

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

Woman and War.

ALTHOUGH we have just celebrated the festival of peace and good-will, the theme of war seems to be discussed more widely than it has been, since the dark days more than ten years ago, when Briton and Boer were making havoc of the Transvaal. To woman, war is a frightful spectre, for it means the destruction of home and the loss of the sturdy young sons who have been the hope of the household. In his address on "War and the Human Breed," Dr. J. A. Macdonald, of Toronto, brings home most vividly and picturesquely the evils of depletion and exhaustion which follow in the train of the fighting troops. It is the fittest who go first, and those who are left to carry on the work of the race are the feeble and the handicapped. Lonely Scottish glens, forsaken Irish valleys and deserted English villages are telling the same sad tale of the desolation which follows the drafting of the regiment.

Perhaps you can recall the days of January and February in 1900, when we gazed week after week on the pages of English illustrated papers filled with photographs of young officers who had fallen on the veldt. How pathetically boyish and brave they were, those spirited faces of "Britain's best breed," and what a ghastly large space they filled in the special editions!

Speaking at New York, Rabbi Wise asserted that "if women had the say there would not even be a threat of war between Austria and Servia," and that when women have the say it will be the war-breakers who will be hailed and not the war-makers. A distinguished woman writer, Olive Schreiner, who has certainly known much of war's horrors, expressed the same opinion in her recent book. Editorial comment and criticism, however, apparently differ from the rabbi and the writer. Most masculine observers seem to be of the opinion that the influence of woman has always been to the deification of the soldier and that there is no sign that woman has changed either her mind or her heart, so far as the charms of the warrior are concerned—whether he be Tommy Atkins or the "officer gentleman." It would be quite useless to deny that the soldier is a favourite figure with womankind. Down in the bottom of her wayward and complex heart, woman admires bravery, above all other attributes, in the man of the race. She will forgive anything else—but not cowardice. It is true that she will often shield and pity the coward and be stubbornly loyal, in an attempt to hide his defects. But she does not love him—and he knows that he cuts but a sorry figure in her sight.

The Militant Spirit.

BUT the soldier is not necessarily brave, some will say, and the heroes of peace outnumber those of war. While this will be admitted, the critic of feminine admirers of the citizen militant may be reminded that the soldier is a concrete expression of courage, and woman, like her brother man, is much impressed by the obvious. The drab-dressed, plain citizen, who sits next to you in the street-car, may be a hero in grey tweed, who would stay on the sinking ship and put the women and children in the life-boats; but you are quite sure that the men in the King's uniform who march off to the troop ship to the tune of "Rule Britannia" are ready to give their lives for the service. We are all willing to admit the horrors of war and to deplore its ravages—but we like the soldier and have an admiration for the uniform, which is as natural as the young man's devotion to a pretty actress like Billie Burke, or Phyllis Neilson-Terry. To blame woman for

not opposing war with all her strength of sentiment and conviction is to assume that we hate that which harms us most. On this principle, man might be expected to have a horror of the punch-bowl and a rooted dislike for the decanter. It is not war itself, but merely its panoply, which attracts and fascinates woman. If we could see the actual battlefield or watch the wounded as they were conveyed to shelter, the glamour which surrounds the strife would be ruthlessly dispelled.

Ruskin said once—and no one arose to contradict him—that if the guns which tore apart the bodies and the souls of men did but crack the china in the drawing-rooms of England war would disappear at once. A Californian critic quotes this famous assertion once more and concludes: "Those who suppose that the military cult will be discouraged by the advent of women are building upon the sand."

However, in discussing the whole matter of the growth of peace sentiment it is well to take large views and to remember that the Europe of 1813 was far more belligerent than the Europe of 1913 is likely to prove. Tennyson, who dreamed of the day when the war-drum would throb no longer and the battle-flag be furled, also reminded an impatient generation—

"Forward, then, but still remember
how the course of Time will
swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a
backward streaming curve."

The forces which make for peace are working silently but surely in many of the dark places of the Earth, and the war spirit of the future will be turned to a constructive power.

Winter Exercise.

WITH the approach of that snowy season which Canadians are so shy of mentioning, we notice that, in several of our Ontario towns, the girls have organized walking clubs, which aim at the simplest exercise as a means of physical culture. The only danger about these clubs is that the girl who has not been taking long walks suddenly sets forth on a ten-mile tramp and finds herself consequently wearied. The English girl gives us an excellent example in this respect. From her childhood, she is accustomed to long walks, and is not unskilled as a mountain climber. Let us be outdoors as much as we possibly can, but use a little discretion as to sudden change of habit, in the matter of athletics or exercise. The best trainers tell you "to make haste slowly," and to observe moderation, both in changes of diet and degree of physical exertion. The athletic girl is never more attractive than in autumn or winter days, when she is fresh from a November tramp or a January ski-ing. But let her arrive by easy stages at the proud pinnacle of championship.

It is interesting to notice in an article in the Christmas number of *The Strand* that Madame Bernhardt, Miss Terriss, Madame Cavaleri and others noted for their preservation of youthful form and looks, when asked how to keep young, declared to the extent of several paragraphs: "Don't worry, and get plenty of fresh air."

In fact, all the advice of the beauty doctors, the faith healers and the New Thinkers seems to resolve itself into those two commandments, which are linked indissolubly. If you have all of "God's own out-doors" which you need, it is impossible to give all your mental powers to considering your own petty woes. They are wafted away on the morning breeze or lose themselves on the lake shore. The world is all too wide, too wonderful for grief or worry, says a wise old poet, and when we are outdoors we agree with him absolutely.

An Ottawa Hostess



Madame Lemieux, Wife of the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Whose Reception Following on the Opening of Parliament Was One of the Brilliant Events of the Social Season.