

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

Canadian Teachers Abroad

OUR Canadian teachers, to the number of a hundred and more, are away in Europe under the guardianship of Mr. Ney, of the Manitoba Department of Education, having the happiest time which ever fell to the lot of pedagogues. The "school-ma'am" has been maligned in literature and treated unjustly in caricature. She has been represented as an unlovely and scrawny creature, wearing a forbidding expression and garments which will not be induced to fit. She is described, in fact, as the embodiment of all which is harsh and narrow-minded.

Whoever has made such representations is far, indeed, from the facts of the case. Look at a convention of Canadian school-teachers, and you will see animated faces, and headwear which might go to any five o'clock tea and not be afraid of being branded as out-of-date. School-teaching is not a cheering profession—I should rather write hints on how to polish the furniture and cure the croup for a woman's page than endeavour to train the Young Idea—but, considering its many exactions on time and patience, our Canadian teachers emerge from the class-room with undaunted mien and unexhausted energy. There was a time when it was considered a teacher's duty to go home in the holidays to help with the housekeeping, or to take a summer course of study at some institution of higher learning. But the wisest of modern teachers see to it that they have a real holiday, far from desks and note-books, and betake themselves to Europe as a means of obtaining summer instruction in the fine arts and in pedagogic methods. This summer, the Canadian teachers have been especially fortunate, as the League of Empire was holding an imperial conference of education in London last month, when the best speakers on a vast range of academic and practical subjects were to be heard. "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," said England's Shakespeare, long ago; and the "travel course" undertaken in recent years by our teachers will doubtless result in varied benefits to the youth of the Dominion.

The Forsaken Wife

THE newspapers are fairly full of pitiful accounts of wife desertion, and the charitable societies in Old Country cities are appealed to by an increasing number of women whose husbands have abandoned them. The *Toronto Globe* recently commented editorially on these cases, declaring that there is urgent need for the most earnest co-operation of the Canadian immigration authorities with the police of Great Britain to lessen the number of these desertions. In the city of Glasgow alone, 260 wives and 713 children have been forced to accept poor relief because of the desertion and emigration of the husband and father. As most of these fugitive husbands have come to either the United States or Canada, there must be, in the Dominion, thousands of these undesirable citizens representing themselves as unmarried men. The man who is such a recreant to his responsibilities as husband and father is not the kind of settler which this country desires, and, the sooner he is hunted down and deported, the more comfortable will social conditions become.

A writer on this distressing state of affairs in many of the cities, especially the ports, of the Old Land, is of the opinion that the general tone of both drama and literature is partly to blame for the light regard in which the marriage tie is held. It may be questioned whether men of the class of these deserting

husbands ever read the dangerous fiction to which the critic refers; but it cannot be denied that the popular theatrical performance too often represents marital infidelity as a jest and holds up to ridicule the deserted wife. Whatever may be the cause of these numerous cases of abandonment, the duty of the Canadian officials is plain—and it is to be hoped that detected offenders will be sent back promptly. Yet, when one comes to consider the matter of the "re-united" household, the husband who is actually compelled by the law to support wife and children is not likely to prove a comfortable provider.

The Athletic Girl

GIRLS are the most "advised" beings under the sun. The various domestic magazines fairly reek with words of counsel to the girls who are in offices, the girls who are at home and the girls who long for a career. The girl who desires to earn her way through college, the girl who yearns to know how she may dress modishly and well on sixty-two-dollars-and-fifty-cents a year, the girl who is engaged to a divinity student, the girl who wishes to go on the stage, the girl who has a heartfelt longing to run a chicken farm, the girl who has the voice of a Jenny Lind, the girl who is misunderstood by her family circle—all these maidens are gathered in by the kindly writers of feminine heart-to-heart talks and are told exactly what they should do and are warned as to what they must not dream of doing.

The athletic girl is the latest to receive admonishment and warning. She is such a refreshing departure from the swooning and sentimental maidens of the old-time romances, that she may have gone too far in the opposite direction and be in danger of over-exercise and too strenuous an expenditure of muscular force. The magazines are beginning to be anxious about her future, lest she meet with the fate of many a "Marathon" hero. The athletic girl, however, has taken many steps—or strides—in the right direction and, so long as she keeps to the Greek ideal and makes no sacrifice of symmetry, she is the most wholesome type of womanhood yet evolved. She is the sworn foe of nerves and "vapours" and has a healthy contempt for tears and hysterics, knowing that a good out-door tramp will heal most ills and troubles that flesh is heir to. She has no time to be blue, while there is a dinghy to be sailed or a canoe with idle paddles. She is a daughter of both the sunshine and the snow, but perhaps she loves the October days best of all, when the gold is on

the beeches and the purple on the hills. The new out-door spirit is one of healthy revolt against long, inactive years which meant peevishness and invalidism.

A Patriotic Work

MRS. COLIN CAMPBELL of Winnipeg, whose photograph is reproduced on this page, is one of the most successful regents in the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire. Last spring, the Winnipeg "Daughters" in four days collected more than eleven thousand dollars to erect a Memorial Cottage to King Edward VII. at Ninette Tuberculosis Sanitarium. The Ladies Committee, I.O.D.E., of which Mrs. Campbell is chairman, have selected a beautiful site on the hillside, overlooking the lake. Work is well under way, and it is expected the hospital will be ready for occupancy in the autumn.

JEAN GRAHAM.



AN ARDENT IMPERIALIST.
Mrs. Campbell, Wife of the Hon. Colin Campbell, Minister of Public Works of Manitoba, is a Prominent Member of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. She Had the Honour of Bestowing Life Membership Upon the Princess Patricia During Her Recent Visit to Winnipeg.

Photograph by Campbell.