

CALLED TO THE CAPITAL

By KENNETH M. HAIG

A RED brick mansion with a lawn sweeping in front to meet the wide avenue of Roslyn Road and to the back the windings of the Red River, this is "Incherra," one of Winnipeg's beautiful residences and the home of the Honourable Robert Rogers, Minister of the Interior. Mrs. Rogers has been obliged to leave this beautiful home, temporarily, owing to the Government position of her husband. She is now in Ottawa assisting in the many social duties which fall to the lot of the wife of one of the Dominion's Ministers. "Incherra," the lilt of the Irish name, was surely the result of an inspiration, for it suits so well the atmosphere of the home. A guest wrote of it once:

The Hostess—
"In English? I have never heard

The only one expressive word
That means it—but the very best

That you could wish to any guest,
Your health—a welcome—"

The Guest—
"Perfect bliss?
I understand—it just means this."

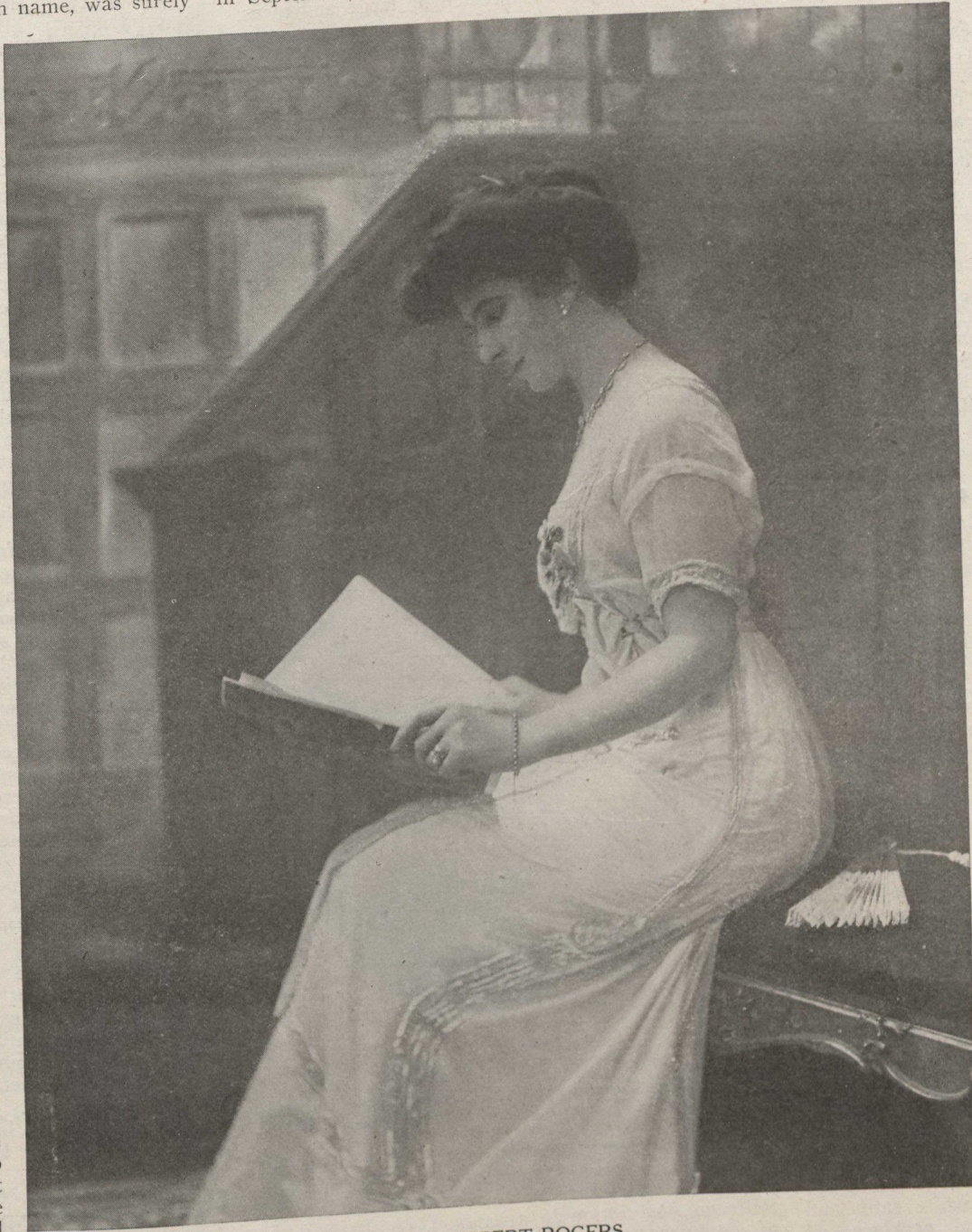
"When I was sixteen years of age," Mrs. Rogers told me, "I came to Manitoba from Ontario, so you see I am practically a Westerner. After my marriage I lived for some years in the tiny Manitoban town of Clearwater. No, I would not forego that experience for anything. I understand perfectly the life of the prairies, for I have lived it. Often I have done all my own housework. Then living in a little village one leads a sort of community existence. Your neighbours know all about you and you know all about your neighbours"—Mrs. Rogers' eyes twinkled. Anyone who has lived in a village, whether in Southern Manitoba or Timbucktoo, can vouch for the truth of her observations.

Mrs. Rogers is keenly observant both of persons and things, and therefore enjoys travelling. Twice she has been abroad and has journeyed over her own country from Montreal to Victoria.

"I am not sure that I have any hobbies," she said. "There is painting, of course. I dab a little myself when I can get time, and, as you know, I have always been most interested in the Western Art Association. And music—well, I belong to the Women's Musical Club and enjoy playing and warbling a little to entertain myself—at these recitals I am always careful that my audience is nil."

However, Mrs. Rogers' interest in matters musical is not so inconsiderable as she would lead one to suppose, and in this connection a very charming story is told. A few years ago the Women's Musical Club discovered Miss Rhoda Simpson. Miss Simpson's parents were not well off, but they recognized their child's talent for music and especially for the violin, and gave her what advantages they could. Brought to the notice of the Musical Club Miss Simpson was, through the efforts of that organization, given all the education that Winnipeg could offer. Then it became apparent that the young artist should have a term of foreign study, but how to meet the expense? The Club could not afford it and it seemed for a time as though Miss Simpson had been brought so far only to be given a glimpse of the promised land and have its fulfillment denied her. Just at this point Mrs. Rogers came forward. Since then Miss Simpson, as a protegee of hers, has studied in New York, in Dresden and Leipzig, and is now in London. "There is no credit to me,"

disclaimed Mrs. Rogers, "Rhoda has genius and I happened to be able to enable her to cultivate it, that's all. I am sure she will bring credit to her adopted city. I will tell you a story. Last year when the Landgraf of Hesse was here, Government House entertained in his honour. The Prince's personal Aide-de-camp, Baron Riedesel, was my dinner companion and the talk chanced to turn to music, when he told me of the Prince's passion for the violin. I told him of Rhoda and he promised to bring her to the notice of the Prince. That was in September, and in January I had a letter from



MRS. ROBERT ROGERS

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Baron Riedesel saying that arrangements had been made for Rhoda to play before the Prince. The Prince was so delighted with her performance that he invited her for a two weeks' holiday this summer to his Castle. Rhoda wrote me what a memory that holiday will always be to her and also a letter came from the Prince saying that the visit had been very delightful to him. "Yes, you have guessed it," laughed my hostess, "Rhoda is one of my enthusiasts."

Mrs. Rogers believes that a woman should know all about her own country and should take an intelligent interest in politics. She has always been in the fullest sympathy with her big husband's political aspirations and has followed his career step by step with him. It is rumoured that the "Honourable Bob" reaches no decision until he has talked the matter over with his wife, and her breadth of view, her ready wit and her interest in politics will make her a welcome addition in the state circle of the Capital City. Mrs. Rogers is an ardent imperialist, and has been for two years the Regent of the Earl Grey Chapter of the Imperial Order of

the Daughters of the Empire.

There is one son of the house, Robert, junior, who was last autumn married to Miss Evelyn Maw.

Winnipeg has reluctantly given over to Ottawa one of its most charming and brilliant women in the person of the wife of its member.

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A Reply to the Monocle Man.

A reader objected to what our Monocle Man said regarding "The Women's Movement and Suicide."

HOW well your "nom de plume" fits the article appearing under the name of "The Women's Movement and Suicide!" For the point of view observed throughout is "one eyed" indeed. Because a girl, little more than a child, was allowed to take a position for which she was unfit on account of immaturity, a position for which any boy of her age would have been equally unfit, therefore, you hasten to bring a wholesale indictment against women teachers in general with a wholesale condemnation of woman's desire for personal and economic independence which is characterized as the "women's movement." Are you quite sure, Mr. Monocle Man, that you are not a woman in disguise? For the lack of logical reasoning revealed in your article is so generally considered the attribute of my own sex. You state that "our daughters have exchanged the home for the world," and that as a consequence young men have been crowded out of various professions, among them, teaching. Let me deal with two obvious fallacies contained in these statements.

To begin with, it is not so much the daughters who have left the home, as that which used to be considered woman's own and indisputable work has left the four walls of the individual homes and has become socialized and specialized in factories and workshops. When we watch the crowds of girls leaving the bread and biscuit factories, the wool and cotton mills, the workshops and factories engaged in the manufacture of ready-made underwear and clothing (both men's and women's), it is brought home to us in a very startling manner that women have been compelled to follow their own industries into the world; for all these were entirely and exclusively woman's work within the home until man's "business genius" stepped in and withdrew them from the home in order to make money! Remember that as long as all the weaving, spinning, baking, brewing,

preserving, tailoring, soap and candle making was done in the individual homes, not only was there employment for all the sisters, daughters, aunts and cousins of the family, but also for a number of women of the poorer classes who entered the larger individual homes as employees or servants. In the days when industries were housed in the home they were carried on for service and love by those who were responsible for them—the women at the head of households and the female members of the family. When industries were taken out of the home their original character was entirely changed, for they were made use of to obtain financial profit only. This accounts for all the evils which have appeared as the accompaniment of the socialization of industries: child labour, sweating, overwork and overcrowding of populations in congested factory districts with all the countless evils flowing therefrom. Is, then, socialization of labour wrong? Not at all! What is wrong is: the socialization of labour under the auspices of men alone, instead of, as it should have been, under the guidance of both men

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