

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### The Homemade Hat

IS there anything more irritating than the story of the homemade hat, as told by the popular journal? It sounds so ridiculously easy when you read about the shape and the wire, the scrap of ribbon, which you can buy as a remnant at a price which is absolutely absurd, the few roses which you purchase, at an abjectly reduced figure, that you enter upon the task of hat-manufacture with a courage which makes you proud of your own temerity. After all, why shouldn't you make your own hat? Why should you swell the coffers of millionaire milliners, when you know, just as well as they, what is becoming to your head and how it may be achieved? So you buy your ribbon and roses, invest in a queer skeletony affair, which is the "shape" and set out, by the aid of a fashion magazine, to transform the raw material into a creation which you would never know from a Paris imported chapeau.

Then the blessed shape begins to exhibit that depravity which lurks in anything by which we hope to economize. It falls off the table, rolls under chairs, gets stepped on and refuses to stand still for a moment, while we try pinning the flowers on the right side in a droopy bunch and erecting the ribbon in a fierce and rampant bow, somewhere near the north-west corner of the structure. We read the article carefully, glare at the illustrations and determine to try again. But the shape is absolutely irreconcilable with anything smart or modish. The hat smirks at us in a hopelessly Mary Ann fashion, and the roses look as if they were the very last of the summer before last. The ribbon surely looks much cheaper than it did on the counter, and you wish you had bought something neat and simple, with very little trimming, at the Handsome Hat Shop. After all, it is better to have only one hat in a season, and have something with an "air" to it. Then a scornful young brother arrives on the scene and remarks in a loud voice on "the fierce lid," and you decide to give it away for sweet charity.

"This is something I'm trimming for the mission," you explain, blandly, and the seventh daughter of a Hungarian immigrant profits by your amateur millinery.

Of all base delusions and snares which make the lot of the would-be economizer a hard and misunderstood way, the homemade hat is the most beguiling and treacherous.

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### The Specious Article

HERE is one of the offensive articles, staring at me as I write. It is not in a journal especially designed for women's reading, but is in the "Strand," almost beside a delightful W. W. Jacobs' story. "What You Can Do With One Hat" is the beguiling name of this production, which proceeds to inform you of all the ways in which a plain shape of black Pedal straw may be manipulated. The brim is about four inches wide and is wired round the edge, the wire of course being neatly hidden by the "larm" or edging of straw. The illustrations are very fetching, indeed, too good to be true, and the story which is told is one of those light and airy bits of fiction which lure you into experiments which end in mortified vanity and vexation of spirit. There are about fifteen different hats shown, all made from various twistings and turnings of that same Pedal straw shape, and, of course, the fair face beneath the hat looks charmingly youthful and innocent in all guises and disguises. You believe you will buy such a shape to-morrow, also the two yards of ribbon, the quills, the roses, the drooping plumes and the trailing fruit vines, so eloquently described. You, also, will have a variety of hats, at a minimum of outlay. Well, don't say that I did not warn you, when you find that the ribbon will not loop right, the roses twist about and turn their faces from the brim in

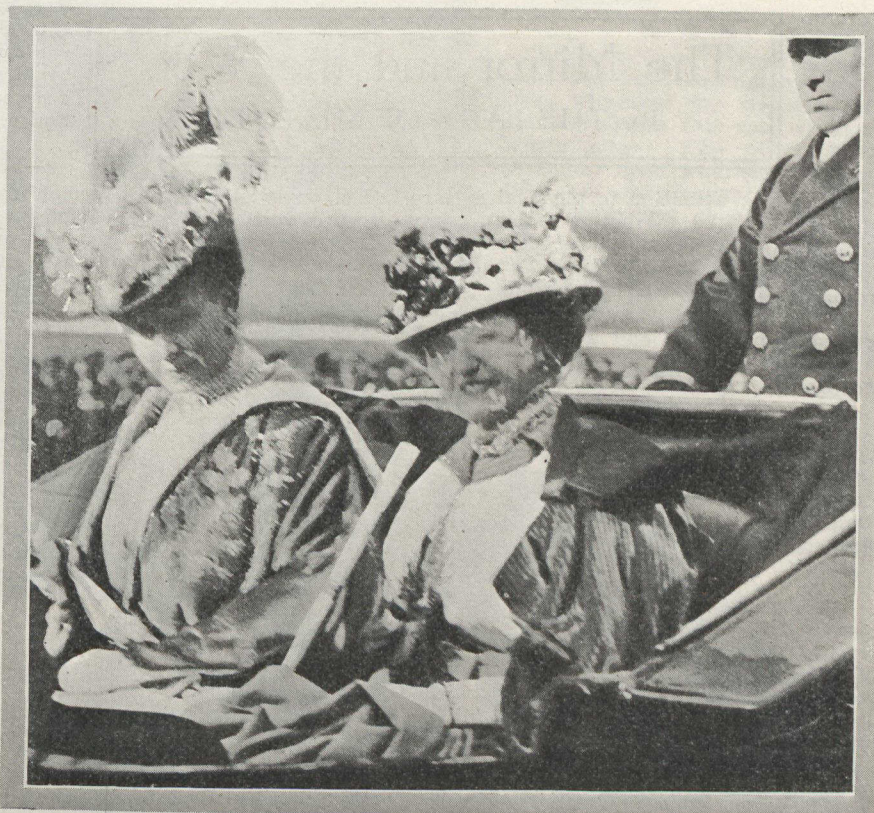
the most contrary fashion, the plumes flop about in a dragged condition and the hat really looks as if you had made it yourself.

Once in a while there is a woman who really can trim hats, to make them look like the pedestalled triumphs in the smartest shops.

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### Womanliness and Its Negative

SOMEONE asked the other day: "What is Feminism?" and no one present seemed able to answer the question. "The new woman" and "the higher education of woman" were the most popular



OUR SOVEREIGN LADY ABROAD.

Though less fond of France than a former Queen Mary, the present royalty is here seen enjoying a drive through Vincennes with Madame Poincare, first lady of that gayest of republics. The occasion was a spectacular military show.

answers to the query, but these are, at best, indefinite replies. In truth, it is most difficult to define this latest "ism." One woman gave it as her opinion that "it meant the very essence of the Eternal Feminine."

"There is nothing womanly about Feminism," commented a man critic sweepingly. "Feminism is essentially unwomanly."

Here comes that adjective again, with all its various applications. "I detest smoking for woman," said a dainty girl, the other day. "It's so unwomanly."

"Yet the Turkish women smoke habitually, and think we are shameless and dreadful, because we go about with unveiled faces," said another girl.

"Smoking," said a man, dubiously, "I don't want any woman related to me to indulge in the habit—but the other man's sister may do as she likes. I don't want to see a woman smoke, any more than I want to see a man do Irish crochet."

"But it used to be considered unwomanly to ride a bicycle," said a young person who is said to have a weakness for the "sly cigarette."

"And it was most unwomanly to study mathematics or science or any poetry beyond Letitia Landon and Felicia Hemans," said a "Varsity girl." "It seems as if the womanliness of one age were the affectation of another."

"Just a few years ago, it was regarded as a shocking thing for woman to ride astride her Arab steed," said the young athlete, who is famous at basket-ball in one of our best girls' schools. "Yet, at the Canadian Horse Show, in Toronto, last month, one of the most graceful and charming equestriennes rode in that

fashion. She was applauded by the women quite as warmly as by the men."

"It's a most inconsistent world," said the girl who wants a vote; "no man ever protested when he saw a woman scrubbing a floor, washing the windows or climbing a step-ladder to brush off the ceiling, that it was an unwomanly task—but the coarse work of casting a ballot is degrading."

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### The Women of Ulster

IN the present turmoil about Irish affairs, it does not seem a favourable moment for prophecy as to the political outcome. Bloodshed in Ireland would be no new "situation," but it is the hope of all British subjects that such a sad crisis may be averted. The Canadian who regards Ulster's opposition as a pretence or a passing whim is making a profound mistake in his racial judgment. Ulster may be right or wrong, but she is emphatically in earnest. In the United States, it is the custom to refer to Ulster people as Scotch-Irish. This is etymological, as well as temperamental error. Mr. Chesterton, in his book on George Bernard Shaw, comes nearer to an understanding and estimate of the North of Ireland people than any other writer. You might as well call a Boston Adams an Englishman as call an Ulster Roberts a Scot.

The women of Ulster are an unusually well-informed class, in matters of local history and politics, and their influence in the early training of the youth of the country is incalculable. The religion of Ulster has been sneered at, by those whose only views on that subject are a cheap and easy atheism. The Ulster women have not registered votes, but they have formed and strengthened convictions which it will not be easy for any opportunist to shake.

ERIN.

### Women as Office Holders

A CONSIDERABLE disturbance was created in a prominent organization of women two or three years ago over the fact that one woman had held the presidency of the organization for ten years and gave no signs of being willing to allow any one to succeed her. This led to a small scene and some heartburning, but in the end a new president was chosen.

A similar situation exists in the International Council of Women, which meets once every five years, and which is meeting this year at Rome. Lady Aberdeen has been president of this organization for about twenty years, and apparently has had no idea of retiring. A recent dispatch states that there was a movement to dethrone her, but later news tells of her re-election.

It is unfortunate that leading women should allow themselves to be persuaded to accept so many re-elections to office. In the men's Canadian clubs, which are scattered over the country, it is a usual thing for the president to be changed every year. If a man tried to hold the office for more than one year he would incur the displeasure of his fellows and his reputation would be seriously impaired. In the Canadian Club of Toronto, for example, there are about thirteen members on the Executive. At the last annual meeting eleven of the men chosen for the next year were not on the Executive in the previous year. The secretary became president and the past-president remained on the Executive ex-officio. Otherwise the Executive is entirely new. This may be radical, but it prevents dissatisfaction.

If women were to make it a rule that in all their organizations no person should be asked to occupy the office of president for more than one year, they would find the results much more satisfactory. Such a rule would add dignity to the organization by giving it a large number of past-presidents who would naturally continue to take an active interest in its affairs. Further, such a plan provides for the constant infusion of new blood and new ideas, and makes for progress. The old idea, that the longer a person holds office the more capable and efficient that person becomes, is an exploded theory so far as social organizations are concerned.