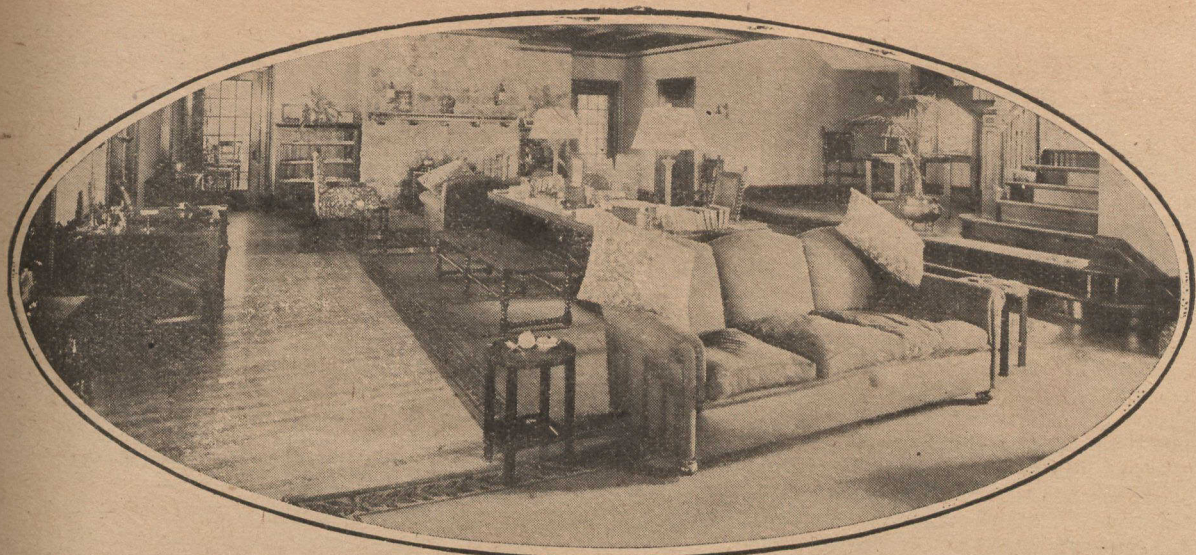




Furnishing a beautiful home demands the most cultivated taste from any woman.

ing of the revolutionized economics of the home; or they have not considered how girls are to become better home makers than the present generation; or there is an extreme need of some means of communication between one home maker and another.

Where are the leaders in home economics, not the ones who talk of leadership, but those who produce results in advantage to the occupation? While it is true that women who care for young children have neither time nor strength to undertake work outside their homes (yet the charwoman is compelled to do so to the detriment of her home and children), many women at home, especially those in the most useful period of middle life, have leisure and do need occupation, as has been shown in the chapter on Women's Organizations. The time is surely coming soon when we may expect a great advance. Great as is the contribution to national life of women at home, there are undoubtedly a num-

ber who do not work, and many whose work is not effective because they are untrained and unskilled; nor have those who are capable given leadership.

What is the work of a home? It means providing and preparing food; making and buying, washing and mending clothes, keeping the house clean, sanitary and comfortable; buying and making many kinds of household necessities; doing all the work personally, or assisting in part of the work and superintending the work of others; caring for children and training them; taking charge of the health of every member of the household; making the home a place from which people go ready for work and where they find most of their happiness. The statement of the work of the home maker is sufficient. It is universally agreed, by all women at least, that the woman at home has all she can do, if she is capable of doing such work and if she does it. The happy social condition of the country means that she



This old body at the dasher churn down in Nova Scotia knows that the woman's best place is the home—and she has never been anywhere else.

is doing her work on an average as successfully as many other branches of national business are being transacted.

(To be concluded next week.)

OTTAWA BUSINESS CONFERENCE

DEFIES DISCOVERY

BACK in June, Sir George Foster was seized of an inspiration.

It occurred to him that the disarming of twenty million soldiers after the war would disrupt trade. The factories of the world would have to turn suddenly from making war material to making peace materials. He had a vision of a world scramble for trade.

He issued a letter to the newspapers. He made a speech. He set everybody buzzing with anxiety to prepare for the problems he described so ably. He announced a business man's conference to be held in September.

Then he announced an unavoidable postponement. Then a further postponement.

The end of the war grows closer every day. War orders are already slacking off. The scramble for trade is still imminent. But there is no sign of a Business Men's Conference. Search Ottawa. Search the Department of Trade and Commerce. There is not only no conference in sight, but there is no sign of the earliest beginnings of a conference.

In other words, Sir George Foster's inspiration is in the gravest of danger—and with his inspiration, everything else in connection with our preparations for peace coming to nothing. England is preparing for peace. Even France is preparing for her future. Canada, with twice as many problems, seems to be without leadership. Sir George, who could lead, is making speeches. Sir Robert, who might lead, is working his head off on departmental routine. Sir Thomas White thanks his stars he has nothing more than the banking to look after. Sir Wilfrid is deep in the plans of practical political work. Canada, in short, is in danger of getting to the ball-game without a ticket, entering the lists without a lance. She will have disabled soldiers to look after and able-bodied soldiers. She will have immigration to accept or reject and to assimilate—or only half digest. She will have disorganized factory systems and disorganized foreign customers to deal with. In the general auction of world markets which is bound to happen after the war she is not unlikely to find her-

Foster's "Clarion Call" in June is Now Only an October Echo

By BRITTON B. COOKE

self in a position where she does not know what she wants or what she has to offer for the opportunities that are going. We are failing to anticipate our future.

And why?

Because Sir George, having delivered himself of a good idea, won't nurse it.

IN Ottawa, last week, I met a big bear of a Canadian westerner. He had just arrived from Toronto. He was all smiles, all energy and enthusiasm, and he was looking for the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Sir George E. Foster.

"Tell you what I want him for," he said. "I want to go up and shake hands with a real live man. That's what I want. I read his message 'bout getting together, and it sure set me thinking. I'm strong for this Conference scheme. I'm going to back it for all I'm worth and do my darndest to help a real, live statesman to pull off a big deal. Damn 'f I care whether he is a Tory. My middle name is—Boost. I want 't help."

We walked up to the Department of Trade and Commerce together.

"Just what line of industry are you interested in?" I asked.

"Boilers. Steam boilers."

"Where about—"

"Vancouver. Little Vancouver. . . . That's my town."

"And, if I may ask, what is your idea about this Business Man's Conference? What do you think ought to be done?"

"Eh? . . . Why, I don't know yet. That's what

I'm coming to see Foster about. I'm figurin' on him having a lay-out that'll help us get together. . . ."

An hour later I met the boiler-maker coming away from the Department of Trade and Commerce.

"Well," I said. "All primed up? Everything clear?"

"Clear?" he roared. "Clear?"

Why, my G——, that fellow Foster's away in the West with some Dominion Royal Commission, making speeches or something, and back there——" nodding toward the Department of Trade and Commerce. . . . "Nobody home!"

"Couldn't they explain it?"

"Sure. They explain that Sir George is away and nothing definite can be done. That's it! Nothing definite. I asked what a boiler-maker like me could do to help and they smiled and said—they didn't know. I asked 'em when the conference would be called and they said that was indefinite. Then I said where? And they thought somewhere in Ottawa. Then I said, what about the expenses of the delegates—not that I mind paying my own, but just to be business-like—and they don't even know THAT. . . . Why, all that fellow Foster made was a speech. That's all. A speech! Now what the H—— good will a speech do to help me and help the rest of us manufacturers to keep from getting swamped after this war?"

HE emitted a snort of ungovernable fury.

"All they give me," he breathed, "was some tracts! They give me 'Sir George Foster's Message.' They give me half a dozen mimeograph letters like they'd sent to the newspapers. They give me twelve pretty little pamphlets with words on 'em to rouse the slothful manufacturer! Rouse 'em! Rouse me. Say, I didn't come to Ottawa to be roused. I came to see if there wasn't a little bit of work I could do—for nothin'—to help along. Finally, when I asked for a plan or something, what do you suppose they give me?"

"Couldn't guess."

"They give me THAT!" and he handed me a neatly