

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

Musical Matters

DO you ever think of the hours and hours which you spent in your childhood, practising scales and five-finger exercises, and do you wonder whether those hours were wasted? Czerny's exercises were in vogue when I was a small person, and I industriously pounded at "Silvery Waves" and "Clayton's Grand March" also, in the belief that I was acquiring a "good touch." Every little girl was expected to take music lessons, and it was accounted a sad disgrace not to be able to play the variations of something-or-other for "company."

Nowadays, only the girl who shows a distinct liking for music is given a musical education, and the training is much more thorough than it used to be. Specialization has succeeded "smatterization" (if one may coin a word for the old exercises), and no young girl of to-day is expected to attend school, take an art course and also "keep up her practising." The girl who studies music, with a professional end in view, has a long and serious course ahead of her, with Conservatory examinations and university degrees. Even the girl who desires musical skill as an "accomplishment" must aim at a study of the masters, if her attainments are to be accorded respect, while a year or two abroad will naturally enter into her dreams.

Is the piano-player to change musical training to any great extent? It certainly affords much entertainment for those who are unable to play the piano for themselves. However, no mechanism yet devised is equal to the human element which gives the best work its distinctive appeal. The phonograph may be improved until it is of much finer realistic reproduction than anything we know to-day—but the "real singer" will continue to attract thousands of hearers.

The other day, Madame Calve received a large sum for singing for a record which has been placed in a vault of the Grand Opera House, Paris, and is not to be opened for one hundred years. A curious reflection it is, that, in the year 2013 A.D., a crowd of inquisitive Parisians assembled at a concert—perhaps an aeroplane affair—will listen to the notes of a voice long silent, and will speculate as to the grace and beauty of a singer, many years ago turned to dust and ashes.

A Word From the Working-Girl

A GIRL, who is employed in a city business office said to me not long ago:

"I wish that someone would write against the foolish stuff that is being written about the working-girl. Some of it makes me quite ill."

"You mean the advice that is given her?"

"I mean, especially, the silly things which are said about her falling in love or becoming desperately sentimental over some married man who dictates his letters to her. I have been in business life for six years—ever since I was eighteen—and have not a friend in the office—nor do I want one. To read those silly women's journals, you would think that every girl who goes into business life was in mortal danger of losing her head or heart—or both. I am doing my best to make a good living, and before I'm thirty I'll be much better off than I am now. I am not thinking of falling in love with any one—least of all, a bald-headed married man, who is out of temper half the time. It is quite disgusting to read most of the advice that is given us. You would think the writer was addressing very little children or born idiots. If I ever marry, it will be some nice young man, whom I'll pick out for myself" (evidently she agrees

with the author of "Man and Superman").

"But the magazines, like very tiresome people, probably mean well," I suggested.

"They don't mean any kindness to anyone," she insisted. "They're misrepresenting most women who earn their own living and these articles are written just for the sake of the sensational side of the question."

There is a good deal of truth in the indignant wage-earner's protest. Just now, the working-girl is being discussed to a degree which is wearisome



"AN EVE IN THIS GARDEN."

Also a Boston Terrier (Though Less Poetically) and a Scotch Collie—Both Blase Prize-winners. The Lady Under the "Broad Sunflower" is Mrs. von Anrep, Nee Miss Mary Rundell, the Mistress of Rockliffe, Ottawa. This Charming Garden and Its Chatelaine Are a Hint of the Capital's Manifold Summer Attraction.

to the subject, herself, and which will eventually become a bore to the public. The more practically the life of the working-girl is dealt with, the better it is for all concerned. The sentimental complications of her existence are fewer and less deadly than some unsophisticated readers suppose, and in most emergencies she is quite equal to taking care of herself.

The Ever-Womanly

WHATEVER Goethe may have meant by that oft-quoted expression, "Das Ewig-Weibliche," it is certain that in these days the adjective, "womanly," is used in somewhat bewildering fashion. It used to be considered unwomanly to ride a bicycle, while smoking a cigarette was a practice undreamed-of, by even the most advanced young person. Then, nearly every woman took to bicycling, and the adjective, "unwomanly," disap-

peared from the scene. The bicycling fad vanished almost as quickly as it had arisen, and woman was left to seek new devices for amusement. A Canadian girl who has been visiting in England for some months has written to her friends declaring that she is ridiculed because she refuses to smoke—nevertheless, she valiantly persists in refusing the "weed." Yet our English relatives used to be flaunted in our faces as examples of all that is gentle, retiring and womanly. However, that was before the days of Emmeline and her two sturdy daughters, Sylvia and Christabel.

Man, who is always ready to deliver an off-hand opinion on feminine modes and manners, is exceedingly confusing when it comes to a question of what is womanly or unwomanly. According to one masculine critic, it is "just like a woman" to be dishonourable, petty and treacherous. According to another, the typical woman is vain, jealous and utterly untrustworthy. Wherefore, it would follow that, in the estimation of these gentlemen, to be womanly is to have all the small vices and some of the larger variety.

There is one talent of womankind, however, which man never tires of praising—and that is culinary skill. When woman is able to make chicken pot pie and Maryland biscuit, such as the heart of man craves and desires, then is he loud in his praises of the art and turns cold and undiscerning eyes upon the painted china of another damsel or listens unkindly by admiration to the sonatas as played by a third. The woman who is remembered most fondly by man as an ornament to her sex and to whom he is (almost) true is the lady of the rolling-pin.

Books for a Holiday

IT is almost as dangerous to recommend a book as to recommend an acquaintance or a friend. You know how often your good friend, Alicia, exclaims: "Oh, I do want you to meet Elizabeth. I've told her so much about you and I know you'll be ever so congenial." Then it happens that you and Elizabeth meet and bow rather distantly, each wondering why Alicia was so enthusiastic; and the latter wonders why you and Elizabeth did not "take to each other" and you feel most unappreciative—because the charge is just. The trouble is that you were over-recommended to each other, and human nature, which is ever contrary, refuses to become friendly to order. If you had met Elizabeth without any warning as to each other's attractiveness, you might have been the best of comrades.

In spite of the danger of recommending either books or personal friends, I am going to advise you to read the stories by G. A. Birmingham in these days of ease and sunshine. The name of the writer is merely the disguise for Canon Hannay, a clergyman in Ireland, who has become successful as a writer of plays, his "Spanish Gold" and "General John Regan" having given Londoners many a good laugh. Clean comedy is not so common in these days that we can afford to miss any of it, and I have found G. A. Birmingham's books unalloyed delight. Of course, if you do not know anything about Ireland, you may find it difficult to understand the rollicking methods of Dr. Whitty and J. J. Meldon, the two most exhilarating liars in modern fiction. There are no tiresome "problems," none of the strenuous life, no American hero laying his millions at the feet of a beautiful Gibson Girl. There is fun of the most buoyant order in everyone of the Birmingham books, and each story seems better than the last, although I think I should rather have written "The Simpkins Plot" than any other. We owe the deepest gratitude, after all, to the man who makes us laugh. "The smiles which know not cruelty" are the best gift to humanity.

ERIN.