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MRS. JOHN BRUSE DODD AND BABY JACK

SPOKANE WOMAN IS ORIGINATOR OF "FATHER'S DAY"

Indorsement and Praise of Idea
Pour In Upon Author From
Many States.

MERRY LITTLE JACK WILL BE KNOWN AS ITS BROTHER

Pater Seems Destined to Re-
ceive Greater Appreciation,
Result of Thoughtfulness.

I wonder in all that is written and told,
Of the wonderful love of a mother,
Why the fatherly heart is left out in
the cold
When each is but part of the other!

Perchance, if the children could only
be heard,
Full many a lassie and laddie
Would tell us a story whose emphasized
word
Stands out in the loving "Dear
Daddy."

It was this sentiment of loving appreciation of the fathers of the land, who too often are passed by unheeded and unpraised, that prompted Mrs. John Bruse Dodd of this city to inaugurate "Father's Day." This new day of commemoration was celebrated last year for the first time in Spokane, on the third Sunday in June, but in spite of the newness of the idea, it met with instantaneous approval. The same people who swept into line with glad hearts when Miss Anna Jarvis instituted "Mother's Day," to honor the mothers of the land, and who join with the little people one Sunday in each year in celebrating "Children's Day," grasped eagerly at the opportunity of paying homage to father.



Jack Will Become Famous.

Mrs. Dodd is mother of Father's Day, and therefore, merry baby Jack must go down into history as brother of it. If he inherits the cleverness and originality of his mother he will doubtless attain other distinctions as well as this.

Since Father's Day was launched by Mrs. Dodd, she has received numerous offerings in song and verse in praise of the hitherto neglected head of the house. Among these is an attractive volume by Rev. D. A. Perrin of Normal, Ill., and "Dear Old Father" by Samuel Francis Woodard. These contain many beautiful sentiments blending harmoniously with the praiseworthy things which have been written for ages of motherhood.

Planning for June Observance.

Plans are already being made for the observance of Father's Day again in this city next June. Special sermons will be preached in the churches in his honor, and plans for a special service at the Y. M. C. A. are already under way. Everyone will wear a red rose in honor of the living fathers and a white one in memory of those who have passed away.

The observance of the day is national in its scope, for America, Canada, Mexico and even Honolulu has taken a decided interest in the movement.

It used to be "Father, dear father, come home with me now," the story being that father had had enough to drink. Daddy used to be represented as all sorts of a bad 'un, with an ineradicable tendency to spend his wages instead of taking them dutifully home on Saturday night. Now it's "My father was a grand old man," and "Pin a rose on daddy, dear."

No longer is the wage earner to occupy a place of oblivion in the special fete of the world, but he is to have a day for his very own. Of course it may not appeal to all of them. Perhaps there are some who will not want to be singled out and lauded for performing faithfully his duties as a daddy. But it is easy to suspect that this testimony that their efforts are approached by the children whom they have helped to rear, will be a sweet savor in the mouths of the majority of fathers whose bowed backs and grayed or silvered hairs bear witness to years of toil cheerfully and patiently borne for their offspring.

Wear a rose on Father's Day, the third Sunday in June, if you wish to give outward evidence of honor and respect for the father who held you lovingly in his arms when you were a helpless babe.