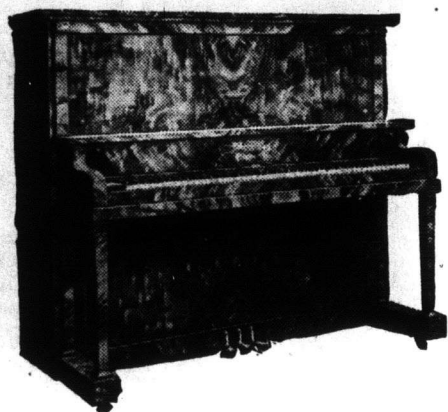


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The Sportswoman

Perhaps it is the conservatism of the male sex that induces narrowness in the point of view, but it seems to be a fact that the athletic girl is an attractive creature, and that the sportswoman is not. The man feels that the best possibilities of womanhood still lie before the athletic girl, and that the sportswoman has definitely rejected them. And one risk that the athletic girl runs is that of becoming the rather unlabeled creature indicated by the phrase, the sportswoman. It calls up the picture of a middle-aged, red-faced, hard-featured woman, loud of voice and bold of eye, whose pre-occupations are aggressively, even greedily, those of one who is out to win; who has unquestionably physical courage of an admirable sort, but with it also an unfeminine roughness.

For a woman to do abnormally well things in which men are accustomed to excel seems to carry with it penalties. It is human to try to surpass your own best achievements, and most to enjoy doing that which you do best. So the woman who can beat all her women friends at tennis or at cross-country riding is likely to want to pursue those recreations with men, who in skill and strength are more nearly her peers; and to cope with men she hardens her muscles, shortens her skirt, even, for the sake of horsemanship, adopts breeches, flings herself into the attack with an extraordinary ardor, and derives an intoxicating sense of the joy of competition that is perhaps the most defeminizing influence in the world.

From the man's point of view it is all too militant. Men do not like to have what they have been accustomed to regard as especially their domain invaded and an attempt made to take away their prizes. But greater than any dread of suffering ignominious defeat at the hands of the invader is their discomfort in their inability to adopt their usually chivalrous point of view. Toward the Amazon a man can show only the same kind of chivalry that he shows toward another man—the chivalry of the sportsman. And the chivalry of a man toward a woman ought to be of a finer quality

Forgotten

By Constance Fenimore Woolson

Once looking through a little sheaf
Of papers stored from girlhood's years,
I chanced upon a faded leaf,
And read, half smiling, half in tears

This legend on the wrapping set
In delicate girl-writing small:
"Never this day, this leaf forget;"
And, lo! I had forgot it all.

Nor could I think with all my care
What it did ever mean, and so
I slowly let the summer air
Waft it away, and watched it go

With dreaming gaze. And is it thus,
I mused, with this world's joy and grief?
"Never forget," it seems to us,
As I wrote on my little leaf;

When, lo! without our knowledge, curled
Our scroll of earth; its story small
Comes not into that higher world;
Beside—we have forgot it all!

A Little Every Day

Children should be taught to joy in other's joy, and thus widen their moral pleasure-grounds. It is true that God alone can impart the heavenly principle of love; but should the blessing not come in immediate answer to the prayers of Christian parents, still should the child be taught to go in the way of duty, and, if it may be so expressed, tread with its little footsteps a channel in which streams of Divine love may yet flow.

The longest life is made up of simple days—few or many; but the days grow into years, and give the measure of our lives at the last. The life is at the last what the days have been. Let the children therefore look after the days—one day at a time—and put into each one something that will last—something worth doing, something worth remembering, something worth imitating by those who follow us.

Dependables and their Work

Dr. Elsie Inglis-Women Munition Workers

Dependability is winning the war.

That sounds good but not too good to be true. Facts warrant the assertion. The great question that faces every woman to-day is: "How many dependables are there and how do I rank?" The answer to that question shows just how near each one is to the firing line. Women are, to-day, an integral part of the army and navy and are just back of the firing line in France. The reason is because they are dependables.

Some one will say: Oh! but I do not count! I can't do anything but knit and sew. It takes brains to be a dependable. "Right you are about the brains but as wrong as can be about your not counting. The war would long since have been won by Germany had there not been, right here in Canada, an immense army of dependables stretching all the way from Labrador to Alaska and every one of them knitting and serving in the way known only to dependables. That endless stream of Red Cross supplies that started as soon as war was declared and has never slackened is testimony enough to the existence of dependables in Canada. The comforts for soldiers bear witness to the fact that there is a dependable generosity in Canada which links it right up to the trenches in spite of the intervening Atlantic.

Being a dependable consists in the determination to be a dependable. It was that one thing that marked the difference between Dr. Elsie Inglis, who died last November, and thousands of other women of equal ability and training. It was her dependability which caused her to accomplish a task which will forever be the highwater mark of a Scottish woman's devotion to duty and humanity. It was nothing but dependability that enabled her to lead 8,000 Serbian soldiers safely to England from Roumania by a circuitous route through Finland because of possible ambush laid by the revolting Russians. Transportation, nursing, supplies, everything was superintended by this capable woman, and when the end was gained she paid for the success with her life.

"For every shell you fail to send over ten of us are killed," was the message from the trenches soon after the war began. Germany was sending ten shells to our one. English women read the message and read between the lines also. They knew that, sooner or later, it would be their work, their privilege to make those shells. Without even waiting to make sure that anyone else felt as they did about the matter they began preparing themselves to make munitions. They trained along the same lines as men. They were skilled workers when the munition factories opened their doors to women. There is the secret of the wonderful work of support and substitution carried on by British women the world over. They trained themselves and became dependable. One million English women volunteered for munitions making and Canada answered with her thousands of dependables.

The world with difficulty accustomed itself to the thought of women facing real danger and doing arduous work. Women faced it because of some loved one in the trenches or some grave "over there." Scarcely had the army of munition workers commenced its magnificent work when another army of a quarter million organized to do whole or part-time work on the land. The same spirit of dependability that guided the other women workers characterized this new body. They prepared themselves for the work in hand and resolved to "see it through." Last summer saw the beginning of a land army of women in Canada and the coming summer will witness both an increase in the number of workers and a taking on of more kinds of work because of wide spread organization.

To-day, in England there is almost no branch of work in which women are not employed and in no place have they failed to make good. The quality of their work is excellent and, in some cases, the output has more than doubled that of men. Even quarrying and mining are open to women to-day and, in Canada the same condition will exist if the war continues. But every one knows that the Canadian woman is a real dependable.

Occasionally a man's sins find him out at the elbows.