

# EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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## EDITORIAL

### A Lonely Mother

WE are glad to publish this letter from "A Lonely Mother," feeling sure that it will find an echo in many a heart. We are glad of the opportunity to pay tribute to the noble work of Motherhood, and to point to the compensations which are hers and hers alone.

"DEAR EDITOR:

"I take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and read it through and through with interest, particularly those articles in which you tell us how to train and bring up our children. I taught school before my marriage and had very decided ideas as to how children should be trained and how the mothers should help the teacher. I was ready to make sacrifices for my children, and I've done it all right.

"I read and studied to keep ahead of them, and I studied diet, health and sanitation as I knew that a strong, healthy body is necessary to a strong, vigorous mind, and I wanted them to have both. I taught them how to dress, and they learnt manners with their bread and milk; and when I was through with them they were as nearly perfect as any first class, finishing school could have made them. I was proud of them and had good cause to be—I had sacrificed myself, my life, my wishes, my desires to their best interests.

"My boy and girl were married within a few months of each other, and now I am seeing things from a totally new and unexpected angle. They have formed new ties, made new friends, and are living a new life with never a thought of me and my loneliness. I have nothing to do, my hands are empty; no one needs me, and there is no future for me. After twenty-five years of sacrifice, I have nothing but a past, and this at forty-five!

"Is it right or just that a mother should give her love, her life, and receive so little in return? Why should I have spent the best part of my life in making them so altogether desirable to have them go and leave me just when I was beginning to reap the fruits of my labours? To what end did I rise early and work late that they might benefit? To pass over to some one else that which I created—to some one else who takes my work as a matter of course? Of what use are the weary days I gave, the sleep I denied myself to make them what they are? They have passed out of my life and left the bitterness of desolation behind. Had I made them less than what they are, they might have still needed me and stayed with me for a time at least. But no! They are gone in the height of their beauty and loveliness and power, and I am left with idle hands and empty heart. Is this right or fair or just? Has a mother no rights?"

"A LONELY MOTHER."

Undoubtedly many mothers have made sacrifices equally great and have experienced the same loneliness and desolation when their children have made homes of their own, but not many mothers give voice to their feelings, suffering this last heartache in silence as they have many others.

But this mother, in common with so many, sees only the dark side. Her eyes are—while the pain is fresh, anyway—blinded to the compensations. In this case they are forefold; to the mother herself, to the child, to the nation, to posterity.

This lonely mother is, necessarily, a woman of refinement, education and culture, broadminded, and with a wide outlook on life. This is inevitable, since she read and studied, kept ahead of her children and trained them well. Would she have been all of these if she had not had a strong incentive? How much better thus to live than to have spent her idle moments in cheap reading, gossiping meetings, unprofitable drifting through life! Not least of the compensations was the happiness and joy as she watched the budding minds of her children unfold and expand into perfect man and womanhood.

How much better are the children equipped for the battle of life, coming from a home where knowledge was imbibed naturally rather than learnt! What more can man or woman ask than a strong, wholesome, vigorous mind in a strong, healthy body? Given these, all things are possible. The mind, trained to think quickly, to reason clearly, brings success more surely to man, and health gives him joy in work and achievement. The girl who goes to her husband's home with these same qualities is well fitted for her threefold position—she is a more capable housekeeper, a more understanding and companionable wife, and a more intelligently loving mother.

The Law of Nature is to look forward, not back; and these children are looking forward to children of their own. For this reason do they leave father and mother without much in the way of regret. But it is not unthinking ingratitude nor that the old

ties have no place; only that they are relegated to the proper perspective according to the law of life. Now, when her duty to her children is done—and well done—may the mother look out on the larger life for which her training has fitted her. Now, may she be mother in a larger, broader sense and make the world a better and cleaner and sweeter place in which to live. Think of the many girls who need "mothering" and must go without: of the many boys who need a kind word, a helping hand! No one's hands need be idle, no one's heart should be empty—not while there is one poor little uncared for child in the whole world! This is the mother's opportunity, and the reward is a thousand fold.

Valuable as are these results, they may be termed but the things material. Life, as we see it is but a preparation. *What we make of ourselves here, that we are all through eternity.* We cannot get away from that fact any more than we can get away from ourselves. In the higher development of the mind which this mother gave her children, she developed and deepened their capacity for joy and happiness, and also for sorrow and pain. A questionable gain, you say? But, no! All sorrow and pain, rightly borne, tend but to purify and uplift and make for a nobler and better man and womanhood.

Children are the Nation's greatest asset, and directly in proportion as they possess vigorous, wholesome minds: strong, healthy bodies and live clean, upright lives are they valuable to the State. It costs more to care for a sickly, delicate child than it does to raise a strong child; and although it is the parents on whom the added burden immediately falls, the Nation ultimately suffers. The country loses just by so much the work of brain and brawn which that child should have done. No one can do the work of another; he does his own work, and the work which this child should and might have done is—of necessity—left undone.

The debt which we owe to posterity is becoming more recognized every day. It is the right of the unborn millions that we should hand on to them the most vigorous health: bodies clean of any inherited taint: minds with generations of thinking, intelligent ancestors back of them and lives that were honorable and clean. A large debt! And this lonely mother paid it in her self-sacrificing days and her sleepless nights: paid it in her love and life and thought spent in the moulding of the lives and minds and morals of two little children! Is any other work so vast and as far reaching?

Man builds huge buildings, spans wide rivers, conquers the air, controls the lightning—all these are vast undertakings; they are conceived, planned, achieved, live for a time, and then?—die.

The work of the mother is the only work that spans the bridge of time and reaches eternity. Oh! lonely mother, was it not worth while!

### Home

IT may be mortgaged to grinding poverty; its door may be unlatched to Anxiety, Want and Pain; sullen Sorrow may sit brooding by the hearth—but Home is Home!

In the middle Atlantic, about half-way on a straight line between Cape Town and Montevideo, there was heaved up in remote times by volcanic action a huge rock, the little island of Tristan de Cunha. A centre of almost incessant rains, bleak and barren, the vortex of fierce storms, always enveloped by cloud and shunned by ships, and yet for the last hundred years inhabited by a strange race made up of English, Dutch, Irish, Italians and Americans, cast ashore from time to time in shipwreck, and living on fish and the spoils of the wrecks which strew its coasts.

These people, now about 80 in number, men, women and children, suffer hardships and deprivations almost inconceivable to residents of more favoured lands.

Having no useful timber, their huts are unmortared heaps of rough stones, thatched with grass.

There is no government of any sort, no school, no church. The island has no possible future; the inhabitants have no prospect but of living entombed there.

One would suppose that these unfortunates, intelligent, industrious, thrifty and temperate, as they are described to be, would gladly leave their rude huts, their terrible hardships, their barren fields, their pitiful poverty and hopelessness, to rejoin the comfortable world.

But no!

The British Government has repeatedly made efforts to remove them and their few possessions to any British soil they might choose, and give them means to start life anew.

Not one will consent to go. There on the bleak island are their Homes, and there they stay.

Perhaps, after all, one lot in life is not much better or worse than another, so far as material happiness goes; but there are some things that seem very necessary to us, and the little corner in God's creation we call Home is one of them.

Home, whatever may be its hardships, is the best place this side of Heaven. Plenty, comfort, luxuries, culture are good to have. But all the wealth of mines and farms and factories, and all the learning of the schools, cannot give such genuine and enduring satisfaction to the soul as does the wealth of love and faith and fidelity that makes the Home the cornerstone of civilization and the heart's true haven.

Love, fidelity and faith are the only treasures indispensable to the real Home of any human heart.

These—in the humblest cottage, houseless beneath the bleak sky, shelterless, starving, naked,—make a happy Home, anywhere.

The real life is not outside ourselves, but within. The real possessions are not what the hands may grasp, but what the heart holds.

### Women Are Intelli- gent

PHOTOPLAYS are censored—quite right, they should be.

Books are censored—not here, but in England and the United States, where most of our books come from, and if they are censored in these countries condemned books never reach us.

Magazines go by uncensored, and they need it more than books or photoplays.

Of late years Canadian book stores have been selling a kind of all-fiction, go-as-far-as-you-can type of periodical that has no excuse for existence, and is vulgar in ideal as well as in substance.

The readers of these magazines are almost wholly women. It is not unusual to see a young woman go into a book store on Saturday night and buy half a dozen of these questionable magazines to peruse on Sunday. Miserable food for her mind, and on the day when her thoughts should be turned toward things divine! She insists on good food for her stomach, while she puts garbage into her mind.

Her mind starves on such refuse.

Are Canadian women still in the primitive stage that they should be encouraged to read such literature?

No!

Your Editor once asked himself a very serious question.

He answered that question as follows: "The women of Canada are strong spiritually and mentally; they have a serious purpose in life. They are well worthy of the ballot."

And so he set as the slogan for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—"For the Woman Who Thinks and Acts."

He believes that every one of the 500,000 readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is an earnest hearted, serious minded woman, because he knows that the women of Canada recognize a serious purpose to fulfil in life.

But it sometimes happens that a jolt is put into an axiom, and your editor's axiom has had a jolt. That jolt came in the form of a letter from a reader who deplores that the women of her district are not more serious minded. She marvels at some of the things they do and gives vent to her feelings in a letter, which is here appended:

"DEAR EDITOR,

"People here do not read with the idea of learning anything, and I do not know any one who takes a magazine bearing on their work with the idea of studying anything modern and up-to-date.

"So many scorn 'book learning' and say, 'It is no use here; our country is too poor,' and now the War is an excuse for not indulging in extras. Plenty of them read novels; any kind of a sentimental love story is passed around until it is fairly worn out.

"In seven years we have not succeeded in getting any definite study started in our Women's Institute. Only one or two think of studying anything and others look upon it as a waste of time and not practical; it doesn't bring in the dollars and cents.

"If all the world is like our little corner in the bush, it is no wonder we have the most dreadful war history ever recorded. Greed and selfishness are marked very plainly everywhere you turn, and nothing but God's own grace can change it.

"Thanking you kindly for the pleasure, copies of your paper have given me and the older children, I remain, yours truly,

M.E.D."