



EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO, APRIL, 1915

BY AND ABOUT WOMEN

What is Being Said the World Over and Who is Saying It

What Women Want

EW women, except under pinch of want, Few women, except under pinch of want, care to devote their activities to money making. The pursuit does not interest them. A woman would rather have ten people to love and cherish her than ten thousand dollars any day. She likes to work hard; for pure motives of service, if she be a very good warener of if she be a very good woman; for mixed motives, in which ambition and vanity may play a considerable part, if she be an ordinary person like most of us; but the craving for material profit is not instinctive to her. Only, in computer to the state of t craving for material profit is not instinctive to her. Only in circumstances where her nature has been warped will she gloat over economic success or feel her depths satisfied with it. The rewards she craves are in affection, not in metal, and the in-centive which anti-socialists consider essential to the protection of progress hardly affects her at all. Therefore, if we are really advancing towards an order which must depreciate that old motive of personal profit, and depend for its success on other forces, we should find reinforcement in the habitual play on half the race of just the sort of

should find reinforcement in the habitual play on half the race of just the sort of impulses we shall require, and its response to the inducements we have to offer. This is the half which precisely now is socializing its activities and its ideals, and emerging from semi-Oriental seclusion to assume a full share of public duty. And we may notice with interest—since the development of the new order calls in a development of the new order calls in a peculiar sense for wise foresight and long patience—that it is also the half which lives for the future, ever lavishing its devotion and fixing its vision on the welfare of the generation to be.—Vida D. Scudder.

Life Always the Same

Life Always the Same Women as well as men are reacting to the new vision of the possibilities in human life. Under the quickening power of this vision women are casting off old forms of restraint which the belief that the mass of human beings could not be trusted to look out for themselves had spun. They are putting their hands to new tasks, their heads to new thoughts. But the human heart does not change. It always demands its mate, always has, always will; and the mated will find a corner to themselves where they can sit by their own fire and rear their own brood. Their corner may be a flat and not a cottage, their fire may be a gas log and not a bundle of sticks, their dinner may come in from the corner in cans and be heated and not cooked, the wife and be heated and not cooked, the wife may vote and the husband may give himself a score of liberties an earlier generation would have frowned on, but what has all that to do with the founda-tions of life? These are but the fluctua-tions of life? tions in ways and expressions which each succeeding generation surely brings.-Ida M. Tarbell.

Woman and War

Who takes care of the women who suffer for lack of food and shelter when they for lack of food and shelter when they are driven from their homes, either by the invader or the eviction agent? No one. Women are facing slow deaths from sorrow and privation, and babies are dying from lack of food and warmth. Ponder the question as to who actually bears the brunt of the war and the answer will pre-sent itself to you. It is the women, the mothers and the babes. — Emmeline Pethick Lawrence.

CINDERELLA – SCIENTIFIC MANAGER

from a burst boiler. The fire was out, drowned out. A stream ran over the floor to the cellar door and cascaded merrily down the cellar steps.

In dire dismay, Lu opened all the faucets—to lessen the pressure, then raced to the front hall for rubbers and mixed a big dab of dough, and, standing on a chair, with umbrella over her head, packed the dough firmly over the leak in the top of the boiler. Then to the front hall again to telephone Public Service

Corporation. "O Van, is that you?" for it was "Van"

by this time. "Please send a man at once —leak in boiler—kitchen flooded—fire out and I have to get breakfast." Now Van Dieu had no man at that early hour, for it is only the headmost heads who go to the office at 7 a.m. Your real aristocrat—the plumber—comes at 8. So Prince grabbed a few tools, got into the Public Service auto at the door, and in three minutes was at Lu's kitchen door. Through its glass he saw a bent figure with dress pinned up and covered by a huge checked gingham apron, head tied up in a white cloth, one hand holding up_an umbrella and the other ineffectually

How Women Can Help

All down the ages, ever since the writing of *The Trojan Women*, men have known what war in its brutal savagry costs to women. But what is comparatively new is the general recognition that war makes a call upon women along with other non-combatants, not only for suffering, but for service. for service.

In days of old, when women served their country in war, they undertook the same service as men; they went into the field and fought; in some cases they were born commanders. Deborah, Boadicea, and and tolight; in some cases they were born commanders. Deborah, Boadicea, and Joan of Arc must have had military genius of a high order, for men followed them willingly; and in every country there are tales of bands of heroic women who have taken part in fighting, generally in defence of their own cities and homes. But the world is not in that stage of evolution now, when women can best serve their country in the field. They are no longer called upon to take part in the physical conflict. Their task is different from that of combatants, but none the less real; and it has been very striking during this war how not only women themselves are conscious of their national respon-sibility, but that the whole community has been conscious of it also, and has encour-aged women to shoulder it courageously and firmly. The general recognition of the national value of women's services in war time is comparatively new.

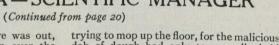
and hrmly. The general recognition of the national value of women's services in war time is comparatively new. How can we help? This is what women are everywhere asking, and the reply has been manifold. We can help in an almost infinite variety of ways, by preventing waste: waste of the spirit of helpfulness by letting it run into wrong channels; waste of precious lives, the lives of soldiers, lives of young girls, lives of mothers, lives of infants. We can help to prevent waste of health through alcoholism and immor-ality, and through diseases which follow poverty and semi-starvation. We can check waste of charitable impulse, which when wrongly directed curtails the volume of employment at the very moment when there is so much necessity for extending it. As housekeepers and managers we can set our face against waste of food in all its many ramifications.—Millicent Fawcett. Fawcett.

Is It True?

Women, due to the fact that for cen-turies she has been almost a benevolent parasite, has in her very little natural instinct for order. To her, religion has brought the necessary element of stability in her various attitudes toward the duties and responsibilities of life. For ages this has been her bulwark, her defence against the world, and her protection from herself The world, and her protection from herself. The effect of the rising wave of agnosticism among women, I believe, will be much further reaching therefore, than in the case of men.—*Owen Johnson.* * * *

No Life is Ungifted

Strictly speaking, there are no un-talented people. When we envy the gifts of others we do but forget our own. You may tell me what you please about your life being ungifted. No life is ungifted. There is no personality which has not its own peculiar and rich talents. If our lives seem to us untalented, ungifted, let us be sure it is only because we have let us be sure it is only because we have allowed our natural, our native gifts, to lie uncultivated, unused, perhaps alto-gether ignored.—Susan B. Wright.



trying to mop up the floor, for the malicious dab of dough had only temporarily held back the flood and it was raining merrily again.

Lu lifted her tear-stained face-she couldn't see any fun in this-yet! Prince rushed in. "My Hungarian Cinderella!" he ex-

"Yes—yes—yours or anybody's that will stop this flood," cried Lu, taking him under the protecting umbrella, where he was gladly permitted to kiss the tears

away. "I'll run down and turn the water off," he said, starting cellar-ward. never thought of that," laughed

Cinderella, scientific manager. Together they wiped up the flood, built the fire, cooked and served breakfast to the fire, cooked and served breaklast to the sympathizing paying guest, the amazed Mrs. Ashton, and the most excited, delighted pair of twins ever blest with a Cinderella step-sister. Simultaneously they whispered each to the other:

"She found her Prince mighty near the ash-barrel," and: "Let's begin at once to study scientific management."

