



Conducted by "ISOBEL"

One of the most important questions asked by women is whether love is an absolute necessity on their part. Most certainly it is, for the world is a cold, cheerless place for the unhappy woman who has never known what true love really means. It is only after true love comes to the fore that a female really lives; before its appearance she merely exists; after love's tender beams strike, her life path she is transformed, and not she alone, everything to her, taken on a more beautiful appearance—the most sordid things of life become brighter.

Therefore love ought to play a most important part in the lives of women; in fact, it should be the chief end of their existence. But, alas! it is not. It used to be, but the time is almost past. Love is with many a secondary consideration. Women are undoubtedly taking a more prominent part in the affairs of the world than ever before. They have found occupations that our grandmothers would have thought quite masculine. Scientific studies, the profession of medicine, lecturing on special subjects, teaching, trained nursing—all these have had a hand in diverting all these from a hawk seat.

In the days a large number of women aim rather at distinction; ambition spurs them on, they are not content to settle down and lead a peaceful, if uneventful, married life. They clamor for excitement, they want amusement, they refuse to be tied down to a round of domestic duties—in a word, many have revolted against the correct role which ordained that matrimony, following on love, was the beginning and end of all life so far as women was concerned.

Do women benefit by the change? Suppose a woman gains fame, with per chance fortune thrown in, is that enough? She will—to the outsider who cannot read the secrets of her heart, but deep down there is a consciousness that something is wanting. The natural instincts has been thwarted and the woman knows it. Instinct in truth clamors for something withheld. After all, what is fame to a sensitive woman?

Will the praise of the multitudes fill woman's heart with joy as much as an infant lifting its first simple words? Emphatically no! *Martin Farquhar Tupper* says: "A child in a house is a well-spring of pleasure," but many a mother might add it is also a well-spring of worry. But would she be without it? Not for the world. She is happier far than her husband. The young mother with her children about her is apt to let small worries cloud over the happiest time of her life. But when she looks back at it, when the young ones have all grown up and gone from her she wonders at herself for having ignored home love. Is there any living woman of any twenty-five or thirty years of age who has never loved, if only secretly? If there is, she is to be pitied. There are thousands upon thousands who have loved and lost, but their case is not so bad as the woman who has never known what love means. It might be argued that the latter does not know what she has missed, but it is not so. True, she not accurately understands just exactly what love means, but there is a yearning for something, a feeling she cannot define. There is a blank in her life. She knows she is incomplete—undeveloped, in fact. The sweet characteristic, the finer side of her nature, all these are stunted. It requires love to bring them to maturity.

What does love conjure up to the average girl? She thinks of the day when she will fall in love, and be loved in return, and she in fancy sees a boy of her own, a husband who is kind and thoughtful of her, and very likely children who adore her. And what is the result? There are women (and men, too) who never fall in love, for the simple reason that their life is made brighter by the thought. There are women (and men, too) who scoff and sneer at love outwardly, but little heed is paid to them. Anyone

possessing common sense knows that they are merely cloaking their inward feelings, they try to deceive themselves, and that is the short and long of it.

woman herself is alone responsible for this lamentable emptiness, inasmuch as she has not continued to labor as zealously in the home as of yore, neither has she held love to be the chief end of her existence, nor that matrimony is the beginning and end of life for women. Equally deplorable in her opinion is the modern tendency to place personal ambition on the pedestal which hitherto man has occupied.

It is the old thread-bare pitiful attempt to keep women doing obedience to man. She must love him—honor him—gratify him—dress for him—please him—study for him—play for him and *naturam.*

Woman is enjoined to sink her own identity, her own individuality, to play second fiddle to that wondrous creature called man. She must not take stock of the parable of the talents which plainly commands (in default of severe chastisement, *actum*) to develop every

natural gift. The scriptures do not say, go, get a husband and develop his talents, but develop your own talents. Neither do the scriptures recommend women to be echos of men.

of loving, and being loved and cared for more or less, to her it is life. On the other hand, man is a creature created for work. His business and a hundred and one other things take up his attention, and give with him therefore is not a matter of vital importance, but I do believe the average man has a deep devotion in his make-up for some woman in life, and when the time comes to share it together it is up to the woman to keep it as a shining jewel, by her virtue and winning ways. The majority of men have a tender spot in their heart and it is only when the woman of their choice disappoints them that this spot becomes hard and seared, and they then think that every woman is fickle and not to be trusted, but few men will believe this of their mothers, whom most all reverence and admire, forgetting if it is true of their mother it is equally true that there are

It is wonderful with "persecution to a certain 'relief' of humans cling to the absolute theory that man was created mainly for the purpose of furnishing an adorable object upon which woman could sacrifice herself. This cleavage of sexes, this making fish-of-one-and-fish-of-another arrangement of holding man on a pinnacle to be adored and woman in the valley below to do the adoring has wrought more catastrophes to domestic felicity than any other cause whatsoever. It is at the root of all man's unreasonableness, of all his selfishness, of all his manneances. The idea that he, by Divine right should be specially catered to, renders him at once unlib and unable to have a physically weaker mortal in his power. Figure to yourself the concept of the creature who quite boldly proclaims himself a desirable and worthy object upon which woman may expend that wealth of affection



Looking for the Singer

many girls who will prove just as loyal wives and mothers as the aged women

whom with good man memories with tender memories. I do think it is every young woman's duty to try faithfully to hold her husband's love, and this can be done in the majority of cases if the girl will keep herself as attractive, sweet, and winning as in the old "sweetheart days," and by entering into his "hobbies" or "ways" with a real, cultivating a taste for whatever pleases him. The successful mothers are the ones who are comrades

with their children, and make her one grown older and enjoy to the full the one who sympathizes with them in their pursuits, be it sport or business. If a man is literary, let his wife read up so as to be able to converse with him all he finds pleasurable in books. Woman is naturally diplomatic, and I sincerely believe this gift was given her to make the married life a success, for often one little word rightly or wrongly spoken will make or mar a day or stir up strife that no amount of coaxing or making up can quite obliterate from memory's store house.

Note.—From the page of a contemporary, the above article was clipped very recently. So that we have still with us that antiquated, shrewdlyling, illogical, inconsequential homilizing prolixity, the claims to have explored the shallow, heart of woman and found in that barren region an empty chamber which milks Nature expressly dedicated to love. According to this observant writer,

but rather wait upon each other back forth. Let it not be supposed because man is not elected to an altitude above woman that he has lost her entirely. Not so. Only the very few contend that every man would at the privilege of the pedestal, did at chance to be placed upon it by an entering woman; yet perhaps it is quite safe to say that no really worthy man would remain upon a pedestal, hence follows that only the unworthy stay and they of all others are the ones who should be pulled down.

The only true marriage is the marriage in which both members share equally, all the privileges, the advantages, the hardships, the discouragements, losses and the gains of whatsoever a circumstance and effort bring.

It doubtful if even woman subject herself to the adulation which man receives and not be spoiled by it. For a woman to fawn at a man's feet is bad for him, and not good for her. The somewhat extraordinary suggestion that an ambitious and successful woman cannot or does not fall in love with a man, is a theory which may scare away some men matrimonially inclined. But perhaps no more foolish idea appears in that old-fashioned book than that all women may marry if they wish. The attitude taken is practices which any woman is blameable who does marry and settle down and worship husband and retain or attain or obtain that husband's love at any cost to herself; that the man in the case being meanwhile quite evidently an unconcerned and interested spectator of his wife's degradation to win his love. The only parallel to this is a similar attitude which is equally fantastic sequence that comes mind is related in a little old *French* reader: *Alansar* was a peddler. One day he sat in the park with a basket of his wares. A young lady, a beautiful pliant figure before him, specialist upon the profits to be derived from that sales and repeated investments until he saw himself a wealthy merchant. The favorite of the King and a most desirable

partly in the matrimonial market, abnormally great had become the many fine ladies in gorgeous apparel as themselves "beautiful as the full moon presented themselves kneeling at his feet" that he might select a suitable spouse. At length wearied with their petition to the point of exasperation, he rose to demonstrate his impatience by a vigorous kick. His foot struck the basket of plaster figures, instead of the mythical fine ladies, and shattered the contents to atoms. That was the beginning and end of Alameda's fortune. Shattered to atoms would be the husband's love who tried to win by belittling her self, and her love for him would die to be strangled to win him, and the last state of that marriage would be worse than the first. No, No! The man must be had by the loving, half the effort, half the ruling up to keep approval, half the resorting to "tearful memoranda," half the cultivation of their latter, and contribute a generous half of the latter into society. In the mutual admiration system.

DEBATE IN 'TODAY'

In Manitoba College on the afternoon of the 9th inst. the subject, "Resolved, that women should have equal suffrage rights with men," was debated in regular style by three of the college girls on the affirmative against three of the second class Normal students for the negative. The Normal girls put up a stiff fight, but the affirmative won by the unanimous decision of the three outside judges.

CORRECTION NUMBER TWO

Dear Lady!—Your reply to Birmingham Society, in November 20 last, says: "At least the very first to report itself to the Guide." I am afraid you are giving yourself away as a non-reader of the Guide. I think in the issue of August 6, 1909, you will find an article headed, "Women's Institutions in Alberta." The closing paragraph states that ours had been in existence already six months, and giving a brief outline of the work covered. We are glad to welcome Birmingham as the second. Also last February the Guide gave a description of one of our double meetings, U.P.A. and W.I., in separate rooms in the afternoon and having lunch together and a social evening. Do you know that I proposed to our sister that we make The Guide the official organ of the Women's Institutions as well as of farmers' organizations? I was looking into the future as that was when