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EDITORIAL

August, 1918

## Get Your Kit and Go Holidaying--'Tis Patriotic!



WELL, Benson, what's your trouble? Sick?" The medical officer surveyed a lean young Canadian over the white cloth of the dressing station table with an appraising eye. Bronzed and hardened by three months of trench warfare, the hue of health contrasted strangely with the sagging muscles of his jaw. War had written its hard creed where youth had been but a few months before. The tired eyes were world weary, but the closest scrutiny revealed nothing of the malingering's shifty gaze.

"No, sir! I'm not sick, sir, just fagged."

"How long have you been in, Benson?" queried the officer.

"Five months, sir."

The officer's keen eye twinkled. "Which will it be, a pill or a trip down the line?"

"Leave, if you please, sir." The young fellow's shoulders drooped and a smile that bespoke a reasonless sort of expectancy deepened the lines about his eyes.

"I think you have it doped out just about right, Benson. We'll give you a ten-day holiday. You'll be a better man when you come back, and its damn little good you'd be in a scrap now. Get your kit!"

There's something in this little glimpse of the front line for the fagged business man, the house mother, the settlement worker, the teacher, for folks in general, possessed of patriotism and a conscience which insists that holidays in war time are for slackers.

"Get your kit!" A patriot 100 per cent. efficient who does his job for fifty weeks each year is worth more to the Empire and the Allies than a "fagged" man for fifty-two. Someone who knew has said that the nation will ultimately win in this world struggle who could best use her men again. Experience has already taught us that keeping fit is half the battle of the war to-day and all of the aftermath of industrial strife.

IT may be the mountains or the shore; a fishing trip for the office man or a whirl at the city for the isolated farmer; a change for everybody and all off to a

good start smiling. Life is pretty much like an elastic band, the more you stretch it, the more you get into it, and just as long as your hand is on it, it won't snap back.

If Mary with the short nose and twinkling eyes has a notion that it would rest her to dance away every night of her vacation and fraternize with the moon, let her have her holiday. She may be a

### Summer Wind

*Come from the gates of the dawning with the  
sunrise on your wings,  
Call to the dreaming waters till the sea awakes  
and sings,  
Till the waves with madcap laughter go danc-  
ing upon their way,  
And the arms of the white sea-maidens toss  
in the flying spray.*

*We have grown spent and weary with glare and  
dust and heat,  
Come from the cool of the woodlands, from  
green shades, dim and sweet;  
Glades where the brown elf lingers, pools where  
the nixie lies,  
Bringing the magic fern-seed to sprinkle on  
our eyes.*

*Come through the boughs of the orchard, whis-  
pering soft and low,  
Shaking the cherry blossoms down on the  
grass like snow,  
Dappling the ground with shadows from every  
branch that swings;  
Come from the gates of the dawning with the  
sunrise on your wings.*

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

bit tired of foot when she goes back to the office, but youth will have a new lease on life.

And mothers—not many mothers are ever granted that boon of freedom from worry and household cares which every other member of the family gets? Couldn't Mother be "understudied," and father and the boys be cared for while she runs away from the routine of life a week or so? However much she loves her children, however inexhaustible her patience and sure her smile, only those who have hit upon the wonderful scheme can vision the added charm, the youthful animation, the uncharted dimples which complete rest will discover in the dear Centre of the Household.

There are vacations which cost for-

tunes, and holidays fully as effective in restoring folks to their best selves which cost next to nothing. In some cases, vacations have been made even to pay. There are now several species of "leaves" known as patriotic vacations in which the employees of offices, factories and the great city stores as well as the workers in small towns may turn their holidays to direct national service. Fruit picking and canning, dairying, haying and just every day farming are the centre of interest in large camps located in the different sections of the country. Here hundred of men and women are spending their "usual two weeks" in adding to the nation's store of food stuffs.

THE old Dominion, which looks for all the world like a moth-eaten patch quilt in the atlas, is rich in lakes and waterways. The stage is externally set for a woods' holiday, and the canoe is richer in possibilities than the steam cruiser with its shining brass and mahogany. Small wonder that the champion canoeists of the world have been Canadians.

Sometimes, we think the magic of rejuvenation is brewed over a sputtering, crackling camp fire—and to think that there's not a man in Canada for whom the open spots are "out of bounds."

Take your vacation seriously if that's the only way your conscience will let you have it, and come back with a laugh which will be all on yourself. Get into training for two weeks. Put yourself "in the pink" as the British Tommy has it. Take a daily hike with a lunch in your pocket. Get the soldier's outlook and his tan; get his hearty appetite and healthy weariness; put a new point on your funny bone and tune up your nerves. Get in condition to take up your pack at the beginning of the new working year and double the output. Whatever you do, close your ears to the man who says that you are too busy to rest. You have custody of so much of the national strength. Take care of it. If the army can spare a man from the front line, you can be spared for a few days.

"Get your kit! After Benson!"