

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

### On Entertaining.

WHAT a workaday old place this world is anyway! Whether it be struggling along in the endeavour to turn the wolf's fangs away from the kitchen door or striving to head the list of names in the social column, the motive of the thing is the same. In everything comes the same old spirit of competition, until the social leaders of the world to-day think nothing of expending thousands on one single entertainment. There is such prestige in it, don't you know, such a feeling of awe comes over the poor, lone young thing struggling along in the city, as she glances over the social pages, and all the time the soul of that same social matron is struggling along in its own weary rut, endeavoring to obtain some sustenance from a vain series of balls and dinners and musicales. It looks almost as if there is nothing in this old world which can be obtained by some kind of a struggle, be it the fight with Dives and all his adherents, or a grim wrestle with the practicalities of poverty in a hall bedroom. The society matron feeling the starvation in her soul, plunges more deeply into her bridge or dinner parties, not realizing that all the bridges in the world are not sufficient nourishment for that eternal Ego, which keeps crying out for some bit of satisfying sincerity, and so she wanders down the short paths of existence, till her way becomes lost in an impenetrable maze of indecision, and all her balls and musicales appear as phantoms which dance mockingly before her and point to the murky earth to whose bosom she is soon consigned.

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### Mothers' Jealousy.

THE eternal mission of woman, the most beautiful mission in all the world, that of mother, how many have the correct understanding of it? How many do not mistake it for a blind selfishness, and all for seeming good, lose the confidence of the sweet young things they are called upon to guide? There are mothers who will not allow their daughters to have any girl friends for fear their affection would be perverted from its natural course. There are mothers who willingly keep from their daughters, some of the truths it is their sacred duty as mothers, to unfold to them. Some perverted idea of false modesty prevents them from telling these things, and the result often is utter annihilation of all daughterly trust, when she finds out for herself.

I have in mind one mother who will not tolerate a sweet girl friend of her daughter's simply because the daughter has professed admiration for her, and another whom she does not admire so much, the mother keeps in constant companionship with her. She has even gone so far as to imagine impossible influence by the first girl, and that green-eyed monster of the depths has painted the girl's every action in such ebony tones that she is altogether undesirable. I wonder is it worth it? Is it not possible for unreasonable jealousy to blind even a mother that instead of being a guide to her daughter, she is her greatest

hindrance, and becomes a mere bit of convention in the girl's existence?

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### Humane Societies.

A GROUP of fashionably dressed women sit around a table, sipping tea. The nodding egrets and waving willow plumes proclaim them all members of the *haut monde*. Now and then, one of them refers to a paper and a half-hearted discussion occurs. An onlooker decides that they are the members of a well-appointed club, at their monthly meeting.

Outside, on the street, a poor delivery horse pauses before a store, champs a little on the bit and looks around for water. A



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The new President of the National Council of Women.

weary-looking dog comes panting along, and looks, too, for some sign of it. But there is not a trough in sight. It is a day when the thermometers in the summer arbors are running up to the ninety mark.

The group of women sip their tea and order an ice. Electric fans whirl a breeze toward them, as they lean back leisurely in the wicker chairs. They discuss plans for the erection of a club house, and someone proposes an amendment to the constitution.

Yes, it is all very plain. Are the Humane Societies in Canada to-day doing anything to benefit the poor, dumb brutes it is their mission to help, or are they going the routine of club life, enjoying themselves, as club members, and paying no heed to the practicalities of their well-worded constitution?

### Little Things That Help.

A YOUNG girl sits pensive in a hall bedroom. Beside her is a vial which brings the only bit of pleasantness to her during the long week. There is a sign of melancholy, as she prepares to take her evening draught. The yellow of the single gaslight flickers peevishly, and casts wierd figures on the walls. Flies buzz around the windows, and from the streets comes the hum of life in the big, busy city just completing the daily round of toil. Everything sounds so friendless, everywhere comes the call of everyday life interested only in itself. Even the shadows of the tall, old elms seem to stretch long ghoul-like fingers toward her little window, to wrench her from herself and cast her into the streets. She has been weeping and little tears still glisten, dew-like, on her eyelashes.

And suddenly there comes the lilt of an old air, right up through her murky window. A street concertina has halted in the street. Merry airs come singing up to her and she smiles a wan smile. She throws a coin down into the street, and the music seems to burn itself into her very soul. She finds herself humming, and places the vial up on its shelf.

It's a little, little thing, the poor, unconscious street concertina, but what a mission it has! Pity 'tis, there are not more of them in the streets of life, calling out a few words of hope and cheer to the homesick girl in the big city. There would be fewer cases of asphyxiation, fewer items in the calendar of the Rescue Missions.

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### Modern Marriage.

FOR the last month the papers have been full of the news of weddings, till one could scarcely open the evening "Gossip," without hearing the clanging of a dozen bells, the shouts of congratulations of the guests who accompanied the "happy couple" to the depot or wharf. The lists of presents are given, the names of prominent guests, the description of the bride's gown is dealt with at great length, and, in fact, everything pertaining to the snobbish side of the affair.

The cynical observer takes his cigar from his lips, blows a long puff of smoke up toward the flickering electrolier, and smiles a satirical smile. Then the headlines of another column catch his eye, and he sees the article is sent from Reno. He falls amusing, and finally ends his wonderings by an audible, "I'll give that couple fourteen months before they are in the same court," pours out a brandy and soda, and goes to bed.

The fact is the commercialism of this twentieth century is intruding even into the most sacred circles, and the modern marriage is reckoned successful or not, inasmuch as the bridegroom has a long bank account and a list of dishonest ancestors who started weaving the tapestry for his bride's social drawing-room.

Poor little Cupid is often found in tears, weeping his little heart away, on some vacant turnstile, where so often he watched Mary and Jerry approach cautiously. He has been dethroned by theimps of Dives.