

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### Kind Words For Daddy

SOME of us may have felt that in the midst of all the modern discussion of domestic relationship, the father does not receive due recognition. The mother, quite properly, receives glowing laudation (in orations and paragraphs at least), for her unselfishness and devotion, but the father of the family is all too seldom mentioned. Some agitators have become so frantic in their feminism as to talk and write as if it were not at all important to regard the relationship of children to the paternal parent. Then we have the State invoked on every occasion, as if it even could take the place of human parentage and care.

However, a Chicago physician has come to the aid of the ignored "pappas" and declared last year at the convention of a Medical Society that we had so magnified the importance of motherhood as to forget the paternal force for good or evil. In fact, Doctor Price went so far as to say that the father is the dominating force of civilization. While we may consider that statement is going too far in the estimation of masculine influence, it is rather cheering to notice that someone is looking after Daddy's interests and realizes that he is something more than a domestic cipher.

We have become accustomed in jest and cartoon to the over-worked head of the American Household who slaves at home, that his wife and daughters may go abroad and dazzle Europe with their gowns and accent. The English husband, on the contrary, expects too much subservience from his womenkind and the result is—the Lady with the Bomb. Perhaps in Canada we shall award the father his due and give him credit for the day's work and his own share of the day's fun.

The best of good chums is a well-brought-up Daddy, who possesses the quality of eternal boyhood.

### A Girl's Brother

A GIRL who has no brothers is likely to miss part of Life's most beneficial discipline. A brother is the most stimulating possession a girl can have, as he ignores any fine qualities or regular features she may possess, devotes himself to ridicule of her too-generous mouth and refuses to call her hair "auburn." Brothers, it must be admitted, are a trial in the early stages, for they refuse to respect the smaller hypocrisies of the household and invariably expose any attempt on the part of the women of the family to assume a fictional wealth or dignity. How often have the limitations of the family wardrobe or the larder been revealed by an over-frank young brother, who scorned the refined assumptions of his ambitious sister!

However, if any persecuted sister feels that there should be limitations to fraternal teasing, there is always time to pay the tormentor back in his own coin. I know, at least, one sister who is now enjoying herself hugely over her brother's first (so far as the sister knows) love affair. The hero is nineteen years of age and has amused himself in spare moments by ridiculing his sister's men friends, as

to manner and clothing, while nothing has been too harsh to say regarding their lack of facial loveliness. But the sister's hour has come and the resources of her vocabulary are being ransacked to describe in depreciating terms the young person who has temporarily ensnared the brother's fancy. It is, really, an entertaining mode of revenge and is creating much distress for the young lover.

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### Veils and Vanities

EVERYONE is more or less interested in the new styles, and most of us are just as little afraid of them. The skirts are not any narrower—for a very obvious reason. The peg-top arrange-

fully extended on the nose.

The new veils, however startling they may be, can be avoided by the determined woman who has resolved to take nothing but a "plain mesh," devoid of spots and spiders. Fashion will soon vary the veils.

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### The New Fabrics

THERE is always consolation to be found, even in this world, and even in the spring fashions.

If the beflounced waist reduces you to despair, and the collar, that is "so perfectly Japanese" and made not to fit, gives you a desire to tell Premet, Poirer and the rest what you think of them, let your eyes rest upon the new fabrics and a great peace will steal into your heart. Surely such lovely laces and seductive silks never were known or worn before. The very daintiest that loom can weave or hand can embroider seems to have been given to the service of the springtime fabrics. The crepes, even those of

the cotton class, are as sheer and delicate as an April morning mist, while the brocades have shed their ancient majesty and stiffness and are the airiest fabrics which ever had roses and Marguerites wandering over an expanse of silver and azure. Egyptian crepe, satin nocturne Tango crepes and the cotton corduroy called golfine are creating delight among the host of spring shoppers. There are exquisite white crepes with a faint tracery of purple hare-bells or the bluest of forget-me-nots, and we come to the conclusion that if an unkind freak made the flounces and minarets, the best of good fairies worked all night over the fabrics. Let no critic imagine that woman is becoming masculine in her tastes. Anything more remote from man's ugly tweeds and prosaic cloths could not be imagined than this veritable wonderland of soft and radiant fabrics which may be crushed through a ring, only to expand into their original yards of sheer and dainty beauty. Yes, the skirts are queer, the fruit-adorned buttons are alarming, the bug-

bestrewn veils are barbaric, but the new spring fabrics are from Titania's own workshop. So that when milady will be invested in them, as believe me she will despite their fancy prices, not even Cobweb, nor as pretty Peas blossom, will have more to boast than she in her fairy raiment.

ERIN.

### Equinox

"The night of time far surpasseth the day; and who knows when was the equinox?"

First, winds of March must blow and rains must beat,  
Thick airs blend wood, and field, and distant hill,  
Before the heavy sky has wept its fill;  
And, like a creeping sloth, the chill must eat  
Down close to Nature's core; in dull repeat  
The days move on with scant light until,  
Far shining from his western window-sill,  
Some evening sun full face to face we meet!  
And then we say the line is crossed: the feud  
Between Old Night and Day adjusted stands,  
As in a balance swung by airy hands  
Above the clouds. Our fancies are but crude,  
And lightly gossip of infinitude:  
None knows how wide the arch of Night expands!

—Edith M. Thomas.



A PROMINENT HOSTESS IN PRIVATE LIFE.

The members of the Heliconian Club, Toronto, are fortunate in having for their president, Mrs. Agar Adamson, a confirmed patroness of women's arts and letters. The spacious Adamson home throughout, like the dining-room here pictured, expresses a rare gift for artistic arrangement. The guest at tea in this peep is the hostess' son.

ment has whirled over from Paris, with a malicious desire to make the plump person look like the fattest fright that ever emerged from a dressmaker's parlour, and there are rufflings and flarings in the back which will make us appear as if we had corrugated spines. However, lest you should think that the world of modes has been smitten with madness, just look up some old fashion-plates of the eighties when we were wearing bold and unbecoming bustles and spending yards and yards on draperies and paniers. As for the "debutante slouch" or "ingenue lurch" which is supposed to accompany the 1914 costumes, it is about the ugliest bit of attitudinizing with which Fashion has afflicted us.

We are to wear small hats of slightly Bacchanalian tilt, with veils of intricate mesh. Never was there seen such a variety of colour in veiling as is being spread for our approval and purchase on the March counters. Coloured veils, however, are a dangerous experiment for those who have left fresh complexions behind them and have found no satisfactory substitute. The red veil is so apt to have a Lucrezia Borgia suggestion, and the purple veil is sickly and reminiscent of withering violets. The worst trick which Fashion has played us is to strew those hideous leaves and spiders throughout the veil until we receive a sudden shock as we behold a creature of beetle aspect on a fair cheek or a tarantula care-