

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

Blissful June.

JUNE, blissful June, is with us once more, weaving her garlands of roses and honeysuckle more beautiful than before, sending the imaginative maiden off into the places of woody solitude, to dream the hours away, and the small boy into the woods to extract the fragrant leek from its growing place.

Every June is associated with two events in particular, graduations and June weddings. Every small boy goes whistling blithely along the streets, always on the alert for some white-ribboned cab or, if he be in the country, some carriage, gaudily ornamented by several cast-off articles of footwear, a number of tin-sounding instruments, and in fact every available bit of absurdity which can be hung from a string. The poets hie themselves into the places nearest Nature, by babbling brooks and rippling waves and all the numerous touches which this great painter has dabbed on the big world. The washerwoman, hands on hips, pauses long enough above her steaming tub to exclaim jubilantly at the robins who have risen early just to keep her company and sing a carol to her from the nearby treetops. Even the tired "hired man," coming home to supper ceases to regard them with so much disfavour as they flit down to pick a grain or two out of the freshly harrowed soil. For June has a way of making herself felt and felt very lovingly, which accounts for the victories of young Dan Cupid, who smiles blithely, as he fills his quiver. Perhaps he is responsible for the pretty blushes the sun and wind seem to bring to the maiden's cheek, as she dips her paddle into the lake, perhaps it is he who whispers thoughts to her as she lies dreaming on some mossy bank. For she smiles as she dreams, and the breezes play with her hair. Oh, the pure deliciousness of June!

### Shops vs. Domesticity

A RECENT number of a popular women's magazine has raised a cry as to the incompetence of shop girls, and the numbers of incompetent ones who are constantly applying for positions. It mentioned figures in such alarming percentages as eighty-two, who were refused on account of incompetence, while the meagre eighteen per cent. remained to while away the factory hours from day to day.

All of which goes to show that the motive of every girl who applies for a position in a shop is a pecuniary one. Money is the goal, and since there appears no other road leading to that goal, the one by way of the shop or factory is chosen. How sordid it all is! The eternal dollar glitters and sways elusively, the callow hand reaches feebly toward it, and presto, first thing it knows the dollar is clasped feverishly in a hot palm. The education of the average child is from the book which instills into the receptive mind the idea that the end all and be all of every grown child's life should be to get out into the by-paths of life and wander along by the dollar-dipped streams, which are numerous enough if one has only the gumption to find them. Result little Johnnie or Mary "don't take much schoolin'," and are thrust out in early tens, to find those apparently unfindable paths, long before their ethical legs are strong enough to hold them. What wonder if they wobble at the knees, and sink finally in a little unmoral heap by the side of the dollar-dipped stream? Almost instinctively girls are born with an antipathy-spoon in their mouths, against dish-washing and all its adjuncts. They shrink from the sight of a sink as they would from a striped rattlesnake, or an onion sandwich, and invent some important business for the hour directly following lunch and dinner, usually the five finger exercise or the Dublin Rag. Most miraculously the Rag ends at the precise moment the dishpan finds itself hanging on the accustomed nail

in the kitchen, all of which goes to explain why there are so many applications pouring in daily to every factory and department store in the Dominion. The idea of being a common domestic is so humiliating, you know, "a servant! Well, I should say not!" Followed by much superciliousness, a toss or two of the much-puffed head and a look which would squelch any member of the kitchen brigade. Alas! who would not prefer a day in a well-regulated household, where there are plenty of key-holes and enough worldly wisdom to fill a thousand encyclopedias, to eight or nine hours in a crowded department store, where the air is foul and the bargain counters oppressive? Where one must stand all day and smile and say, "Yes, madame," in the most sweetest tone, when one's head is splitting and there are blisters on the feet, almost as large as the silver dollars one strives to accumulate. The parlour maid is privileged to wear just as many puffs as the little blonde behind the ribbon counter, the cook can talk to the postman just as long as the demonstrator of Eureka cream can loitre with the travelling gentleman who has run in to buy some sunburn lotion. It is worth while thinking over. The two roads are worth comparing, for the advantages in being a chamber-maid or cook are almost illimitable.

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### The Bride

BRIDES, bouquets, blushes, all of them lulled in the lap of June. My word, what a beautiful picture! The bride must always be a blushing one, else the old, old epithets would vanish and the time-aged customs would be swallowed up in a vast sea of modernism, which would never do in all the world. For brides must always be the same, whether they be arrayed in a mountainous billow of crenoline, a shallow expanse of hobble or a Turkish effect of harem. They are all dear, sweet things, every one of whom has just married the only man in all the world. Oh, the illimitation of that only man! How he stands always on the *qui vive*, to assist the blushing bride in the adjustment of her hat-pins, how he jumps to push her chair in at the hotel table, on the honeymoon, and rushes around on the boat to bring her an ice, or a ginger ale, or a packet of chiclets! By the end of the three months' honeymoon, the little bridegroom attributes have vanished, and the bride begins to wander in the same old rut in which all her predecessors wandered, ever since Eve took that sinful bite. The beautiful creation about which the society editor wrote such glowing epi-

thets seems as a curtain which had been suddenly drawn aside, to show a new world; by the end of six, the wedding silver begins to look prosaic in its stolid row on the buffet—donated by the choir of which the bride was a most enthusiastic member—and by the time the beautiful blushing bit of sweetness has presided over the only man in the world's coffee for three hundred and sixty-five days, there have appeared other masculine figures on the earth, and the beautiful bride has become what countless other blushing brides became years before, a tired housewife, going monotonously about her daily duties, who looks at the Brussels net veil with a smile and wonders why the other men had not walked the earth a year before.

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### Queen Mary's Crown

A VERY important bit of jewel modelling has been completed in London, in the making of a new crown for Queen Mary, of which she is the designer. There is an elegant lace-like tracery of diamonds on the outside, with the kohinoor set in the centre. It is to be used only at the Coronation, after which ceremony the jewels will be reset in different articles.



MRS. ROBERT FALCONER

wife of the President of the University of Toronto, who takes a deep interest in the University women.