



Jean Blewett's

OWN PAGE

of Happiness



Put Your Boy on Honour

A COMMON QUERY, and an unfailingly pathetic one comes from a correspondent: "My boy, aged seventeen, has begun to take the law into his own hands, and to act in a way that grieves me. As I am a widow, would it not be wise for me to have a near male relative, or an old friend of the family, read the riot act to him?"

No one can advise a woman as to the course she should take with the boy she has borne and brought up for seventeen years. She must know him better than any one. But this we will say, if we had a half-dozen sons, and each one of the half-dozen were showing off to a terrible extent, we shouldn't call in the head of the clan, the family friend, the parson, or any outsider—not until we had proved ourselves a failure, any way. First, we should have a heart to heart talk with our obstreperous sons in which we should not once mention their little faults, or the misdemeanours due to youth and high spirits. We should only hit the weaknesses that grow into vices, but we should hit hard. And we should tell them to be foolish if they must, to get all the good time going, boys would be boys, but never to forget, for one instant, that if they, by word or deed, dimmed the honour of the men we had a right to expect them to become later on, they would do themselves irreparable wrong, and make us wish we had not gone down to death's door to get them, cared for them, hoped for them, loved them, as only a mother can. Then we should put them on their honour—and drop the subject.

It might not be half so impressive as the oratory of some good sensible outsider, but it would stir, wide awake, a sense of individual responsibility and a wholesome belief in themselves that would work the cure.



That's Something

"UNCLE SAM PROUD of His Women War Workers" is the heading of a eulogistic article which, appearing originally on the front page of a leading New York daily, has been quoted in half the publications in the States with editorial additions as: "Right you are!" "Beat them if you can!" "Here's to our women, God bless them!"

We do not blame Uncle Sam for being proud; he has a right to be proud. Boasting is in bad taste, says one. Oh, well, these are exceptional times! Uncle Sam does not believe in hiding a light, especially a native light, under a bushel and a little glow along the line is going to act as a beacon, don't you see. I wonder if we Canadians are proud enough of our women, or rather if we make our pride sufficiently apparent. We seem to consider it a virtue to be able to feel deeply without betraying the fact—which calls to mind a conversation that came floating into the sun room the other day, "That man of yours is a dour body, I'm thinkin'," this from Jessie hanging out clothes in our yard to the lady gardener (the first lady gardener, and the very best gardener of any kind, the neighbourhood has known) busy with the butter-beans in the next. "D'ye think he loves ye at all, at all?" Silence, as though the garden lady were "weighing the evidence," then, in optimistic tones, "Sure he loves me, at least he hasn't said a blessed word to the contrary, and that's something."



Our Women

NO SOONER DID THE BUGLES begin to blow and the guns to roar than patriotism, the real article, which is but another name for service, began to marshal our woman forces, in other words to get our women in working trim. "See-saw Marjory Daw," down went idle hours, frivolous fun, time killing; up came sewing circle and knitting bee; down went bridges and balls; up came tag day, flag day, and Red Cross work galore. The reception as a social function ceased to exist. It went out of the back door, fuss, finery, foolishness and all, came in at the front demure and demanding a cup of tea and a collection plate as colation and "He gives twice who gives freely" as motto; with social lines down, let us hope for good, and a burning desire to "corner" enough wealth to procure the soldier laddies everything they can possibly need from fountain pens to field kitchens.

We know now that women are natural-born financiers. Talk of the demand creating the supply, they have ways of their own for creating the demand and then supplying it at their own prices, courageous too. They are never afraid of asking too much. They still possess hospitable instincts, but like the backsliders in Barr's "Old Friends," "They aren't

workin' them these times." "Think of it!" laughed one of the women who was helping out on Rose Day. "Being tired, chilled, and hungry, I ran into Mother's for a cup of tea and if my unnatural parent didn't tax me twenty-five cents for it. Of course, she threw the money in our collection, but the fact remains that few are the friends who give you of their store without charging it up to you—which is perfectly right and proper under the circumstances."



Mettle of the Pasture

LIVES THERE A MAN with soul so dead who can read in the reports of a decisive battle these significant words, "The Canadians proved their mettle" without thrilling gloriously? Proving their mettle is second nature to our soldiers, and to their wives, sisters, sweethearts, as well. When our girls started in on a campaign of usefulness the pessimist said, "The industrious fever will subside when the novelty wears off," but the fever is higher in this third year of the War than it was in the first. Our girls are making history; they are also setting fashions, and setting them with a vengeance. This season it is bloomers. In a certain country neighbourhood a generation or so ago two progressive housewives attempted to set this same fashion on the plea that they could "walk through their work" in bloomers. No use. The ridicule of the men they might have stood, but to have their own sex blushing for them continually was too much. Such forwardness! A pity the Lord had not made them men to begin with! "Walk through their work, indeed!" Not so with the girls of to-day. They have the advantage. For one thing they themselves are braver, for another the bloomers are prettier and dressier than those Ontario pioneers ever dreamed of, and last but not least the time is ripe for the innovation. Bloomers have become so popular that a big departmental store has inaugurated a "Show Day," with manikins walking about attired in two-piece suits of khaki material, blue serge, brown jean, for factory work and out-of-door activities, white and dark blue linen for the housekeepers, pink and pale blue smock coats and full pleated trousers for the garden and orchard girl and for every other girl doing her bit in the workaday world.



What Thou Knowest

IN VIEW OF THE FACT that the educational work of this and other countries is passing more and more into the hands of women, Professor MacCallum's statement before the Royal Society of Canada at its last meeting, that had the nations cultivated the sciences as they must do from this time forward there would have been no such devastating warfare as exists at present, is of peculiar interest to all women. The teacher of to-morrow must avoid the mistakes of yesterday, remembering always that in her profession, above all others, incapability is a sin, carelessness a crime, against both state and individual. If, as Professor MacCallum maintains, a knowledge of the sciences conduces to a just consideration of freedom and fair play, by all means let us have this knowledge, exalt it, spread it. The Professor is not only a learned man, but a wise one, a distinction with a difference. To listen to him was a rare pleasure. The trend of his address was that the old order with its specialists for interpreting special truths, its doctrines, its illusions, passeth, giving place to the new, wherein cults and classes, creeds and counter creeds, will be but memories and where each in his separate star will do his day's work for "the God of things as they are." Let us hope so, indeed! And also let us hope that no official, from common everyday School Trustee to University Governor, will lessen the effectiveness of the woman teacher by dictating to her.



Child Welfare

ONE OF OUR ENTERPRISING TOWNS boasted a Citizenship Club. Its members, zealous in good works, nailed to the door of the building, which is council chamber, court house, and concert hall in one, a large sign on which was painted, "Be Kind to Dumb Animals." The first day it attracted little attention, the second, it was an object of general interest, the talk of the town, in fact. Why? Early, very early in the morning the boy who delivers papers had climbed the door post, and with a bold and dirty hand made an addition to the sign which now reads: "Be Kind to Dumb Animals—Even Babies." Great oaks from little acorns—you know the rest.

The kindly progressive people began by wondering if what should have stood first and foremost had been left for a street arab—himself neglected—to add; and ended in resolving itself into a Child Welfare League, one of the first and most energetic in this province. *Even babies!* We should think so, indeed!



Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise

"FOR PATRIOTIC PURPOSES," the phrase which has become familiar to us from figuring in the notice of almost every entertainment from Red Cross rummage sales to University lectures, applies particularly to Welfare Work. The way to get first-class citizens for our first-class country is to grow them, and to grow them requires care. Help for the helpless, hope for the hopeless, fair play for the little folk, is a summary of this particular branch of patriotic work. And it is growing, spreading. What was, at first, little more than a cry from the babies, and a protest from a few women, has become a matter of national, nay, international importance.

Lord Aberdeen, on his late visit to Toronto, said: "It is a patriotic work that must not be neglected. In the second year of the War nine British soldiers were killed every hour at the Front, and twelve British babies every hour gave up their lives at home." Count Tolstoi (son of the old count) told us at the Welfare Convention in Detroit that "Wealth and wisdom wait on health" is a proverb of my country. If you desire the coming generation to be prosperous and broad-minded see to it that the little ones of to-day receive the necessary foundation of strength and sturdiness," which, after all is but another way of saying "Be Kind to Dumb Animals—Even Babies."



Place Aux Dames

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, the well-known writer, is perhaps, the first man—though not the last—to advocate that woman be given not only a vote of her own, but a Parliament of her own to which all matters especially concerning her sex shall be referred, and whose finding shall be absolute. With the House of Commons and the House of Lords, we should have a House of Women. How do you like the idea? It is not new to Canadians; the leaders in all, or nearly all, our women's organisations have argued right along that in the matter of safeguarding women's interests, woman should have more voice and wider power. They have said, what the clever editor of John Bull is saying now, that there is something almost indecent in the public discussions of laws affecting the honour of women and girl children by an assembly of men largely unsympathetic, one-sided, and uninformed. Common-sense would suggest that laws for safeguarding the home, for protecting our budding womanhood, for Child Welfare, the industrial interests of our army of women workers, and kindred matters, come within woman's sphere, and would be wiser and fairer for being woman-made. At the close of the War the Government of this Country—and of several other countries—will have so many problems on its hands it will likely be glad to hand those affecting hearth and home to the women, where said problems belong. We say, with Mr. Bottomley, "Home Rule In Woman's Kingdom."



The Lion's Share

"THE LION'S SHARE," is not a bit like Arnold Bennett's other books. The dialogue is clever, without being stilted. The detective, arguing Equal Suffrage with Audrey, tells her it is women who are hottest against it. "The vast majority of women are in favour," she said. "My wife isn't," he snapped. "But your wife isn't the vast majority of women."

"She is, so far as I am concerned," he said. "Every wife is, so far as her husband is concerned. My wife says a woman's sphere is the home, says it so often I'm sometimes tempted to let her have the sphere all to herself. That's the universal experience of married men."

Audrey avows her intention of going up to London to give the militants a helping hand.

"But what of your husband?" cries her friend. "He'll keep," said Audrey. "I haven't had a day off from being a wife for ever so long. And it's a little enervating, you know. I don't want to be ideally happy all the time. I won't be. I want all the sensations; I want everything."

"She wants the lion's share; that's what she wants. Well, it's about time some woman had it. Up till now it has gone to a man," mutters the spinster.