

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### The Mendelssohn Choir Concerts

THE month of February is always anticipated by musical Torontonians, as the time and season for the most notable cycle of concerts given in Canada. In fact, the interest in these events extends far beyond Toronto or Ontario, and may be said to be a national pride. The Canadian voice has been frequently abused, and indeed it is not a thing of music and a joy forever. It is too often nasal and high-pitched, although in this respect it compares favourably with that of Vermont, to say nothing of Illinois. Yet the northern voice has been so harmonized and developed by Dr. A. S. Vogt, the matchless conductor from Waterloo, that it has become a wonderful choral instrument, equal to the interpretation of such a masterpiece as Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony."

Years ago, I went one bright afternoon with the Mendelssohn Choir to Buffalo. We had a "Mendelssohn Limited" which clicked off the miles between the capital of Ontario and the state of New York, as if the locomotive were Mr. Kipling's famous "007." It was, altogether, a delightful experience, to behold Canada's champion choir invading foreign territory and to see Convention Hall packed with appreciative thousands. If one may use comparatives and superlatives about what is always an absolutely satisfying artistic performance, it seemed as if the Choir displayed even more vigour and dramatic fervour when singing abroad than when at home, as if it were on its musical mettle. Therefore, all of us who would like Europe to know that Canada is something more than wheat and cheese—valuable as cheese sandwiches are—feel a strong desire that the plan for an European tour should be carried out. Finance could not do a better national work than to send the Mendelssohn Choir to London, Paris and Berlin. Perhaps we should be spared so many reflections on our "crudity" on the part of the youthful English bank clerk who has consented to tarry for a while in the Dominion.

This year's cycle of concerts gave us fresh work, of which Sir Edward Elgar's "The Music-Makers" was most popular in appeal. From first to last, however, the triumphs of the past were confirmed and heightened and one listened to "God Save the King" at the conclusion of the fourth concert on Thursday evening with renewed gratitude to the "man behind the baton," who could not be more esteemed if he were "Sir Augustus." Toronto cannot succeed at a carnival or a home-comers' festival. She admits that Ottawa is more picturesque, Montreal more cosmopolitan, and Winnipeg more stirring. But she can take the strangers within her gates to the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, in the glad confidence that there is sounded the highest note in choral achievement.

### The Magic of a Voice

YOU remember the old nursery stories about the wonderful fairy who could make your wishes come true. Most women, perhaps, would ask for beauty, and yet, if we stop to consider the more abiding charm, the gift of a melodious voice might be more worth the asking. We all know the time-worn lines from "King Lear," about the low, sweet voice which is an excellent thing in woman, and yet we forget about its virtue when we go to five o'clock teas. When the voice becomes actual music, it seems the most gracious gift in the world. Do we ever grudge the millions to Jenny Lind, Melba or Nordica? Willingly we pay what is demanded, for the singer, next to the poet, has the power to transform this workaday world into a lordly pleasure house, where, for the moment, we are all kings and queens. I have often wondered how we came to use the expression, "not worth a song," for song seems one of the most precious productions on this ever-changing earth.

All these and many other fancies came and went as a girl, in a gown which shimmered between rose and mauve, seated herself at the piano and sang

that lovely old lyric of Luise Reichardt's, "When The Roses Bloom." There was a fire of huge logs blazing in the wide fire-place at the end of the big room, and the early February dusk was darkening the windows, against which the wind was driving the flakes of snow. But the notes of the song were falling softly, softly, "like petals from blown roses on the grass," and wind and darkness were forgotten. It was springtime again, the "time of roses," with the leaves a-stir and the fragrance a-drift—all through the magic of a song.

"For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice,  
But to move to the meadow and fall before  
Her feet on the meadow grass and adore . . .  
Not her, not her, but a voice."



THE "MAYORESS" OF TORONTO.

A Term Entirely Applicable to Mrs. H. C. Hocken, Who Has No Public Interests Apart from Those Which Engage Her Husband, and Who Yet Finds Herself "a Busy Woman." The Term Now in Progress is the Second in Which Mayor Hocken Has Borne That Civic Title.

So says the moody hero of "Maud" in his wisdom, as he hears her spring-time ballad.

### The Confessional Article

IT is really difficult to find a name for it, but, perhaps the above heading will describe faintly the kind of article which has been devastating our magazines for the last few years. It has been preceded by books of a "confessional" nature, mostly sentimental and soulful. We had Mrs. Clifford's "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," an amorous but discerning tale of a maiden who finally came to her senses and made a prudent, business-like marriage. Then there was "The Love-Letters of an Englishwoman," published about twelve years ago, full of a mysterious, sad parting and the anguish of the alleged daughter of Albion, although it is said that a mere man was the writer of the impassioned epistles. There was, of course, the "Story of Mary Maclean," a vulgar but rather clever book of personal revelation, by a young person living somewhere near Butte, Montana. There were ever so many lesser volumes, breathing of broken hearts, which refused to be mended, or of rebellious natures which found the earth, and everything upon it, supremely unsatisfactory. They were books in high favour at Christmas-time and were usually bound in purple and silver, or old rose and gold, with the best of paper and type. Just as they were becoming rather threadbare, the magazines took up the happy game of telling the story of your life, and now, for the sum of ten or fifteen cents, you are almost certain to come across a thrilling article on "Why I

Left My Wife," or "How I Managed to Remain with My Husband," to say nothing of "How I Received My First Proposal." Of course, the feminine publications especially revel in this kind of "confession."

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### The Regretful Spinster

WE have suffered many things with the misunderstood wife and the all-too-well-understood husband. We have heard all about how he forgot to send her violets on her birthday and she disenchanted him by wearing whitey-brown curl-papers in the morning. The drama of domestic infelicity has also added its terrors to the world of entertainment, and we have seen just how difficult it is to be happy and married, when the high cost of living has sounded the excelsior note. But all these are as nothing to the sobs of the spinster which are now being heard through the popular periodicals.

The spinster of thirty-five or forty is arising to state that she is simply in despair because, long ago, she refused some worthy John, Thomas or Henry, in the false belief that she would find happiness in independence, and comfort in a career. These careers are nebulous affairs and we are not informed whether the lady had a desire to write, to compose light opera, or to become a feminine Phidias. At any rate, she repents, when too late, that she sent the worthy suitor away and she sobs forth her loneliness and regret to the extent of a whole page of the "Woman's Only Companion" or "The Ladies' Homely Friend." However, the sympathetic reader may be consoled. These articles on the misunderstood wife, the unloved husband and the solitary spinster are probably written by one and the same contributor—perhaps a burly bachelor, whose tongue is in his cheek as he writes. Most spinsters are too busy, in these motoring days, what with Musical Morning Clubs and Associations to Aid Everybody, to waste any time over faded violets and deceased roses. The Confessional Article is a sobful bit of fake journalism—and that is all.

ERIN.

### Brevities of News

By CAP-AND-BELLS

A TIP to hostesses in these days of the complicated high cost of living was the party given in New York recently by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton. The function was called an Egyptian dinner, and the table, according to the society note, was decked to resemble the vast Sahara—with sand and the other desert requisites. One wonders if the realism went so far as to make the plates do duty as oases and the dishes thereon to simulate mirages.

THE housewife's machinery, which is to "curry the middleman's gamecock," namely, the Pelletier system of parcels post, was set in motion in Canada lately without formality when the Postmaster-General mailed a parcel—a souvenir mail-bag—to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, in Ottawa. "The event went off without a hitch," according to an enthusiastic reporter. But a system will hardly remain without "hitches," which admits of the possible circumstance of a pot-pie and a pup in the self-same mail-bag.

ONE of the interests at a recent meeting of the Women's Canadian Club of Victoria, B.C., was a paper read by Mrs. Henry Hannington on the U. E. L.'s of Nova Scotia. "Her remarks," writes the Colonist's reporter, "were interspersed with several humorous incidents, the speaker's ancestors having lived amongst the scenes described." Mrs. Hannington's ancestors may have been funny—but their pranks were nothing to the episodes which might be told by the followers of Darwin.

ALTHOUGH not so largely attended as on previous occasions, the skating party at Government House the other afternoon was a very enjoyable event. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia were present, accompanied by several members of the household. His Royal Highness enjoyed skating during the greater part of the afternoon." So runs