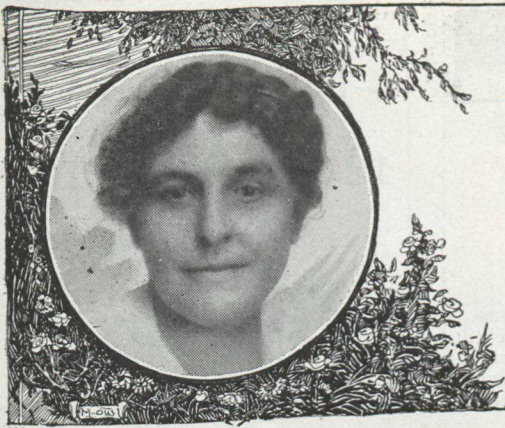




Jean Blewett's

OWN PAGE

of Happiness



The Spirit of Our Nursing Sisters

SOMEDAY, SOMEWHERE, sometime the war story is going to be written by some one of our Red Cross nurses. These women are the centre of the universal heart-throb of the world in this day of heroism and sacrifice, when the throb is mightier than it has ever been. "We are the last to leave this place, and are taking only ourselves—our effects must be abandoned," ran the scrawl received last week from "Girl" who used to hide her eyes if a little sister or brother cut a finger or had a nose bleed. "No, we're not shaking in our shoes. We've outgrown nervousness—we couldn't be in constant touch with the spirit of the great fighting army to which we belong without catching some of its unconquerable fearlessness. We aren't afraid and we know Britain's banners of victory will wave all along the line." Heart-throb! We catch the vibration clear across the shining seas.

Then, in the hospital wards after the end of the day, when shadows gather and wounds pain afresh, and the jests and songs die out on the lips of sufferers. They are only boys, and boys in trouble. They want the nurse. This air is foreign and they want a breath from home. Here she comes, the red symbol on her arm, here she comes, stealing their pain, their loneliness—their secrets. A bandage for this aching head, a pillow for that fracture, help with a letter to mother, or wife, or sweetheart, a prayer here, a promise there, and all the while her face sweet with sympathy, wan with ceaseless watching. God bless her!

"I.H.N." Stands for a Circle of Heroines

FROM WINDSOR, ONTARIO, comes a beautiful story of service. A circle of loyal Canadian girls banded together under the three letters at the top of this paragraph, I. H. N., signifying "In His Name," has among its members one whose limbs have become so twisted and distorted by rheumatism that it is impossible for her to engage in the ordinary work of the circle. She cannot use knitting needles or sewing needles, she cannot make bandages, visiting and collecting are out of the question. Instead of wasting her time bemoaning the fact that to her had fallen the harder task of standing still, what do you think she has done? Before her illness she was a teacher in an institute for voice culture and expression, the treatment for stammering being a special feature. And she has gathered into a class twenty-odd children of defective speech, and is teaching them to talk without stammering. To some friends who of late protested against the drudgery and nervous strain incident to the task, she replied gaily: "I love my country so well that to help remove a handicap from her coming citizens is such joy I never feel the weariness. It is the one thing I do and surely I can do it with all my heart."

There is inspiration in such patriotism.

June and Its War-Time Weddings

"JUNE IS AT ITS OLD TRICKS," growled the bachelor caller, displaying what was evidently a wedding invitation. "Wouldn't you think a girl of sense would know better than insist on putting a wedding over on her friends right when they're too busy to be bothered? A long-suffering public should put its foot down in airy—" So far he got and no farther. Our country cousin, a mite of a thing, rose in her wrath. "Let the precious public try it, that's all," with a ripple of laughter. "June belongs to the brides, and war-time or no war-time, there comes a sound of wedding bells, thank heaven! Too busy to be bothered! Isn't that like a man? Economy has put frills and furbelows out of fashion, curtailed honeymoons or cancelled them outright, drawn a line straight through wedding presents. Let the brides have June, their claim to it is still valid. What with motors and pavements and hothouse flowers, it doesn't matter much what time of year the city girl marries, but with us," here she caught her opponent's eye and blushed, "Every bride wants wedding weather. And if she chooses to marry the man she loves in the month she loves, with the roses, honeysuckle, sweet briar she loves forever marking the day in her memory she will do it without asking anybody's consent."

"Even the groom's?" he enquired banteringly. "Your country girl is a high-handed person, eh, what?" "High-hearted," she corrected. Right here I stole away. When a nice couple gets to the arguing stage the match-making instinct which we all possess, more or less, stirs in my breast. Prof. King, of biological fame in the much-talked of address at Ann Arbor on "War Problems" advises the passing of a law, copied from the Spartans, that every identical bachelor under the age limit be conscripted for war,

and those over the limit, for matrimony. Rather arbitrary—besides, one volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men they say, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if a certain bachelor of our acquaintance did his duty of his own free will and accord—or nearly so.

Planning Saves Time, Work and Temper

THE BEST WORK SAVER in the world is a clever brain. The woman who plans her daily round with care saves her steps, her time, her strength, and yes, her temper.

"There, I've forgotten to close those upstairs windows! All those steps to climb again! No wonder my back aches," said a young housekeeper to an older one.

"Why be so careless?" asked the last named.

"I never think," protested the other.

"Then learn to think—never mind how hard the lesson, keep at it till you have it by heart. How? First of all by keeping cool. Don't let things flurry you. Memory is merely keeping tab on your thoughts. The woman who runs her house gets ever so much more out of life than the woman whose house runs her."

Montreal

From Mount Royal

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

See the city there below,
Watch the people come and go,
Tiny dots upon the street,
I can see them from my seat.
Here a tower and there a spire,
Some are low and some are higher;
Glint of sun on window-panes;
Whirling of the weather-vanes;
Echoes, like a city's sighs,
Reach me, up on high.

See McGill peep through its trees
Waving in the summer breeze.
Watch the river curve and flow,
See the boats go to and fro.
Everything—so clear the day—
Seems a mere stone's throw away.
See the smoke from chimneys there
Curling upwards through the air;
Up above in summer skies,
Watch a cloud sail by.

The Gossip—A Monkey or Parrot—Which?

"GIVE ME," said Ruth earnestly, "the woman or man who knows how to hold her or his tongue!" And the man of the house ceases reading the war news long enough to assure her that he would gladly accede to her modest request if he knew just where to find the paragon. Ruth refuses to smile, her lips are set, her face sorrowful. "People who are forever chattering and gossiping somebody's character to pieces," she goes on, "are despicable beyond words. They weren't intended for human beings, nature meant them for monkeys and parrots, I'm sure. They ought to be in the jungle swinging from branches with their—"

"What have you been reading of late?" interrupts the man suspiciously.

"The heart-throb and bitterness in the faces of a few victims, that's all. There's the pretty motherless girl down street. You know her story. Such a frivolous, innocent bit of happy girlhood with her fun and her beaux, until a man—no, a male monkey, started chattering. The mischief was done—the lightest word can spoil a life, yet people go right on throwing them."

"And find plenty of good people to pass the missiles along," growled the man. Ruth shook her head.

"Not good people," she said, "good people are slow to believe an evil story, slower still to spread it. They know that most lives hold enough of hurt and pain without adding to these out of pure wantonness."

The Canker at the Heart of Things

THIS IS WHAT GOSSIP IS, just as debasing as the drink habit, the drug habit or the thieving habit—in truth it is a near connection of the last-named. "Who steals my purse, etc.," and the individual with the serpent's tongue is a sort of moral kleptomaniac who purloins something which beggars another without enriching himself. The country neighborhood or village is said to afford a more congenial atmosphere for the habit than do larger places, and one often wonders why the earnest ministers who fill the rural pulpits preach so many sermons against ball-room temptations, dance-halls, gambling, heresy, sins which touch only the fringe of the community life and so few against the mischief-making, tale-bearing, evil-speaking which form a canker at the very heart of things.

Envy is the prolific cause of scandal, littleness of nature which seeks to pull down what it cannot hope to compete with. One of last century's poets has set forth the gossip's creed:

"My neighbor is better than I by the blessing of God, And I hate what is better than I by the blessing of God!"

Face Value in Its Truest Sense

I ASKED A SWEDISH SCHOOLGIRL in Manitoba if she liked her teacher. She nodded vigorously. "She ban grow a good face," she said with conviction. A significant reply that—Teacher was being taken at her face-value. After all, it is the way most of us measure up the people we meet and by which we are in turn measured. The face is not only the index to the heart, but an illustration of life's volume. It is the only face we have, the one we came into this world with, and will go out of it with, the one we are judged by for time—and for eternity, who knows? It behooves us to let faith and love get in their perfect work, courage too, and the patience which spells strength. "She ban grow a good face," which means we mustn't harden it with worldliness, crease and line it with worry, scar it with passion, spoil it with selfishness and the droop-mouth habit. "She ban grow a good face"—that "good" means beauty and more than beauty.

"The benediction of your face,
Your lifted face, doth make a road
For white-robed Peace and golden Grace
To reach my heart and take its load."

Shrine to the Heroes Who Have Gone

THE CITY FOLK used to go down to Bobcaygeon for the week end and come home declaring it was an ideal spot for a holiday. Nothing to do but fish—and the fishing good; nothing to do but eat—and the eating good; nothing to look at but scenery. But times have altered. Bobcaygeon has something besides scenery to show its visitors, something unique, in that it is, so far, the only one of its kind in Canada; something that makes its appeal to our sentiment, patriotism and love of valor. It is a shrine erected, not to a saint, but to the heroes who have gone from that quaint old town and surrounding country to uphold its honor overseas. It stands a staunch memorial to keep the names of these men fresh in the minds of this generation and of generations yet to come. In older lands the wayside memorial shrine is a common sight, but with us the one at Bobcaygeon stands alone as yet.

Study Too Little Talk Too Much

A FAMOUS PRELATE from overseas told our cousins across the line some home truths during his visit among them. He said, for one thing: "American women have much natural cleverness, but they study too little and talk too much." American women often pass the same judgment on themselves, but they do not like any old prelate harping on the same string. Also, he declared that English parents disliked the idea of their sons marrying American girls because the latter knew so little of real home life and were mother-spoiled.

"It is usually the mother's fault when the daughter's ideals are faulty," he said. "Proper teaching by the mother is worth a great deal more than school teaching. You mothers must keep in mind that you bear a great responsibility towards your daughters."

If the same criticism applies to our girls—and we fear it does—what about our responsibility? And who is doing the mother-spoiling? Every day seems to press home the fact that, for good or ill, it is the mother who is the real teacher, the home the hall of learning where daughters really take their degree. To spoil a girl is poor kindness, don't you think?