

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

### On Listening.

HOW comforting to find the one to whom you are telling your most interesting experience suddenly break in with such a remark as, "Oh, do you see that woman trying to board the car? My dear, I've been watching her for the last five minutes, and she can't get her foot up to the first step!"

Any such evidence of interestedness is sure to be an inspiration and the beauty of it is, most listeners are just that attentive. Notice them, next time you chance to be anywhere there is a hum of conversation going on. You will observe that everyone seems to have the same desire burning within her conversation bosom. That desire is to express something, usually pertaining to her own ego. But we are told that this old world is propelled by the wheel of selfishness, so I suppose it is only natural for people to give a turn to that propeller in some way or other. But how refreshing it would be if everyone would suddenly give the reverse to their wheels of action, and evince some interest in the doings and sayings of others.

To me, a good listener is even more entertaining than a good talker. There is something which goes along with her, some bit of understanding not found in hearts which are always beating for the case which encloses them. The making of a charming woman is greatly based on this ability to listen, rather than on the reflecting of one's own glory in the searchlight of one's egotism. To be eternally prating of one's achievements betokens a small mind, an inherent selfishness unworthy of any who views the world from out broad-brimmed glasses, with a vision unbesmirched by any blurs of scandal which may be lurking around the conversation horizon. There is infinitely more charm in a woman who can evince some interest in the doings of others than in the one whose perpetual voice becomes such a bore that you long to put your hands in your ears and run away from the whole big world. And how we all strive after this elusive sprite! If we could only remember that the simplest bait for the great fairy charm is the art of listening to others!

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### Forgetting Practicalities.

THIS morning, just as the dawn was beginning to creep over the housetops, and the city clocks were pealing four, I awoke with the most pleasant of all music coming right in from the treetops near my window.

The bravest of all little robins was competing staunchly with the clattering of hoofs on the pavements, the honk honk of milk motors, the rumbling of early cars, the shouts of workmen on the dump carts, from the new General Hospital. And that little robin defied them all, and sang his song as blithely as if there were no youthful birdies to provide for, no mother awaiting her morning worm. For a long time he sang there, till the morning lights began to chase away the grey night shadows, and more vans and trucks appeared on the streets. And soon, an army of sparrows joined him, and the whole orchestra of them filled the air around till one forgot the morning milk carts and scavenger wagons. They must have flown away before daylight came rushing boldly from across the park, for the next time I awoke, there was only the morning street noises, the itinerant rag and bone connoisseurs, the street cleaners, the delivery carts.

Wise little birdies! Perhaps the very busiest of all of us, they can find time in the sordid hours of the day to sing a little song, and not only make themselves happy, but send a few notes of gladness right into the souls of all mortals who may perchance be lying awake pondering over grim practicalities of every-day life. Somehow or other, one always feels a little stronger, a little more

able to attend the duties of an imposing practical hand, by just listening to the birds' song in the morning. How I love them! The most sensible of all, who know that an intermingling of song and sorrow, of blithesomeness and work, is infinitely more after the pattern set by the great Omnipotent, than a mere striving after sordid gains, a mere slave to practicalities.

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### The Impatience of Professionals

ALL the professions seem to have brushed up against the impatience brush, till there is not one member of any of them who is willing to spend the few years necessary for toning down the imperfections of Nature, but wish to rush right into fame, even at the sacrifice of all their finer feelings. Let us speak only of the feminine professionals. Women wish to do things now, besides mending socks and polishing the kitchen sink. But they do not seem willing to spend the time in the tuition course. We hear of actresses springing into fame in a night, of waiters whose

stuff is sought for by the leading periodicals, of singers brought to the front in less than a season, of school teachers who can enter the city schools and usurp the places of tried and proven ones. And the question naturally arises, "How do they do it?"

Usually there is only one answer. Unfortunately, there are men at the heads of the great professions to-day, for whom the term artistic is merely a misconstruction of commercialism. Men who have allowed their physical insight to triumph over their artistic to such a degree that they are willing to further the cause of anyone who chances to please their physical eye. And unfortunately, too, there are girls and women so blinded by the show of material gain which glistens elusively before them, that they are willing to sell their own souls for a little bit of advancement on the part of the man higher up. I could name a dozen such cases, in every profession in the catalogue. And, fortunately, I could name more than that number who have risen at the top of their profession by hard work, by perseverance up the long ladder of hard knocks. These are the ones who did not allow their artistic vision to become blind by the material fame which was flaunted before them.

It is deplorable that the large trusts in the representative cities to-day should be controlled by men of this class. Men, did I say. Beasts, rather. Beasts who hold their filthy gold up to the young girl, and flash her name

out in electrics, just because they are in the position to do so. There is a man at the head of one of the best known theatrical firms in New York to-day, who keeps on the lookout for pretty faces, and is always willing to give a girl a good place, who happens to strike his fancy. And there is a pretty young girl, who has risen with a jump, in the last year, through this firm. Do not criticize the poor, struggling young Thespians who go to the city friendless, and hope to rise into fame. The corporations are the ones to censure. While there remains such a band of commercial brutes at the head of them, what is the girl to do?

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### Modern Insincerity.

THE world is full of good promisers. I often sit down and wonder if there is one living, breathing mortal whose word can be taken for what it seems. And then comes the sunshine amongst the clouds, and the gloom vanishes for a while.

I wonder is it a sign of the higher civilization of the times, that people persist in uttering inane insincerities, and forgetting all about their utterances, not five minutes afterwards? I wonder if it smoothes the road for anyone?

M. B.



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Grand-daughter of the Hon. John Bigelow, the famous American author and diplomat.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.