

The Diary of Diana

As Edited by "Candida."

I have come this day to a great crisis in my life. To a casual observer it would not seem to be very serious but to me it is the climax of a life of failure.

I have lost my job. My manager called me into his office and told me that he would no longer need me. Beneath the crushing sense of shame is a burning rebellion against fate, circumstance or whatever you please to call it, that has put me in this intolerable position.

Young women in the industrial world may be roughly divided into three classes.

First, and foremost come the girls who win their way in the world by sheer ability and strength of character.

The second is the class of girls who depend upon the attractions of sex to win their way in the economic struggle. Their names are Legion. Most of their wages go to provide beautiful and expensive clothes and they will sacrifice a deal of self respect in order to please, for their daily bread hangs upon this precarious thread.

But of the third type I wish to speak, the girl who has neither ability nor personal attractions to help her out. In other words she is the commonplace girl.

For generations women have been brought up to look forward to marriage as the only to be desired end. Only during the last century have women come into their own.

There is a dire prediction in the book of Isaiah, of seven women claiming one man, declaring that they will support themselves, but desiring to share his name in order to take away their reproach.

Reproach! Ah, there it is, and it has reached even down to this twentieth century. Many superior women have risen above the so-called reproach and have found life's grandest fulfilment in their work.

But nearly every woman, in her secret heart, dreads the reproach and hastens into the first marriage that offers, even though it be undersirable.

Many of us were born of such marriages and were not even given a sporting chance at birth. Born into large families, which thank God are decreasing, we have, to a great degree to bring ourselves up.

The poet tells us that we are "the captains of our souls," and the "masters of our fate." Nonsense! We seem in many cases, unhappy chances in an irresponsible scheme of life.

Our parents accepted the additional burden resignedly and as certain forms of insect life fulfil their destiny in reproduction, so they slaved for their large families, trying to give them more than they ever had themselves—which was mistaken kindness in many cases.

Often the struggle for mere animal existence was so great that parents had little energy or inclination for moral training and in fact their eyes were often blind to moral and mental wants so apparent to others.

Ninety-nine per cent of our young women expect to be married, and govern their life accordingly. I do not mean that they prepare themselves to be homemakers. Far from it. They are all going to marry wealthy men and hire help; even the hired help have similar visions. It is like an American army, which is composed of Colonels.

Lack of plan of life, is a distinguishing feature of the average girl. Her work is only an expedient to tide her over until she reaches her desired Utopia of wedded bliss, romance and idleness.

Except to the ambitious, studious girl whom I have placed in the first class, school life is something to be passed over as quickly and lightly as possible. It is quite possible to have accumulated facts enough to graduate and yet to have such

superficial knowledge as will pass away very quickly after school days are over.

I verily skimmed through school and am daily living in horror of betraying my ignorance for I have tried to bluff through life and my carefully built up reputation for cleverness will crumble in the dust when it becomes known that I cannot hold a position because I am slow, lazy and inefficient.

When we are very little girls, we all plan to be beautiful and dashing. As we become older and know how hard this is to realize, we change our ideals and cleverness is our goal.

Thus I have spent the best part of my life trying to build up a reputation for cleverness but have never given a minute I could help to the laying of real foundations. I cannot do one single thing well. Jesus has truly said that a house built upon the sand cannot stand in the testing time. I have worked selfishly for this one end, and am beggared in character, accomplishments and culture and after today my reputation for good work will be gone.

The girls on the street are not the only ones who have "gone wrong." A sense of failure is embittering the lives of many women who realize almost too late that a broad, loving outlook on humanity and the ability to do one's task well are the sweetest joys of life. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

"FATHER AND PLAY."

Here is a picture. Have you seen it in your home? Father comes home from business, has supper, and settles down to read his newspaper and have a smoke. Up comes little sonny, and puts his arm around his father's neck, and asks Daddy to come and play. The lad throws his ball at Daddy, or brings out his steam engine. Daddy scarcely looks up, and says "allright son, that's fine. Now just go and play yourself like a good boy. Daddy wants to read the newspaper." Vainly the boy tries to interest his father, but without success, until aggravated by the boy's insistence, the father calls on mother to put the boy to bed. (Fathers seldom try to put the children to bed. I wonder why.) The child goes to bed crying bitterly. What are the child's thoughts? Of course the child loves Daddy but don't you think he would love you a great deal more if you would spend half-an-hour playing with your boy? How the boy looks forward to Daddy coming home from business, but oh how his little heart aches for his father's companionship. How many hours per week to you spend with your boy in play? Is your business, or the news of the day more valuable than the happiness of your boy. Would you rather lose your business or your boy? How much is he worth to you? Then, Mr. Father, be a real "Daddy" to your own flesh and blood. Boys are proud of their daddies, and like to boast of them to their companions. What has your boy to boast of about you?

Someone wrote a skit—which is very applicable in many cases. "Mother dear, who is that strange man?" asks the child, as a gentleman enters the house. "Whist my child, that is your father." Think it over. H.F.

Have You Read the Message
on
The Back Page?
"Yes"---

Well, Won't You Pass it on?