



Jean Blewett's

OWN PAGE

of Happiness



Auxiliary's Chairman

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY of the Resources Committee is perhaps as important an organization as one could find in the country to-day. Its work to carry on a campaign of thrift, the conservation of foodstuff so that our men in camp and field may be fed. The woman instinct is to supply creature comforts; the maternal in her makes her desire to nourish her sons an imperative one. She could bear to have them give their young lives for their country, but not to want bread. And she begins to sense the fact that each soldier son is, in a way, as dependent on her for food at this crisis as he was when he nestled a dimpled babe on her breast. The women of this country fail to rally! Never.

In Mrs. Torrington the Auxiliary has a chairman especially fitted for the part. As President of the National Council she has been a leader for many years. Her motto "Co-operation among women is the key-stone to success" bids fair to become the watchword of organized workers from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A Real Woman's Woman

HAPPENING TO MEET an American legislator not long ago we enquired as to how Miss Rankin was acquitting herself. He was a genial old fellow with a cynical streak in him. "Busiest person that ever came down the pike," he answered promptly, adding with a grin "If it lasts! As Oliver Wendell Holmes puts it—or is it Holmes?—"You can never tell what a woman will do, but you're tolerably certain she won't do it long," or words to that effect. I will say that up to date she has been the new broom, swept clean—and swept everything, and everybody, before her. Her work is all for women. She is interested in her sex, tremendously so. I reckon with the press of work nobody but herself could have carried the campaign for shorter hours for women to a successful issue. She has a dramatic way which tells. For instance when a male member opposed the measure strongly she did not attempt to answer his arguments, not she; she simply got upon her two trim feet, looked him in the eye and in that wonderful voice of hers put the query! "Supposing it were your own daughter or sister would you not think eight hours of hard work enough for her?" He wilted of course. Even politicians have human qualities, and Miss Jean Rankin seems to know the way to reach them.

Thank heaven! We all love a woman's woman—one with faith enough in her sex to see that it gets fair play every time.

Reflec- tions of Anna- belle

"THE COUNTRY is the only place where real old fashioned neighborliness belongs" Annabelle remarks to me—"I mean individual neighborliness, not the composite kind you city folk get by 'massing' your friendliness, sympathy, etc. into Clubs, Councils and Societies. I don't believe it was ever indigenous to the city, an exotic production with too much flash and not enough fragrance. It's different in the country, and even there it isn't what it used to be. I remember when my mother folded her toil worn hands and went away to rest in the sweet fields of Eden and one and all pressed near with: 'She was a good neighbor!' father lifted his white head to say with humble pride 'You could not better praise her.'"

"But neighborliness grows out of favor. 'Not time for it these busy days,' you say. My dear, that is an excuse not a reason; the workaday world is the home of neighborliness, it thrives 'mid toil and trouble. The blame—no, let us say the cause of its degeneracy lies in substituting society for individual.

"For instance, I came up here to-day to attend a Patriotic Executive, and was greeted as a unit of the home society. I like to be shaken hands with as myself, Annabelle Smith, wife of James H. Smith, and daughter of old Reeve Munro, mother of three girls (one a Red Cross nurse) and four boys (one an aviator, and one in the Mounted Rifles) and not as a unit of anything. Units are useful, but not interesting—and these societies are mostly units—only the heads can be individuals. It has to be so; union is strength—minus personality. Neighborliness must have the personal touch, and it's my opinion—you won't get cross—that with so much 'fusing' of force and friendliness there's not enough personality to go around, let alone put in the community the heart throb known as neighborliness."

A Borrowed Canadian Woman

BEING THE KIND of woman she is, it was the most natural thing in the world that the Bill providing for the protection of the dependents of soldiers, the wives and children of the men in khaki should be introduced in the House by Miss Rankin, bear the stamp of her personality and be named for her. The Bill calls for an initial appropriation of \$5,000,000 for the current year, with a scale of compensation as follows:

"To the wife or dependent mother of a soldier \$30 per month; to the wife and one child, \$45 per month; where there are two dependent children, \$60 per month; and where there are more children, \$75 per month.

THANKSGIVING

WE thank Thee, Lord, and not alone

For gold of gladness full success,

The riches that we call our own—

The faith, the love, the happiness;

But for the sorrow and the smart,

The striving and the longing pain,

The song we carolled in our heart

When our poor lips were dumb with pain!

Not for accomplishment complete,

Not for the care-free guarded way,

Not for the pleasant paths our feet

Have safely trodden day by day;

But for the turmoil and the din,

The perilous places safely passed,

For every briar of doubt and sin

That caught, but dare not hold us fast!

For all Thy patience through the years—

The years that come, the years that go—

Thy patience with our faults and fears,

Dear Lord, we thank Thee, kneeling low!

JEAN BLEWETT.

We are neighborly with the people across the line, we lend them the best we have (sometimes they forget to return it) our painters, actors, authors, our Margaret Anglins, Julia Arthurs, Mary Pickfords, our Roberts, Stringers, Bliss Carmans and folk of that ilk. One day we let them have a good Scotch Canadian farmer with red hair and a burr in his speech. His name was Rankin. And it is the daughter of this same Scotch-Canadian who has blazed a trail straight to the National House of Representatives of the United States. Here's to you Bonnie Jean! and here's to your work for women! had we kept you here we would have you for a sister. As it is you are a cousin only once removed—which among clannish folk like ourselves means something, eh? We Canadians are proud of you, and of the way you are showing the American woman how to get power, and, better still, how to use it.

Bringing Us Closer Together

WE TALK MUCH about the work we women are doing for the war, but little about the work the war is doing for us. "It is breaking our hearts, that is all," sobs a sorrowful one. True, true, breaking the hearts of some of us with pain, and the rest of us with pity, but drawing us so near to one another that we realize more clearly amid the stress and anguish of war than we did in the piping times of peace the full meaning of the Master's new commandment "Love one another"—We thought we did. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," to be sure. We were a smug lot, with sympathy only for such as would pay us back in kind. To-day we understand. The Arabs have a proverb "A broken bottle spills its wine, but a broken heart holds more treasure than a whole one." And so we find that with the hurt of it

comes the expansion, the power to feel for others, comes the "treasure of memories, the priceless wealth of sympathy." Even the heartbreak is helping to make us.

Preach- ing to Petticoats

WHAT IS THE FIRST duty of the Man of the Hour in whose hands lies the mighty task of seeing that the people are fed?

It is to enact a measure, unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians to the effect that of all the grain grown in this fair land not so much as the making of one loaf of bread shall go to swell the coffers of any trust or corporation.

The women of this country are clear visioned enough to know that in this "battle for bread" not only for their families at home but for the dearest part of their families, the ones overseas, they have been fighting under a handicap. They realize that when they have done their very best—which means a lot—they have not been able to offset the operations of the profiteers. In pioneer days they said of a wasteful wife that she threw away more with a teaspoon than her husband took in with a spade, but economy has become a passion among us. From most larders not enough is scattered to keep the birds plump. We will follow the Man of the Hour loyally, but it is only fair to ask that along with thrift preachments to petticoats we have some momentous performance pertaining to profiteers.

How to Live Long

WHEN THE GOD FREY came a wooing the viking maid Gerda, as told us in the Scandinavian saga, his greeting to her was: "May you live forever and never count the years!" Now, from that more or less mythical Temple of Sunshine at Upsala to our own City Hall is a long call, but, for all that, Dr. Hastings' protest against people "counting the years" or, to put it prosaically, getting old before their time, has in it a far off echo of Frey's greeting.

Dr. Hastings does not maintain that we should live forever, naturally, being human, he does not go so far as the other, but he says we have no business dying off right when we ought to be of the greatest use in the world. And he cites the Floaurence law which places the span of existence at from 125 to 150 years. There is only one excuse for shuffling off this mortal coil, he avers, an absolute wearing out of the system due to old age. Even this is not an excuse, since the old age is due to our insane methods of living—hurry, unrest, disregard of nature's laws. If we would live long we must live sensibly. By living, the Doctor does not mean merely clinging to life, but being vitally alive, like the old man quoted by Dr. Bruce:

"At 62 life has begun; at 73 once more;
And brightly shine at 94,
When 95 shall arrive still wait on God, and
work, and thrive."

A Germ to Beware of

ONE REASON WHY we have so many discontented wives is that they live with discontented husbands. Discontent, not the divine kind of which poets tell us, but the mean, common old affliction which makes people hate themselves and envy their neighbors, is catching. This is why we have epidemics of it. A man or a woman with a real grouch ought to be quarantined. "I might have made something of my life if opportunity had ever come my way," growls one. "Why should I be compelled to walk, or take a dusty old street car while my neighbor has her limousine?" complains another. Germ carriers both. One pretty matron spread the contagion broadcast on our street last August. Not that she meant to, but when she saw the lady from the Tower Cottage—the lady who owns the Mary and William furniture and keeps two maids—starting off for St. Andrews by the Sea she felt a sudden and overpowering need for sympathy—which is one of the first symptoms. "Have you ever noticed that it is the person who doesn't work who takes the holidays," was what she said, and the tremble of bitterness in her voice found an echo in most of the voices which, in turn, passed the query on. By and by almost every house in the little row should have had a card on the door, blue to match the occupant's mood, with "Discontent, catching" printed on it.