

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

Making Resolutions

DOES anyone seriously make resolutions or keep diaries in these days? Of course, we have little morocco-bound books, called diaries by courtesy, in which we chronicle brief notes as to teas we have attended or recitals we intend to hear. But the genuine heart-to-heart diary, in which the heroine told all about her hopes and fears, and wrote down her first impressions of "him," to say nothing of her later impressions of a more imposing hero, seems to be a book forever closed. Are we too busy to keep a diary, or are we less introspective than our grandmothers were? On the first day of the year, the old-time diary showed a formidable list of resolutions, most of them to the effect that the resolver would cultivate patience, punctuality and all other virtues during the three-hundred-and-sixty-odd days that were to come.

There is an old saying to the effect that Hell is paved with good intentions. We wonder what becomes of broken resolutions. It must have been a painful experience in the days of the diary, to read on December thirty-first the resolutions which had been solemnly and sincerely written down on the first of the January preceding. So many must have suffered daily shattering that the fair chronicler would need abundant faith in herself if there were to be another page for the very next year.

Some years ago, a wise old "auntie" down South gave me her views on the subject of resolutions in rather striking terms.

"Don' yo' evah make resolutions out loud, chile," she said impressively. "Laws, no! The Devil knows all about it then an' tempts you' suah, every day, caze he knows what you write an' what you say—but that miserable ole Devil don' know what you think. So, jes think yo' resolutions an' keep 'em to yo'-se'f an' the Devil he'll be disappointed suah."

The Amazing Magazines

WHEN most Canadians talk about magazines they mean the fifteen-cent monthly publications of New York and Chicago. It is a melancholy fact that we are much better acquainted with "Munsey's" and "McClure's" than we are with "Blackwood's" or the "British Weekly." In the popular magazines of the United States, fiction has displayed, during the last two years, a tendency towards morbid sensationalism which is ultimately becoming ridiculous. A new publication, entirely fiction, recently issued by a well-known firm, shows this unhealthiness in a marked degree. The majority of the stories deal with most startling episodes of the "luring-to-ruin" order, and leave one to infer that the young girl of to-day is encircled by vampires of the most bloodthirsty type. It is almost impossible to pick up a magazine or a weekly of the popular type without being confronted with pictures and narratives of the most harrowing nature, describing the horrors which await the young person from the country who attempts to earn her own living in the city.

While it is well to warn the young girl who is to try her fortunes in the city, either in kitchen or office, of the unwisdom of making acquaintances on the train or on the street, it is surely hysterical folly to depict certain sordid instances as typical of the fate of the girl toilers. The vast majority of the young women earning their own living in our cities to-day are possessed of a high sense of honour and a self-respect which enables them to do the day's work without any fear of sentimental complications. All this rubbish which is being written about their trials and temptations would lead one to believe that the average business man is a lurking Lothario, instead of being a sensible citizen, duly anxious to secure bread-and-butter (and a little jam) for his wife and children. It is estimated that there are more than forty thousand women in Toronto alone who are earning their living down town. Of these thousands, how many find conditions conducive to such desperate

measures as the writers of modern fiction would suggest? While it is desirable to warn unsophisticated young travellers and to urge the payment of adequate wages, it is still more important to enable the ambitious girl to equip herself as efficiently as possible for the business life. Inefficiency and idleness, to say nothing of vanity, are far greater foes to feminine safety than the vampires which are alleged to be so numerous.

In which connection our social workers, dealers in facts, are agreed—from Miss McDonald, of Victoria, one of the two recently-appointed policewomen in that city, and Miss Mary Yeomans, of Edmonton, probation officer, to Miss Campbell, of Ottawa, leading Travellers' Aid official—that vocational schools are

delights in it every day. There is no end to the fun to be got out of salads and sherbets."

"But what about your husband? Men don't care for salads and sherbets—they want steak and potatoes and onions every time," said an envious friend.

"It's the surprise of my husband's life to find that I can cook. You see, Martha had been with us ever since we were married, and all I ever did, in the way of cooking, was an occasional dessert. Now, I have settled down to the culinary art in earnest, and it really gets more interesting every day. Tom actually wanted to come home to luncheon last week, instead of having it down town! I have been thinking over domestic problems lately and have come to the conclusion that women have been dreadfully stupid. For centuries they have been using hand labour, where they might have set their brains to work and invented machinery. They have been stooping over kitchen tables which were entirely too low, and have been refusing to sit down and think out a reform in kitchen furnishing. There is no virtue in being uncomfortable and doing everything in the hardest way. Before the year 1915 comes along, I'm going to be a domestic economist, and the high cost of living is not going to alarm me."

A Varied Fare

"THAT is all very well," said the practical inquirer, "but you can't, as the French say, make omelettes without breaking eggs. You can't make a salad out of your plans, or coffee ice cream out of well-meaning air. You must have tomatoes and lettuce and eggs for the best kind of salad—and decent eggs are sixty cents a dozen."

"There are salads and salads," replied the undaunted economist. "Then there are ever so many ways of making even a boiled dinner quite savoury and delightful. I read an article the other day about 'A Bouquet in the Stew,' which is better worth a woman's consideration than any short story ever written. Most of us don't really try to have any variety in the week's diet and go on from New Year's to Christmas with the same old dishes of bacon and porridge for breakfast."

"Is there anything better?" asked the inquirer.

"Something different is better than any steady diet you can name," asserted this daring dietitian. "Life is ever so much more interesting when you are not exactly sure of what you are going to have for dinner."

"My husband would never like fancy dishes," said the practical inquirer.

"I don't mean fancy dishes," replied the lady of the varied menu. "I don't believe in trying to make a hungry man imagine that bread crumbs, rice and grated cheese, with part of a beaten egg, will make a croquette as satisfying as Porterhouse steak. But it is quite possible to have nourishment and variety at the same time. I used to think that keeping house was the dullest work on earth, but it was just because I kept doing the same old thing in the same old way."

"But when do you get time for anything else?"

"On the contrary, I seem to have more time. I read for an hour every day and take an hour's tramp every afternoon, rain

or shine—and last year, when I had very little to do, I was actually afraid of a nervous breakdown. But I have given up calling, and all that kind of waste time. There are only half a dozen friends who really matter, and the rest are only a bother. . . ."

"Don't you think she's a little queer?" said the practical inquirer as we waited for the car.

"I think Tom is an ever-so-lucky husband," I replied with promptness.

ERIN.

ACCORDING to our English actor visitor, Mr. Cyril Maude, "the stage as a profession for women is the most magnificent one in the world if a woman is successful, and the most unhappy, miserable one if she fails, or even if she is only what most women are, very moderately successful." The above statement was made in an address before the students of the Women's College, recently, in Montreal.



MISS BRENDA WILLIAMS-TAYLOR, Who Arrives This Month in Montreal With Her Parents, Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor. Miss Williams-Taylor Has Travelled Widely and is Particularly Attracted to Sicily.

needed for girls as the surest means to their adequate protection.

The Inventive Housewife

IN these days when so much is heard about the high cost of living, it is interesting to hear of the various ways, to which women are resorting, in order to meet the rising rates. Not long ago I heard a housewife declare:

"I've found a new interest in life—and, that is, trying to concoct cheap dishes which won't taste cheap. I always thought cooking was dull until last year, when our treasure of a maid left, and I was accordingly thrown on my own resources. We are doing without a maid this winter, and I'm as proud as a chef over my newly-discovered talent. Do you know, I positively enjoy cooking more than anything I've done before—even skating—and I'm finding new