



Jean Blewett's

OWN PAGE

of Happiness



Women Must Co- operate to Succeed in Politics

TO SET THE BALL rolling (as indicated in the panel) I will give my reasons for thinking women in politics will not revolutionize the world in a hurry. Human nature is much the same in women as in men, and look how long men have been muddling matters. We are adaptable, fatally so. We have formed the habit of getting used to things, a bad one in a reformer. Our strength lies in our broad sympathy and innate desire to do good; our weakness in our lack of concentration. We tilt at this and tilt at that; we are too diffuse, we do not stick to one thing. The lion in the way of our achievement is not a lion at all, but a mangy little dog of self conceit which makes us cling to the idea that there must be something wrong with anyone who doesn't think as we do. We will have to learn—not only to strike hard, but to strike all together, over and over, if we are to accomplish anything worth while. Strength we have, and initiative,—witness our war work. Ah, but in war work we have a central motive, a leading force—the helping to win out!

But now that we are essaying general reforms what is the leading force? And whose? We are just beginners. We may go far, but up until now our idea of co-operation seems to be to have the others side in with us.

Those New Year Resolu- tions you Intend Making

PRETTY MATRON LOOKED SERIOUS. She was at serious work. In the Book of Things, a little volume of blank leaves, leather-covered, she was putting down her New Year resolutions in a clerkly hand. "I will be more patient with his exactions, and do —" Here she was interrupted by the ringing of the phone. She answered it, holding a finger between the pages to keep the ink from blotting. An angry red flushed her face as she listened. "What!" she exclaimed, "another out-of-town customer! that makes the third you've brought home to dinner in a little over a week. We've no real home life, and won't have while you think more of your business than you do of your wife. So there!" She hung up the receiver with a jerk, and sat looking down at the Book of Things. A tap at the door and in came the old colored woman to wax the floor. "A cup of coffee first, Nancy," said Pretty Matron, pouring it out, "and, while you drink it, tell me this, you wise old dear, if you lived with someone so you were always in a temper, how aggravating you were always in a temper? Would you would you go about curing yourself? Would you frame a resolution, put the same in a book, and carry it with you as a constant reminder? Tell me, Nancy?" A beaming black face was turned on the questioner.

"Lawzy, Miss Caholine, de only reminders worf a cent doan come from no book, dey comes from de heart ob us. 'Fo'get it, dey sa, 'fo'get it, an' lub him all de moah.'" "I didn't tell you it was a man," severely. Nancy's mellow laugh rolled out. "S'pose youah de onliest woman wif a aggravatin' husband?" she said. "Mos' women folks black an' white, has 'em, has had 'em, or," softly, "lost 'em. Ole mem'ries caint be beat foh de kind of r'minders youah speak ob, mem'ries ob cou'tin' times, kissin' times, yaas, an' snivellin' 'casions—for de pair dat ain't had dere firs' cryin' spell togedder ain't found out what real lovin' is yet. Good resolutions all writ down eh! Honey, it am jus' as foolish as gibben youhsef an I.O.U. If youah am worf it dere's no 'casion foh paper promises, an' if youah ain't worf it all de I.O.U.'s ain't goin' ter make youh worf it, see! De only way is ter lub yer man outen his aggravatingness if youh kin, an' if youh cain't, lub him aggravatingness an' all, yes'm. Goin' Miss Caholine?" "Only as far as the phone," in a voice which trembled a little. "I—I must call up my man." Later Nancy on her knees "doing" the floor came upon the discarded Book of Things.

Living to Eat Rather Than Eating To Live

NOT IN WAR TIME SURELY! Yes, in war time. Right here in Canada we are still concerned, very much so, with what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed. Why, the other day when the big stores, and most of the little ones, shut down on selling us any sugar, look what a fuss we made. A lengthy famine in sugar would do good, it would help to make our fat people lean and lean people are seldom lazy. We have something, in these work crowded days. We have it on high authority that the British matron was never so good looking as now, she having gone back

THE YEAR

You took some light and laughter from my life,
Old Year,
You took the friend I trusted, the faith I called
my own,
Took toll of love and happiness,
But Old Year, Bold Year,
You brought the thing I needed most—strength
to stand alone.

JEAN BLEWETT.

to her girlhood's figure through discarding sweets, meat, and white bread. Fat women invariably deny they eat much, but watch them reduce when put upon a diet of limited calorie value. There is no living to eat among the Russian women. They are all dieting—Karelling they call it, after the famous W. Karrell, at one time physician to the Czar. Karelling means a diet of skim milk at least three days a week—no bread, no sugar, nothing but the skimmed milk. The patient sips slowly a glassful

Everywoman's Forum

Here is an Opportunity for You to Have
a Voice in the Public Affairs
of the Day

AS woman to woman do you believe—cross your heart—that the opening of the big hall door of politics (and oh how it creaks on its hinges and hangs fire) to the clear-eyed, clean skirted applicants, the women of this country, is going to result in an immediate Utopia? I do not. It looks to me as though it were going to be quite a while before the feminine element makes much of an impression on the legislative life of Canada. "What!" cries one, "you who have championed the sex and the cause first, last, always. Et tu Brute!"

I am merely stating my opinion, and here and now I invite you all—city woman, town woman, country woman—to state yours. In times like these there should be in a magazine of the calibre and scope of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—a national publication—a page for the discussion of questions of the day by the women of this country. We propose during the coming months to bring up some vital problems for our joint handling, among them, "A Living Wage;" "Is Divorce Becoming Popular;" "Eugenics and Euthenics;" "Protection of Girls;" "Race Suicide;" and "Clean Bill of Health."

If there is any question upon which you want advice; if you feel you would like to voice YOUR OWN opinion publicly, address your correspondence to Everywoman's Forum, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, and Jean Blewett will see that space is allotted to you. This gives you an opportunity of sharing your views with the other 499,999 readers of this national magazine.

When Lloyd George not long ago favored the placing of women as well as men on a certain important committee an outraged member of the House exclaimed: "A petticoat parliament!" A good thing, too. Let us have one of our own. Co-operation is born of understanding. Let us get together and argue things out "between ourselves." This is YOUR invitation, your personal "bid" to a free speech party in Everywoman's Forum.

"A petticoat parliament," some disgruntled person may dub us, but who cares? The latch string is out—come along.

(six ounces) at 8 a.m.; 11 a.m.; 2 p.m.; 5 p.m.; and 8 p.m. The milk may be taken hot or cold. The five glasses give a total of, say, a quart a day, and many following the prescription lose as much as fifteen pounds per week, we are told, without experiencing any noticeable falling off in strength. "Starvation diet!" you say. Not a bit of it—a fat person cannot starve so long as there is fuel on the frame to be burnt up—a beauty-building diet, rather. And such a saving, eh!

With High Ideals and Short Skirts!

HIGH IDEALS AND SHORT SKIRTS seem to be the order of the day. One of our cities boasts a woman magistrate (boasts is right) of whom it is very proud; and with reason, she being not only one of our best known women, but one of our best women. Not long ago she took occasion in addressing a young man, tried before her on a charge of driving a car while drunk, to speak some grand truths on what he owed to himself and to others. He listened in a bored way at first but by and by he winced, flung up his head fiercely, then let it sink again. As she probed deeper, reaching beneath the callousness, a flush of shame mounted to his face. "We used to know you as a promising boy," she said, "but now we know you only as the profligate son of a good mother." She proceeded sweetly and earnestly as though he were one of her own flock to tell him some terrible truths, tear the veil from vice and show its hideous face. She won him. By the tears in his poor bleared eyes and in her clear ones we knew he was won.

Thank heaven for women like that! cried an old gentleman blowing his nose vigorously. "She sets our ideals high." "And cuts her skirts by the same pattern," snapped his wife, who was a "cat." "In my day a woman would have sunk through the floor if such things were as much as mentioned before her. Young men sow their wild oats." "Yes," broke in the husband, "but the new woman is bound to make the sowing an unpopular business. They've always had the cure in their own hands, but never knew it until lately."

It was fine, the whole thing. One could not help thrilling with pride in that big hearted woman nor could one help wishing that she wore her skirts longer.

Mending Our Men Folk Instead of Their Socks

WILEY GRIER, one of Canada's best known artists, speaking before the Political Equality League, on the progress of woman, gave us housewives something to ponder over. He said: "Most of us have heard the remark 'A woman's place is at home darning her husband's socks,—the inference being that her crowning duty is to keep the wardrobes of the male members of her household in good repair. The woman of to-day has another ideal, a better one we verily believe. She is more concerned in reinforcing weak spots in the make up of her men folk, 'father and the boys,' than in their wearing apparel, yesterday's woman busied herself mending her boys' socks, to-day's woman mends the boy himself, first, the socks, if she finds opportunity."

"Quite right," agreed Mrs. Hector Prenter, who presided, "first things first."

To be sure, but it can be carried too far, don't you think? In the matter of what we shall do and what leave undone one listens to both sides, and, listening recalls Mark Twain's remark on another much argued question: "If Christian Science had a little more science to it, and the other kind of healing a little more Christianity we believe both would be improved." But first things first is a good motto.

No More Social Butter- flies!

THE BELLE OF THE BALL dropped in at the tea hour to tell us how well she was getting on at her dress-making school. Right at the start I had better explain that the sobriquet "belle of the ball" is a nickname bestowed on her in ante bellum days, when she was that pretty, preening person, yclept a social butterfly, with, as she avers, two ideas in her head—to have the best time going, and look her loveliest while having it. And in spite of the fact that she has been for fourteen months demonstrator, designer, cutter, fitter and general manager of the "school" she has managed to hold fast to her good time and good looks.

"That's because I enjoy the work," she explains. "I could write a book on the fun of being a patriot. What's that? Oh, with so many talking about the duty side of it, let me have the fun of things for my theme, please."

"How did I come to catch on to the idea? I didn't—it caught me. I couldn't get away from it. In the old frivolous days I made the frocks my friends admired so much; it was my one talent. So, when I become enthusiastic for king and country, so patriotic it was do or die with me, it had to be the needle or nothing. At first it was the money I was able to give that counted, but now I realize," her gay voice sobering, "that to teach a girl like myself, just a common ordinary girl, to be worth more to herself and others to-day than she was yesterday is in the way of being a patriot—what?"