

# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

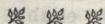
A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Speaking for the People

**T**HERE is one surpassing power which the orator or creative writer possesses—he says the thing for us. We have been thinking in a fog and groping for words in which to express the complex feelings which sweep over us; and we read a poem or hear a speech and cry in joyous recognition—"That is it—only I could not say it." There is one man, at least, who has stirred the heart of the Empire more than once by putting its throbs into metre and rhyme. Now he has put them into a straight-flung talk at Southport, during the West Lancashire recruiting campaign, and here are a few notes in the "one clear call":

"All mankind bears witness to-day that there is no crime, no cruelty, no abomination that the mind of man can conceive which the German has not perpetrated, is not perpetrating and will not perpetrate if he is allowed to go on. These horrors were arranged beforehand. It is the essence of that German system to make such a hell of the countries where her armies set foot, that any terms will seem like heaven to the people whose bodies she has defiled and whose minds she has broken of set purpose and intention. So long as an unbroken Germany exists, so long will life on this planet be intolerable, not only for us and for our Allies, but for all humanity. There has been nothing like the horror of the Belgian fate in all history, and this system is in full working order within fifty miles of the English coast."

Thank you, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for telling the truth and telling it in terms that we can all remember. Because we do not wish our own folk across the seas to share the Belgian fate, because we do not want to see the world enslaved, Canadian women are not only knitting and rolling bandages this summer—they are recruiting, too.



## Toronto Responds

**O**N July 20th, Toronto saw a Recruiting Night such as she has not witnessed before. The streets were thronged, and the auditorium of Massey Hall was filled with those who listened to patriotic speeches from politicians, clergymen and civic authorities—above all, from military men who have been in the fray and who know how great the need is for more and more fighting men. Employers of labour are realizing the crisis, not for the British Empire alone, but for the civilized world, and are not only allowing, but urging their eligible employees to enlist, but encouraging such action. In the recruiting campaign, it is the woman's work to do her part of renunciation and to put no obstacle in the way of the man who would fain "do his bit" in the "biggest cause which humanity has known."

ERIN.

## The Penetrating Influence of War

**A** WRITER in a London weekly, who signs herself "Candida," prophesies a revolution in the management of English households "after the war." The chief reason for this will be a scarcity of women for domestic service. It seems that in England erstwhile parlourmaids have, in vast numbers, forsaken the somewhat doubtful joys of parlour-maiding and have flocked to fill the positions made vacant by the men of Kitchener's army, and now open to women of average intelligence. The article to which we refer is enlivened by pictures of women in hayfields, women as bill posters, women postmen, women porters, women page-boys, women booking clerks (meaning ticket sellers at railway stations), women recruiters, and even women as motion picture operators. Personally, we ask what woman would wilfully prefer the dull duties of the parlourmaid, with all these fascinating occupations opening up before her? It is doubtful if once having tasted the joys of public service, she will ever return to the tedium of domestic life.

Therefore, a wail of self-pity has been raised by the English householder. Patriotically enough they relinquished their butlers and their foot-men—but it is too hard that this further sacrifice should be asked of them. "Candida," who views the situation through sane eyes, has little sympathy with the incompetence of the mistresses or with the whole system of do-

mestic service prevalent in England. She says:

"In the life of realities, where nothing but essentials count and there is no polite varnish, the whole servant problem, not merely this parlourmaid side-issue, stands out as a disgrace to our intelligence. It is a barbarism left over from the ages when the slave was a necessity. Over this sort of thing we have spread the decent veneer of twentieth century civilization, but without getting rid of the ugliness underneath. To create work for its servants, the proof of its power, it invented an endlessly complicated paraphernalia of existence. It perpetrated

vast, unmanageable houses, filled to overflowing with equally unmanageable details, the white woman's burden borne uncomplainingly to this day. Only its results are felt, and, thanks to their irksomeness, an increasing number of nervous, broken-down wrecks drift from hotel to hotel and boarding-house to boarding-house year in, year out, rather than face the ordeal of keeping house decently and tidily for themselves.

"And yet I see no way out of it. The servant problem will be ten times more acute when once the war is over, and we proceed to pick up the pieces. Let us hope that we shall not stick them together again in the old, unintelligent way. America could teach us a lesson in household economy of labour, but even without its example we are quite capable of evolving more intelligent houses for ourselves. The architect of the future must not build with an eye to endless house and parlour maids; they will not be available. I have seen some delightful habitations, beautifully simple and simply beautiful, which any child could have run with ease, but they were built, I believe, by cranks for cranks. The crank of to-day becomes the plain, sensible man of to-morrow. Then let us copy him now and build intelligently in future."

## Patriot Women of New Zealand

**C**ANADIAN wives and mothers are not the only women of England's colonies who have given bravely of their men to the nation's cause, and who have borne their losses unflinchingly. A correspondent, writing from Wellington, New Zealand, tells of the manner in which the women of his country face the tragedy of war:

"There are many sore hearts in these islands to-day, and yet they are proud, too, these mourners, that their sons or brothers have been sacrificed in such a righteous cause. There are families of five and six boys all at the front—or on the way. And there are very many cases in which only sons have been given up by fond mothers without a word of demur. One case that

came closely under my own eyes concerns a nephew of mine, and shows the spirit that animates the people. He was an only son, and while at college lived much in my house. He went to the war, and four days after the great landing at Gaba Tepe, was killed in action. We did not hear till less than a week ago that he had been killed. I happened to learn the news and had to break it to the mother before she had received his official notification. She bore up bravely, and said she knew when he went away she would never see him again in the flesh. Yet she did not say one word to urge him to stay! One of his sisters, too, talking over the matter, simply said that if she had had a dozen brothers she would wish them all to do as this one had done, in order that the sufferers under German brutality might be avenged! That is the spirit that animates the women in this land to-day."

## Jane Addams Falls

**M**ISS JANE ADDAMS has made the awful (the use of the word is justified) remark that soldiers in Europe must be made drunk before they will obey the order to "charge." The Germans use beer, the French absinthe, and the British rum, she says. It seems sad that Miss Addams, who has hitherto been regarded as a leader, should go so utterly insane.

The San Francisco Argonaut has some excellent comment on Miss Addams' remark and her amateurish attempts as a peace-maker at The Hague and at home. The editor says:

"Miss Addams's incapacity to understand even the elementary conditions of war is shown by the supremely silly remarks that have been quoted. Bayonet charges are usually in the nature of impromptu, a sudden snatch at opportunities that may or may not occur. Moreover, the average soldier after monotonous days and weeks in the trenches is apt to look upon the bayonet charge as the shining reward of patience, as something worth longing for and waiting for. The idea of thousands of men being 'doped,' as Miss Addams says, and with beer, too, for a bayonet charge that may never come at all, has



THE SUNNY SIDE OF SOLDIERING.

Life is not altogether dull and uninteresting for the convalescent warrior in England, and little outings are occasionally arranged by kind friends for his entertainment. In our picture one sees two wounded Australians off for a picnic with two charming "escorts."



THE SPANISH KING AND QUEEN.

A recent picture of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, with Princess Salm-Salm, on the right, taken on the occasion of the presentation of military degrees to newly appointed officers.