

# Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Her Lot in the Various Walks of Life

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

## CITY VESPER

By EDITH WYATT

Come home, my child, come home.  
The fogs are falling:  
Along the blue-walled street the whistles calling;  
Along the street ten thousand foot-steps falling,  
Through steam and smoke-wreath's foam.  
Bells cry afar; afar the darkness winging,  
Soars throbbing with the chimes and whistles ringing,  
The breath of night, the twilight city, singing:  
Come home, my child, come home.  
Lock fast the locks, drop down the shutters shading,  
From shop and counter, counting house and trading,  
From dock yard, stock yard, derrick, crane and lading,  
From caisson, clay and loam,  
Come home, my child, come home, in many-chording  
And rushing voice, the city sings, from hoarding,  
From spending, grudging, saving and recording,  
Come home, my child, come home.  
Come from disgrace and honor, craft and scheming,  
From work and shirking come, from deed and dreaming,  
Success and failure, where the lights are streaming  
Azure and chrysolite,  
Yellow and crystal, where the mists are falling,  
The yard bells ringing, engine whistles calling,  
Along the street ten thousand foot-steps falling,  
Come through the dark-brown night.  
Where tall-piled height and dusky cornice lower  
On storied citadel and tall-crowned tower,  
Corner and curb a million are lights flower  
Full in the twilight air,  
If all the foot-falls spoke the destinations  
Of all the dreams of all the generations  
Upon their way, all shames, all aspirations  
Would find their kindred there.  
Here steps your fate, my child, your generation  
That walks through time to some far consummation  
Unknown along the blue street's destination  
Through fog and smoke-wreath's foam.  
Here flies your life, for worse or better winging  
And pulsing with the bells and whistles ringing,  
The heart of night, the full-throated city singing:  
Come home, my child, come home.  
—Collier's.

## MARRIED WOMEN

MARY COTTON WISDOM

The other day while chatting with a physician (a really fine young fellow, belonging to a nice family and well endowed with this world's goods) he told me that if he were married, his practice would be double what it is now, as most people prefer a married family physician.  
Naturally, then I asked him why then he did not marry, what was my great surprise to hear him give as an answer to my question that all the nicest girls seem to be married. Such an answer came as a revelation to me, for I thought as a rule the nicest girls remained single, because the ordinary mediocre man could not appreciate them.  
The young man who told me this as

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his reason for remaining single, in spite of the fact that he would rather marry, was an intelligent man, so I began to cast his saying over in my mind. It was a new idea and gave me food for thought. I have arrived at several conclusions none of which required deep reasoning. For one thing, a married woman knows that a man is only a man; she clothes him with no undue respect. She can look him squarely in the face, without her heart beating faster than normal, therefore, she is at ease and can show her best side.

A married woman may love her husband dearly and be perfectly happy as his wife; but she knows that, like herself, he is only mortal. The romantic ideals of her youthful days have completely vanished before the commonplace facts of ordinary married life.  
An unmarried woman has rosy dreams of an affinity. I once had dreams of that sort myself; but the rosy gleams of life's morning dreams quickly became ordinary day light, when I once began to daren that affinity's stockings and to patch his trousers and perform various other wifely duties of a similar character.

A young girl, no matter how much she loves, must keep it hidden deep down in her heart. She may adorn herself and look her prettiest, but she must not in any way show her preference, for fear of gossiping tongues. She must modestly wait for the man's approval and his request to marry him. The survival of some old ideas makes this request a great honor. Why, I could never understand, for marriage is a business partnership, into which firm the wife gives the most.

A married woman does not care a rap if the ordinary man admires her or not. Her mind is centred on her husband, her children and her home. She has self assurance; she can be as pleasant as she wishes, without fear of gossip.

It is a pity that any man, especially a good-looking splendid fellow, like the young doctor to whom I refer, should have formed such wrong impressions about this matter. All the nicest girls are not married. If he should choose any one of our intelligent, pretty, nice Canadian girls as a prospective bride and go awooing in earnest, fate would almost to a certainty prove kind to him.

There are no better wives or mothers under the sun than our Canadian bred maidens. Any man who says that all the nicest girls are married has a very crooked view point of life and deserves no better fate than to be a lonely old bachelor to the end of his days.

## A Socialist Woman's Reason

J. G. K.

Why am I a Socialist? Because—I like nice things. I like beautiful, splendid things. I like the sort of things that the common people today do not have. The working class, to which most of the people belong, live mostly in cheap, shoddy homes. Their houses are ugly on the outside, and fairly hideous inside, if we judge from the artistic standpoint—and until we do judge from that standpoint we are not a cultured, civilized people. The working people for the most part have in their homes cheap varnished furniture that they buy on the installment plan; they must do with ugly ingrained carpets, or coarse Brussels rugs on their floors; it is fairly inhuman to sell them many of the pictures that hang on their walls. They eat out of coarse earthenware, and do without the conveniences that make home life a comfort and a joy. And as their lives are, so their tastes and their desires are warped and stunted.

What to the average person is a Bokhara, or a Cashmere rug? A Cloisonne vase, a bit of Serbian china, a piece of Martele silver, a Turner picture, a strong mission chair with straight lines, and the fine grain of the wood showing? What are splendidly bound books on commodious shelves? What operatic music, and the truly great in the drama?

And if there are a few to whom all this means something they so often say

that these things very properly are, or should be, the property of the rich.

And yet the rich are so few, and the poor are so plentiful. And because the poor are so plentiful—we must see everywhere the ugliness of their lives—of their environment. The truck, which, for commercial reason, is forced upon them, must always be with us, too. For it is out of their cheap, shoddy goods that the factories make their greatest profits. And the poor people pay these profits when they buy their ugly house furnishings.

Under Socialism cheap stuff will not be made for commercial reasons. Things will not be made to sell, but to use. And they will be good things, artistic, and well made. Almost every artist is a Socialist—and there is a reason. He hates the vulgarity of a commercialized life. He likes beautiful things; not to own always, but to look at always. And he knows that under capitalism these beautiful things are as scarce as the people who can own them.

The material reason for being a Socialist leads to the spiritual reason. We absorb our environment. What we live in, we grow like. Morality has generally been considered to consist in refraining from killing our brother, stealing our neighbor's wife, or pilfering from another's purse. Under this limited definition many a mean person is considered highly moral. When we are really developed we will discover that bad tempers, evil thoughts, jealousies, bickerings, scandal mongering, cruelty, ugliness, and a host of other recognized virtues are highly immoral. That they are enervating, depraving harmful. We will also learn that an ugly environment is largely responsible for all of this immorality. And we will proceed to make a better environment, one thoroughly good, and beautiful and pleasant. In this way we will produce poets, singers, humanitarians, workers, lovers, artists, and a real brotherhood of man, where we today have anarchy, strife greed and individualism rampant.

This is the reason I am a Socialist.  
—PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

## On Women

In his noble book, "The Duties of Man," Joseph Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, more than half a century ago, wrote as follows:

"Love and respect woman. Seek in her not merely a comfort, but a force, an inspiration, the redoubling of your intellectual and moral faculties."

"Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over women. You have none whatever."

"Long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial local inequality and injustice have created that apparent intellectual inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression."

"But does not the history of every oppression teach us how the oppressor ever seeks his justification and support by appealing to a fact of his own creation? The feudal castes that withheld education from the sons of the people, excluded them on the grounds of that very want of education, from the rights of the citizen, from the sanctuary wherein laws are framed, and from that right of vote which is the initiation of their social mission. The slaveholders of America declare the black race radically inferior and incapable of education and yet persecute those who seek to instruct them."

"Now, we men have ever been, and

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still are guilty of a similar crime toward women. Avoid even the shadow or semblance of this crime; there is none heavier in the sight of God, for it divides the human family into two classes, and imposes or accepts the subjugation of one class to the other.

"In the sight of God the father there is neither man nor woman. There is only the human being, that being in whom, whether, the form be of male or female, those characteristics which distinguish humanity from the brute creation are united—namely, the social tendency and the capacity of education and progress."

"Wherever these characteristics exist the human nature is revealed, and thence perfect equality both of rights and duties."  
"Like two distinct branches springing from the same trunk, man and woman are varieties springing from the common basis—Humanity. There is no inequality between them, but, even, as is often the case among men, diversity of tendency and of special vocation. Are two notes of the same musical chord unequal or of indifferent nature? Man and woman are the two notes without which the human chord is impossible."

## Increased Cost of Living

When demands have been made by the workers, whether organized or unorganized, for a slight increase of wages, they have been generally confronted by the plaint that "business won't stand it," but increases have, however, been granted of from 5 per cent to 20 per cent in the last few years. The latest statistics published by Bradstreet's show that the cost of foodstuffs, light, rents, clothing, heat, etc., have advanced 100 per cent. since 1896. Bradstreet's report further states that the five cent loaf of bread of thirteen years ago has advanced to ten cents at the present time and in some instances has shrunk to half its size or weight. Where steak for the table cost \$1, it now costs \$2, and if that extra dollar is not to be had, it means an inferior cut, or substitute, or no meat at all. The report continues. The housewife who formerly laid aside \$15 or \$20 out of her allowance each month for the butcher must now double it or see her table less abundantly supplied—all of which goes to show that profits are increasing, money is being accumulated, riches are being attained by one class while the other class struggles for an existence in an endeavor to make ends meet.—Ex.

## The Arrogant Farmer

By GEORGE E. BOWEN

"There is too much truth in the report that out of their present great prosperity farmers are buying automobiles and indulging in the unnecessary things of luxury."—Extract from Reported Speech of James Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Agriculture.

Since Adam, the man with the hoe had been bent  
To the task of producing the bread of the race,  
In toil should he glory and find his content  
In the rows that he hoed by the sweat of his face.  
The life that is simple and servile was made  
For the man with the hoe and his brother, the ox  
The joy of the automobile is a trade  
That only the money of leisure unlocks.  
What imprudence, truly this clothopper dares  
To ride like a king on the roads we enjoy;  
Our profligate madness he brazenly shares  
While seeking our caste and our cult to destroy.  
O woe to the man with the hoe if, some day,  
He learns that he earns what we merrily waste,  
For him all the fevers that weaken our sway;  
For us not an unhoed potato to taste.  
Go back to your hoeing, O farmer, O fool!  
Prosperity wanes when your idleness rides;  
Go dig up more dollars, while gaily we rule—  
And tax you more dollars for ruling, besides.

The trust is the organization of industry for the doing away of wasteful effort. The trust is preparing the way for the triumph of those who work.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### PSALMS

#### PSALM 38.

11 My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore, and my kinsmen stand afar off.  
12 They also that seek after my life lay snares for me; and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long.  
13 But I, as a deaf man, heard not; and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth.  
14 Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs.  
15 For in thee, O Lord, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.  
16 For I said, Hear me, lest otherwise they should rejoice over me: when my foot slippeth, they magnify themselves against me.  
17 For I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me.  
18 For I will declare mine iniquity: I will be sorry for my sin.  
19 But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong; and they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.  
20 They also that render evil for good are mine adversaries; because I follow the thing that good is.  
21 Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me.  
22 Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.

#### PSALM 39.

1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.  
2 I was dumb with silence; I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.  
3 My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue.  
4 Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.  
5 Behold thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity, Selah.  
6 Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.  
7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.  
8 Deliver me from my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.  
9 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.  
10 Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.  
11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity, Selah.  
12 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW

### CHAPTER 3.

9 And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.  
10 And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.  
11 I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.  
12 Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.  
13 Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.  
14 But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?  
15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.  
16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:  
17 And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

### CHAPTER 4.

1 Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.  
2 And when he had fasted forty

### PROVERBS

#### CHAPTER 21.

6 The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.  
7 The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them; because they refuse to do judgement.  
8 The way of man is froward and strange: but as for pure, his work is right.  
9 It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.  
10 The soul of the wicked desireth evil: his neighbor findeth no favor in his eyes.  
11 When the scorner is punished, the simple is made wise: and when the wise is instructed, he receiveth knowledge.  
12 The righteous man wisely considereth the house of the wicked: but God overthroweth the wicked for their wickedness.  
13 Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.  
14 A gift in secret pacifieth anger, and a reward in the bosom strong wrath.  
15 It is joy to the just to do judgment: but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.  
16 The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead.  
17 He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.  
18 The wicked shall be a ransom for the righteous, and the transgressor for the upright.  
19 It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and an angry woman.  
20 There is treasure to be desired and oil in the dwelling of the wise: but a foolish man spendeth it up.  
21 He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honour.  
22 A wise man sealeth the city of the mighty, and casteth down the strength of confidence thereof.  
23 Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.  
24 Proud and haughty scorner is his name, who dealeth in proud wrath.  
25 The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labor.  
26 He coveteth greedily all the day long: but the righteous giveth and spareth not.  
27 The sacrifice of the wicked is abomination; how much more when he bringeth it with a wicked mind?  
28 A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.  
29 A wicked man hardeneth his face: but as for the upright, he directeth his way.  
30 There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord.  
31 The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord.

days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.

3 And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

4 But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

5 Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.

6 And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it was written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7 Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

8 And again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

9 And saith unto them, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

10 Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11 Then the devil leaveth him; and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

12 Now when Jesus had heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Galilee;

13 And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim:

14 That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying,

15 The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles;