



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

**A** CHICAGO clergyman has recently attacked society women for the sin of tarrying at the cocktail and has declared that the downtown restaurants, where alcoholic drinks are dispensed, are patronised freely by women. In Toronto, on the first Sunday of October, Canon Welch, in a sermon on intemperance made similar charges. But has so-called "society" ever been free from this vice of over-drinking? Everyone will admit the truth of the Canon's remarks but no one has much hope of fashionable circles ever being anything but bibulous. There are, of course, shining exceptions, even in the very best society. Mrs. Edith Wharton will hardly be accused of ignorance of the "smart" circles of the United States. In her much-discussed novel, "The House of Mirth," the dreary, sordid scenes of gambling and polite dissipation leave the ordinary reader with no desire to penetrate into such a company. Several critics doubted the wisdom of painting such a picture but no one raised a question as to the life-like colouring. It would be deeply depressing if we are to believe that a large class of Canadian women may be found among the drunkards. But the number is small if conspicuous, so the average Canadian need not be afraid that the country is going to what Mantalini called, "the demdition bow-wow." Only those in the ultra-fashionable circles and the poorest of all in the slum districts are given to over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks. The average Canadian woman is quite content with tea or chocolate and is much less given to anything highly stimulating than is her brother. Why not preach more to the men who drink? They need some exhortation. By the way, if there is any vanity left in the soul of woman, she will hardly resort to the cup which inebriates, for anything uglier than a drunken woman it is difficult to imagine. Bleary eyes, empurpled cheeks and crimson-tipped nose are repulsive enough in mere man, but when woman stoops to the folly of intoxication, the result is enough to shock the aesthetic sense of the least fastidious.

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An English medical man has declared that pretty girls are stupid. It goes without saying that the pretty girls have many defenders who take pen in hand to remark that the medical man must have been horribly out of sorts when he made such an absurd statement. If the old fairy tales might come true and a woman were allowed but one wish, what would she take? Gold—yellow and hard and mighty? Fame, Genius or Wisdom? Woman would turn from all these and ask for Beauty, believing that all the other gifts would be added unto her. There would be a few, perhaps, of all the daughters of Eve who would make another choice, but they would be an insignificant band in comparison with the host which would cry for bright eyes, fair skin and dimples. The pretty girl is not necessarily stupid and, even when she is rather dull in mental equipment, the world would be much drearier without her. Men may write nice little paragraphs in praise of the good housewife and the amiable, sensible creature who makes a long-suffering wife and an excellent mother. But the pretty little Dolly Varden with her dainty charms will have the masculine world at her shapely feet, while Dorcas is left to wash dishes and mend the clothes.

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In New Zealand there still exists the proud native Maori race, with the war-like virtues and the physique of the viking. The photograph of a Maori girl illustrating this page shows one of the finest feminine types of a

strong race. The women of our American continent will be moved to envy as they observe the wonderful masses of wavy hair and the rich fur cloak with its jewelled clasp. But this brilliant and imposing Maori girl is entirely extraordinary. She is, indeed, a princess, and owns many acres of the fairest island in the world. If there are many such royal maidens as she in far-off New Zealand, another Anthony Hope may well arise to write a romance of her moving adventures. The best of all possessions—health—seems to shine from the eyes of this dusky princess who looks as if she knew not the meaning of modern "nerves."

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Velvet, which has been properly called "the fabric of empire," continues to hold its place among fashionable gowns. There is no other material which so combines the qualities of elegance and softness. A gown of violet or ruby velvet is remembered when all the chiffons and organdies are forgotten. But if the genuine velvet is all that is regal, we may admit in sorrow that nothing is more unpleasant than the cheap imitation. Shabby velveteen is the dowdiest stuff that is worn. The rich tints of our Canadian autumn seem to associate themselves with this imperial fabric and we feel grateful

to the woman who wears in these October days, a velvet gown of crimson, russet or softest brown. She belongs to the splendour of the month and sheds a comforting glow through the land. It is no wonder that purple velvet was chosen for royal robes or that, the greatest of American poets gives his lost Lenore a stately chair with "velvet violet lining with the lamp-light glowing o'er." Even away back in childhood days this fabric was given poetic fascination, for was not the kingliest tinker of all who came to town the one who, as Mother Goose assured us, wore a velvet gown?

CANADIENNE.

### Omar for Housewives

To-morrow a new Cook will come, you say.  
Yes, but where leaves the Cook of yesterday?

And this sweet summer day that brings me Rose,  
Shall take Irene and Mary Jane away.

I sometimes think that never Burns the Bread  
So Black as when the Tea is Boiling Red;

That every Cabbage plant the Garden wears  
Knows more than any human Cabbage head.

And this new Maid who looks so fresh and Green  
On whom with all my woes I fain would Lean;

Ah, lean upon her Lightly, for who knows  
How soon She will get up and Quit the Scene?

Ah, my new Handmaid, fill the pan that clears  
To-day of unwashed dishes, stacked in tiers.

To-morrow? Why to-morrow I may be  
Myself Obligated to wash them—and for Years!

A box of Biscuits underneath the Bough,  
A Can of Beans, a bag of Salt, and thou  
Burned out and Singing in the Wilderness.  
Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow!

So when the Angel of the Muddy Drink  
Called Coffee, throws the Grounds into the Sink,  
And taking her Departure leaves you there  
Alone to Clean Things Up, you should not Shrink.

Ah, make the Best of so-called Help, my friend,  
Until we, too, into the Dust descend.

Take up the Work where hirelings left it off,  
Sans Hope, sans Help, sans Dishcloth, and sans End.  
—Ethelwyn Wetherald in "Good Housekeeping."