-paid, over-fed, and over-

praised. And by Wednesday night my once scrubby, unremunerative lawn was spaded up by one of these old reliables.

It was then that, with money I had saved up to buy a ready-to-wear hat from Eaton's, I sallied forth and purchased my implements. And became—not only the Woman with the Hoe, but also the Woman with a Rake and a Trowel, and proud indeed was I.

The next thing on the programme was to sow the seed, and in my earnestness and zeal the operation almost became a rite. After days and nights of poring over my catalogue, I had, with infinite care, selected the seeds which I thought would be the most profitable. Unfortunately, the Seedsman do not give one much help in selecting, for, if you have ever made a study of their catalogue, you must have observed that each and every variety is a "mammoth yielder."

I COULD get little help from my husband, for he is always so engaged in preparing the soil of Hearts, and sowing seeds of Kindness, that his views on a humbler form of gardening are not very valuable. So I left him to plant and water souls, while I tussled with manure, and earth-worms, hoping that my venture would yield an hundred fold, as well as his. The precision with which I staked out beds and seeded in unswerving rows would have gladdened

ONE can readily picture the Woman with a Parasol!—a Pen!—a Tennis-racquet!—a Baby!—or, even, a Husband!— But, of all things, a Hoe!

It sounds so sordid. It suggests dirt and worms and such ordinary, menial tasks! Does it, indeed? Now, just listen until I tell you about it!

Last spring I was dying for some money! I wanted so to give to the soldiers and the Belgians and all the noble people who were giving their all for me, but I hadn't a cent to give.

You see, my husband is a Minister, on a small stipend. He is over age for serving his country by enlisting, and my children are all under age—so our giving had to be of a material nature. And yet the little I could squeeze out of the family purse seemed so pitifully inadequate.

I was in despair, until one day, happening to glance out of the dining-room window, the inspiration came. "Silver and gold had I none, but such as I had"—my backyard! I fairly gasped when I saw that big, valuable asset right under my nose, and me feeling so sure that I had nothing negotiable, so to speak.

Of all the deplorable-looking backyards, too! I had always been too busy to do anything with it, except to turn the children out there to play. Nothing but the clothes-tree had ever blossomed within its precincts, but now, it fairly bristled with possibilities.