

# FOLLOW THE FASHION

**W**HEN Paris says, "Frocks are Fuller" we hasten to add another width to our skirts. When she says, "The waltz is out of date," we learn the latest dance steps. If the smartest women in Paris, the first ladies of the London aristocracy, or the most popular theatrical stars, establish a new mode of hair-dressing, we spend hours before our mirrors and hope the result will prove becoming. Still, it is a long time before the latest styles penetrate to the rural districts of Canada. Even in the cities many of our women are considered conservative—slow to adopt new ideas. But it is not often that our prettiest and wealthiest young ladies are nearly two years behind the fashion. Yet that has been the lamentable truth, for only now can it be truthfully said that service is fashionable in Canada—as it has been for years in France and England—and that the girl who is doing nothing is out of the fashion and she is judged to be lacking in intelligence.

At last our young lady of leisure has become sensitive on the subject and protests loudly about her desire to serve her country. I met one of her species at a bridge tea the other day, in aid of the —th Battalion, and the sight of so many stalwart young forms in khaki stirred her to unusual enthusiasm.

"I'm simply crazy to go to England!" she said, "Mrs. Blank, who has just returned, tells me there is great demand for girls over there. I'm quite seriously considering going across to help in a tea-room at Folkestone."

"Surely there is work to be done here!" I said.

"No there isn't! I applied at a munition factory but find they have far more workers than they need."

"But that's not the only kind of work. Why don't you take some clerical position?"

"Oh, I couldn't be down town all day. I have quite a lot of housework to do!"

"You think munition work would tire you less?"

"Oh, they work in shifts, you know," she replied, vaguely. "And, besides, Father likes me to be with him in the evenings, when I don't go out. Of course if I go to England he'll just have to board—we must all make a sacrifice in war time! Of course I don't need to get paid. If I worked at munitions I would give all my earnings to the Red Cross."

"Then why not work directly for the Red Cross—make hospital supplies—help in the waste collection. There is work to be done at the Patriotic League, too, boxes to be packed for overseas. Why don't you take a partial course in nursing and help in a convalescent home? Then there are soldiers' wives to be visited. One woman told me that in her Battalion auxiliary there were over 200 casualties in the last few weeks, and that she herself had made eighty . . ."

"Oh I hate calling and sewing," she interrupted. "And, besides, it doesn't seem like real war work. . . . Oh, do tell me who is that stunning-looking Highlander who has just come in. Why, he's a Colonel! Isn't he young-looking? But he shouldn't wear a plaid necktie, should he? It looks awfully cute, but I'm sure it's not according to regulations. I'm going to talk to our hostess and perhaps she'll introduce me. Do let's have another talk on war-work some time—I'm simply thrilled with the thought, especially in England, where it's really worth while. Besides, ever so many girls in my set have taken it as seriously, or gone away, or married soldiers, and it's terribly hard to get anyone to play golf."

Her mind was firmly fixed on the idea that the most direct kind of war work was the carrying of cups of tea to appreciative officers in training or on leave. Not a very useful type of girl, but her education has begun. She who formerly looked down on factory girls, has entertained thoughts of becoming one.

## The Latest Craze

**M**UNITIONS are "all the rage" just now. Next summer Land Service will be the most popular occupation for society women, but

*Fashion's latest decree in headgear is the gas mask. Munition work is altogether the style in Toronto*

By ESTELLE M. KERR

just now munition-making is the favourite pursuit. It is by no means a pleasant pastime. The 10-hour day, adopted by some factories, is gradually being reduced to eight and even six-hour shifts. As the demand for workers increases, the standards of youth, health and strength will be lowered. Some factories now employ girls under 25 years of age. Others place the limit at 30.

Our mothers discarded cameo brooches for "sunbursts" and pearl crescents; we very recently replaced our diamond and platinum bar pins with regimental insignias and Red Cross life membership pins. But have you seen the very latest and quite the most popular decoration? It is the munition worker's badge. And the fond mother is equally proud of her son at the front and her daughter in munitions.

"Ethel went to the factory all by herself and got a job on the night shift. She didn't even ask our permission, but kindly informed us that she'd be home about 2 a.m.!"

How's that for an only child just out of her teens, whose favourite occupation up to this time has been driving her own car!

**W**HICH of our large Canadian cities, think you, can claim the most fashionable woman? This was a disputed point in the days when it was fashionable to wear new clothes of a recent cut. Some contended that the French element gave to Montrealers a certain style, but now our standards have altered and we can say unhesitatingly that Toronto possesses the most fashionable women, for out of the 6,000 women munition workers in Canada, Toronto boasts 4,000, and one munition plant which now employs 400 women will increase to 2,000 by Christmas time. And it boasts a fine rest-room with palms in it, a check-room and a canteen.

"I would not have believed that we could in eight weeks so readily adapt female labour to the production of munitions of war!" is the testimony of Mr. Mark H. Irwin, M.P.P.

Toronto women need no appeal to stir them to greater effort, for Miss Wiseman, supervisor of women munition workers for the Imperial Munitions Board, says that enough women have already come forward to fill the demand until next March. The first class of women munition inspectors conducted by Miss Wiseman, has graduated, and its members have been despatched to out of town work. A second class is now at work at the Technical School.

"You've got to be a society girl to get into a munition plant," is a remark sometimes heard, but it is by no means true. It would be much better if women of the leisure class would take up the work, as

they will be thrown out of employment after the war, but the fact remains that there has been a wholesale desertion of factory girls, stenographers, and domestic servants. The women of leisure who are disappointed are reminded that there is need for voluntary helpers in the canteens, and all women are advised to fit themselves for skilled work.



The latest thing in headgear.

registered, and there are branches of this organization throughout Canada. They are in no sense employment agencies, but their statistics show that women will be ready to do their share when the call comes.

One of the most eloquent and successful of the recruiting speakers is Mrs. H. B. Parsons, who, in the meetings in rural districts, made a special appeal to the farmers.

"Produce," said Mrs. Parsons, at one of these gatherings, "I am tired of hearing it said that the farmers must produce to feed the soldiers. One would think that all there was to a soldier was his stomach." She pointed out the fact that the young farmer's energies and his time were required elsewhere in the country's service, than in staying at home having a good time, selling his produce at a big price, while others fought and bled to defend him and his property. "Do you know," she asked, "that Canada is already called 'Kaiserland' by the Germans? How do you like the word 'Kaiserland'?" she asked? "Does it sound nice to you?" She asked every woman and girl to take a man's place where possible in order to free him for military service. She advised the mothers to get their sons into khaki as the only way to make men of them, told the wives that the only place where their husbands could defend them and their homes was at the front, and asked the girls to influence their lovers to enlist. That every woman has influence, whether married or single, over some man of her family or acquaintance was another thought suggested. If every woman would rightly use this influence we should see a rush to the colours. She advised the women who were knitting—and where are there women who are not—to see to it that their socks were for the right man and to send them overseas with feet in them.

**T**HE Women's Emergency Corps was not formed to meet an imaginary situation. The supply of male labour is exhausted, and women must do the work ordinarily done by men. The example of England is before us, where every woman is now mobilized for war work. After supplying at least four million men for the army, and millions more for war work, a sufficient number of non-producers have become producers to keep the staple industries running.

So Follow the Fashion! "Better be out of the world than out of the fashion!" If the men cling to their muffs, and the women to their old-time frills and femininity, we shall be out of the world nationally, with "Kaiserland" written across our place on the map.



Carrying cups of tea to appreciative officers is a very agreeable form of war work.