

Woman's Sphere

The match-making mother is one of those people whom we often meet in novels and at the cinema. We seldom see her in real life, because such odium is attached to the match-making mother that most women steer clear of the role. They wash their hands of all responsibility and leave their daughters to shift for themselves about getting husbands.

This is wrong. Between the scheming mother who disposes of her daughter in marriage as if she were a slave on the auction block, and the mother who leaves her daughter's matrimonial fate entirely to chance, there is a wide field in which it is not only the province but the duty of a good mother to forward her child's happiness and well-being.

It is strange that so many mothers do not realize this, for nearly all women, even when they have not been happily married themselves, believe in marriage. They recognize it as woman's predestined place in life, the career in which she is most likely to find peace and contentment. Every woman wants her daughters to marry. She never feels safe about them until they are married, and the first breath of relief that a mother draws from the time her baby girl is born is when she sees her walking out of the church door on the arm of her husband.

This being the case, why is getting her daughter married not a legitimate occupation for the mother? Why should not a mother use her wisdom and experience in trying to secure a good husband for her child?

No mother has a right to use her influence to make her daughter marry any particular man just because he is a "good catch." But she should use her own matrimonial experience and her own knowledge of men to guide her girl in making the right choice of a husband.

Every woman knows that in affairs of the heart an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. There is no use in arguing with a girl in love. She is temporarily incapable of seeing anything in its true light. She is deaf to all reason. Girls marry the men with whom they are thrown in contact. Hence it is the mother's duty to see that the men with whom her daughters associate are the kind she would welcome as her sons-in-law.

The sensible mother does not take into her family a handsome young relative and throw him into daily association with her daughter, and then howl with horror when she finds that they have fallen in love with each other and want to get married. Nor does she give the run of her house to some fascinating ne'er-do-well and then weep with despair when her daughter announces her intention of marrying him despite all the warnings that are held up before her as to how such a marriage is sure to turn out.

The managing mother prevents these catastrophes. Not believing in the marriage of cousins, she does not invite good-looking young kinsmen to make their home with her. She freezes out the undesirables.

The wise mother teaches her daughter that while love is the great thing in matrimony, it is not everything, and that a woman does not long love a husband who has not the solid qualities that command her respect. She teaches her that a man who can make his wife a comfortable living will hold her affections longer than one who starves her and repeats poetry to her. So, when the girl selects her life partner she does it intelligently, instead of marrying the first attractive man who strikes her fancy.

Men help their sons to start in business. Why should not mothers help their daughters to marry? That's the average girl's business in life.

AVOID CROWDING THE WINDOWS.

A few well-grown plants are more beautiful in the window garden than a compact mass can possibly be. I like to have every plant I grow show its individual beauty, which it cannot do when crowded by others. Then, if we have to divide our attention too much no plant will get the personal care that is so necessary to success.

If you want to feel the greatest pride in your flowers aim to grow splendid specimens rather than a notable collection. I would rather grow one fine *Thurstoni begonia* and have it so perfect that it would compel admiration than grow a couple of dozen *begonias*, all commonplace except the variety.

I would rather grow one fern that would fill a window with its filmy fronds than a half dozen smaller ferns of different kinds. My friends would thrill with me over the one while they would give the collection but a passing glance.—A. H.

AFTER THE LAST BLOW-OUT, OLD INNER TUBES HAVE MANY USES.

An old inner tube has many uses in the household after it has seen its last days on the automobile. If rubber bands of various widths are cut from it, they will find many uses around the household. A paper-wrapped package is quickly fastened with one or two of them. The parcel-post package secured by these rubber bands arrive in good condition. Paraffined jelly glasses, if they have no tin covers, can be covered with circles of paper held in place by these rubber bands. Little daughter may use them as garters to hold bands in her bloomers.

If whole sections are cut, fringed and laced together, they make handy bags. The large size can be stretched down over the broom and saves much wear on the edges. Baby will have no end of fun rolling a ball through a piece of inner tube a foot long.

A VERY PLEASING BATH ROBE STYLE.



4959. Striped flannel, corduroy and eiderdown are good materials for a garment like this. It could also be made of quilted silk or satin, or of blanket cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

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TO A BABY.

Little rosy babykin with little rosy hands

Petal-like — yet metal-like with strength of iron bands!

Holding me and folding me in love's ecstatic mesh—

Love's ethereal spirit has been alchemized to flesh!

Dimpled little baby with a smile like honey-dew,

What has any human done to earn such wage as you?

Search my life of sin and strife however much I may,

Nothing half deserving you is found along the way.

Still we hold each other with a gladness all complete—

Gladness that is heavenly and wonderfully sweet.

I can only thank my stars for such a lovely fate—

Gosh! This makes a dozen lines; the editor told me eight!

—Strickland Gillilan.

BAKED RICE—MEXICAN STYLE

Besides being easily prepared, rice dishes are especially nourishing and a good substitute for potatoes which, unless baked, cannot be prepared in a short time.

Rice can be cooked in twenty minutes and used at any time thereafter for several days. The following recipe for Mexican baked rice makes a very substantial "one-dish dinner" which is suitable for busy days.

Cook one and one-quarter cupfuls of rice in boiling salted water for thirty minutes. Add one and one-half cupfuls tomato juice, one large green pepper cut up fine, one-half cupful chopped pimento and a dash of pepper. Mix together thoroughly and pour into a

well-battered enameled ware baking dish, the porcelain-like surface of which will not affect or be affected by the acid in the tomatoes. On top place the tomato pulp, left after straining the juice. Bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Serve while hot.

The Little People.

The Lord of the Little People,
Gentle and very wise,
Walking His woods in the twilight,
Harks to His children's cries;
And His tender mouth is wry with pain,
And terrible are His eyes.

The snare that has throttled the rabbit
Jerks to his dying strain;
Trapped by his rush-thatched dwelling,
The muskrat whimpers his pain;
And here the bird with the shot-smashed wing
Hidden three days has lain.

The Lord of the Little People
Wistfully goes His way,
Seeking in vain His children;
Few and afraid are they
Of the mighty beast who has ravished the world
With his hunger to slay, slay, slay.

Lonely the fields at twilight;
Empty the darkling wood,
There, in the woodchuck's burrow,
Dead lies an orphaned brood.
Here, where the bobwhites covered,
And feathers and gouts of blood.

The Lord of the Little People,
Who may divine what stirs
His heart, as He seeks in the twilight
The songs of His worshippers,
And hears but whimpers and squeals
Of pain
From creatures in plumes and furs?

The partridge rots in the woodland;
The wild duck drowns in the sea;
Beasts on the wide-flung trap lines
Perish in agony.
That the monkey-thing with the weasel's lust
May wallow in mastery.

The Lord of the Little People,
Who can his thoughts surmise?
Cattle and small, gray monkeys
Heard His first baby cries.
He knows, He knows when a sparrow falls
And terrible are His eyes.
—F. Van de Water.

Baby Seals.

Baby seals are as helpless in the water at birth as is a human baby. They must be taught to swim, and instructed in all the lore of seal life, including how to hunt food and escape their enemies. From the time a baby seal is laid snugly within a bed of dry seaweed, until he is able to look out for himself, he is subject to an unrelenting discipline.

In teaching her baby to swim the mother seal flounders out on the rookery, gathers the baby seal under her flapper, and slips carefully into the water. Suspending the baby on her flipper, the mother seal barks, grunts and whines in her attempts to indicate what is expected of the baby. If the baby refuses to perform, the mother spanks it with her flipper. The young seal learns to swim by floundering a few strokes at a time. When it becomes exhausted and starts to sink, the mother snatches it from danger.

Some of the beach combers in Alaska adopt baby seals as pets. They become as faithful as dogs, and it is impossible to banish them once they become attached to their masters. An instance is cited of a baby seal that was taken out to sea in hopes that it would reunite with its herd. About midnight there was a plaintive wail at the cabin door. The seal had come back. He howled until he was admitted to the family circle and fed with a piece of fish.

Two Rings for Greek Brides.

Two rings are used in the marriage ceremony of the Greek Church; one is of gold and the other silver.



Although only 2½ years old, this little boy, Reginald Alvis, recently journeyed alone from Glasgow, Scotland, to Toronto. During the sea voyage on the Regina he was the pet of the ship and there was no lack of volunteer guardians on the train which brought him over the Canadian National Railways from Halifax to Toronto.

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



FROM THE DESERT TO THE MILL

Great Engineering Feats to Help Trade.

In many parts of the world there is a boom in engineering, particularly in the construction of great dams. One is being erected on the Nile, which will be the largest in the world when completed—larger even than the famous Assuan Dam in Egypt—others are being constructed in India, while another wonderful piece of engineering will be the mighty works in course of erection on the Colorado River, the object of which is to harness that mighty force.

There are already, on the Nile, numerous lasting monuments to the skill and enterprise of British engineers, but this latest undertaking easily eclipses all previous works. The dam, which is being erected on the Blue Nile, was commenced some years ago, but the work was condemned. The Soudan Government then invited tenders, and a British firm, Messrs. S. Pearson and Company, were awarded the contract, the sum involved being four million pounds. The dam is being constructed for irrigation purposes, and if the company's engineers fail to have water upon the land by July, 1925, they will have to pay a penalty of \$500,000.

Cutting Up a Country.

Twenty thousand men are being employed in the construction of this, the Makwar Dam, but they can work regularly for only eight months in the year, the Nile being in flood during the other four months. Work during summer is also difficult owing to the extreme heat.

The top of the dam will act as a bridge for the Soudan Railway. The dam itself will be two miles long and will create a lake fifty miles long and two miles wide. From this lake will run a canal seventy miles long, from which, in turn, there will be 10,000

miles of smaller waterways, all of which will combine to distribute water and render fertile a vast tract of country.

At the present time there is a small army of British workpeople—mechanics and so on—in the Soudan cutting up the desert to make it blossom. And even after the work is completed Britain will continue to benefit, for it is estimated that 300,000 acres of the desert will, as a result of the work, be bearing a wonderful crop of cotton, much of which will, it is hoped, find its way to the mills of Lancashire.

Even more costly will be the irrigation project which has been begun in India, also by British engineers. This is the construction of a dam on the Indus River, the cost of which will be ten million pounds. There will be sixty-six sluice gates, 850 miles of main canals, and 1,200 miles of smaller distributaries.

The dam across the Colorado River will be twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and will entail the expenditure of nearly fifty-five million dollars.

The River That Brings Ruin.

If the Colorado is not tamed there is no hope of saving from inundation the prosperous Imperial Valley with its 100,000 settlers and yearly crops representing a value of \$100,000,000.

The river flows at the phenomenal speed of thirty miles an hour, as fast as many trains! In 1906 it overflowed its banks, cut a deep channel thirty-five miles long through the desert, and formed what is known as the Salton Sea, a huge lake 50,000 acres in area. Early in June, 1922, it wiped out almost half the Palo Verde Valley, hopelessly submerging two towns, ruining thousands of dollars worth of standing crops and rendering thousands of people homeless.

Product of the Mind.

Everywhere, in high life or in low, in real history or in the fictions of men, in the myths of young nations or in the legends of the old, in the religions of the worshipful or in the skepticisms of the Godless, the outer physical manifestation, consciously or unconsciously, is accepted as the product of the inner life.—H. L. Piner.



Very Slow.

Bug—"Where you goin' with the bouquet?"

Snail—"To propose to Miss Ladybug."

Bug—"She'll be somebody's grandmother by the time you get there!"

Marks of Eminence.

At one time in Spain, and some other countries of Europe, the wearing of spectacles was a mark of social eminence. Although they were not necessary, many kept them on while attending public functions, such as theatres, concerts and bull fights, so that the owners might demand respect from the people. The size of the spectacles soon became a matter of importance, and, as people's fortunes increased, so did the dimensions of their glasses. The Countess D'Aulnoy assures us that some of the spectacles she has seen worn by some of the grandees were as large as her head. It must have been a comical sight, but, being fashionable, the spectacle wearers were doubtless not troubled by scruples of that sort.