

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

The Curse of Loquacity

IT has remained for a Russian to make the alarming discovery that we talk too much. "Verbomania" is the name given this entirely new ailment by Ossip Lourie, the learned gentleman who has just found that excessive talking is to blame for nearly all our troubles. In his opinion, civilization is responsible for the ravages of loquacity, and something must be done to check the modern flow of language, or we shall all be talked to death. Mr. Lourie is unkind enough to assert that, if it were impossible to speak without thinking, the greater part of mankind would become dumb in a few years.

This scientific gentleman says that we use words, without thinking of what they mean, and that we are mere animated talking machines, not human beings who reflect and therefore speak. He urges preventive measures quite seriously upon teachers, physicians, clergymen and other guardians of the public well-being. We should learn what words mean, insists this Russian philosopher, before we rush in and discuss the topics of the hour. He urges humanity to wage war against verbosity, just as it enters a campaign against alcoholism or tuberculosis. But how is this to be done? By talking against talking? We have an alarming number of "fancy Sundays," as it is, with collections for special causes. However, we may as well have another, and ask the ministers of the land to deliver discourses (brief, be it understood) on the sweet uses of silence. It is, really, a serious charge against civilization and we may as well talk it over.

Differences and Definitions

IT was Ruskin who said that there had been a vast amount of bloodshed in Europe, because people had different definitions for the word, "Church." It is rather comforting to reflect that we have not been quarrelling after all—we have merely forgotten to define what we were talking about. It is well that we are not asked to stand and deliver a definition at every turn in the conversation.

Some years ago, there was much amusement created by certain reporters in New York, who set out to secure a definition of the word, "lady." Most would-be definers usually wound up their remarks with the sentiment: "Well, of course, you can always tell a lady when you see her."

A maid who was informing her mistress some time ago that someone had called, added, reassuringly: "It was a real lady, for I noticed she had a silk dress and mink furs."

So, we define most types or classes by the things possessed, rather than by the qualities attained. The "best people" so often means merely rich, "good society" so often means nothing more than the smart set. In his day, Thomas Carlyle wrote a fierce attack on "Gigmanism," which was nothing more than defining a respectable man as "one who kept a gig." We have changed the form of the vehicle since the days of the author of "Sartor Resartus," and now consider the motor-car the test of social and financial importance. Curious, surely, that the possession of wheels or the ability to make them go round, should mean so much in the worldly measure of personality.

An Anti-Feminist

SIR ALMOTH WRIGHT is a gentleman who, on more than one occasion, has devoted his energies to expressing an aversion to militant suffragism and kindred movements. Recently, however, his views on the unvoting sex have been published at some length, and make rather exhilarating

reading. Sir Almoth is just as much of an extremist as Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, herself. In fact, he outdoes that amiable agitress in the violence of his convictions, and assails womankind in a wholesale fashion which will add to the hilarity of nations and the hubbub of five o'clock teas.

Sir Almoth is a physician, too, which makes the indictment all the more serious, since the dear doctors are supposed to know more about feminine nerves and moods than is good for any profession. Is it not just possible that Sir Almoth has known so much of the fancy ailments of hysterical patients that he is hardly in a position to judge of the sex calmly? Perhaps, one of irrepressible Emmeline's



A NEW-WORLD MADONNA.

That Art is at Its Noblest When it Expresses What is Primal is Suggested by This Picture of a Squaw and Her Papoose Which Might Have Served a Raphael for Subject.

followers has "eaved the 'arf of a brick" through the window of Sir Almoth's study and smashed a statuette of Æsculapius (or whatever dignitary a fashionable London physician sets up). In that case, one can pardon his evident emotion and allow for the vehemence of a disturbed householder.

He is really funny, however, when he remarks: "Woman has stifled discussion by placing her taboo upon anything seriously unflattering being said about her in public." Now, when has frail, little woman ever been able to place a taboo upon a discussion of her place and station? On the contrary, man has had the literary field very much to himself for centuries, during which he has written reams of abuse of the dear ladies—as well as woeful ballads in praise of her eyebrows.

Even at Christmas time, we are afflicted by little books containing many sparkling epigrams.

"My only books were women's looks,
And folly's all they taught me"—

is one of them, written by Tom Moore, and a repre-

sentative sparkler, directed as it is at the wisdom and discretion of fortunately impervious womankind.

It is true that some trifling domestic infelicity may have been the cause of these bitter proverbs and scathing epigrams. The porridge may have been burnt, the omelette may have been done to more than a turn, the grocer's bill and the milliner's little account may have marred the morning coffee—and woman is to blame for it all.

Masculine Diatribes

AS we remarked some weeks ago, the writings of man, from Solomon to Shaw, have been strewn with acid remarks concerning the ladies, in whom they vainly put their trust. It is hardly matter for surprise that woman, now that she has taken her pen in hand and is attaining unto the dignity of a university degree, should "say things back." The militant suffragettes, however we may deplore them, are an effect, not a cause. The book by Sir Almoth explains many things. So long as there are Sir Almoths, there will be Emmeline Pankhursts. When Englishmen play the bully, Englishwomen will act the rebel—and right spectacularly, too. In the United States and Canada, women are accorded more consideration than in Europe; thus New York and Montreal are likely to be spared such antics as "dear old Lunnon" has witnessed. But let the man assume the role of bully and any woman worth calling a human being will match his brutality with feminine malice of the most ingenious order.

The Rude Man!

JUDGING from the extracts we have seen, Sir Almoth's book contains many rude remarks, and none more startling than the declaration that there are no good women. Really, Sir Almoth, this is not a bit nice of you, and is hardly what one has a right to expect from a mature masculine mind. It is usually a very young man, who wishes to be considered fearfully and wonderfully sophisticated, who indulges in a sweeping condemnation of that order. Even Emmeline, herself, does not say anything so horrid concerning the men who elect the legislators.

We should be sad, at heart, indeed, if corresponding libels were to be uttered concerning perfect and peaceable gentlemen. In fact, whenever we wish to hear or see a "villain," it is necessary to buy a ticket (or wheedle a pass out of the dramatic editor) and betake ourselves to the theatre. Of course, we shall be accused of becoming femininely personal, but we cannot help wondering how Sir Almoth or any other caustic critic of our much-abused sex came to form such vitriolic views. Wide observation, indeed, must have contributed to his scathing ultimatum. However, even Sir Almoth has his moments of modification and admits that although there are no good women,

there are some fairly respectable specimens, "who have lived under the influence of good men." Thanks, ever so much, Almoth dear. Fortunately, we have been so long and happily associated with good men and also good women that we recognize your pessimistic nonsense for the absurd and dyspeptic stuff it is. Take a long walk—and read "Spanish Gold."

ERIN.

Dispensing "Cheer" in Edmonton

EDMONTON, the capital city of Alberta, is planning to make the coming Christmas memorable. The United Aids Council, which came into existence over four years ago, has, from its inauguration, been active in looking after the needs of those who, through sickness, misfortune or accident, have been face to face with difficulties, and during the Christmas season it has been the means, through the generosity of Edmonton's citizens, of bringing joy to many homes.

The United Aids Council is incorporated by Act