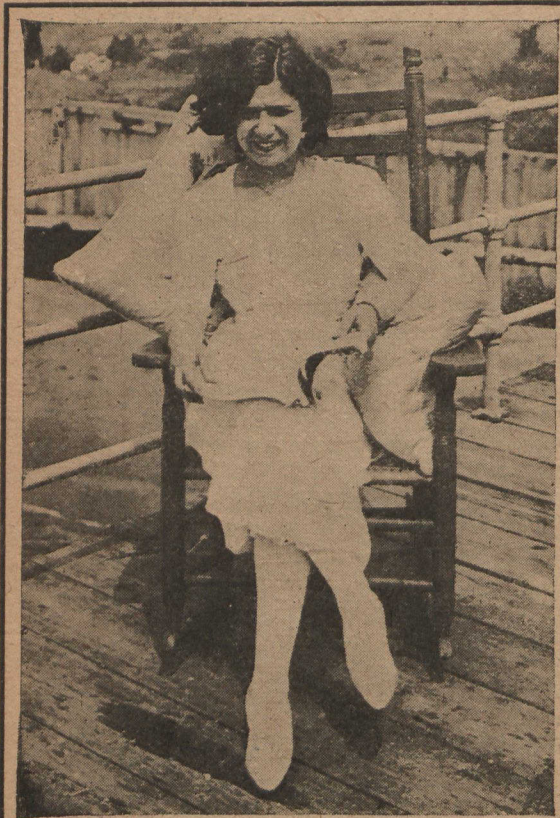


FIVE PHASES OF FEMININITY



DAINTY little person in white, snuggled in the cushions on her roof-top rest room at Bath Beach, New Jersey, is feeling very sure that pretty soon the New York Sundays will be publishing her picture and the critics saying nice kind things about her first appearance on the stage of the Metropolitan. Who? Well she is not an American. No, she was born in Sicily among the sulphur mines, not far from where old Ulysses used to put wax in his ears so as not to hear the sirens of Scylla. And about six years ago the late Dan Frohman—drowned on the Lusitania—went to a little village opera house. There he heard Mlle. Aguglia in folk songs. He induced her parents to let her go to New York for training. Now she's ready for the grand bow to the 400 next November.

PLEASE notice that this rustic wagon carries not merely as fine a load of femininity as any eye-glass critic could say "The deuce!" to; but likewise a cargo of real brains. These are all undergraduates of Toronto University going to camp from the berry plantations at Beamsville, Ont.



350,000 VOTERS
IN THE SOUTH
Have as much Political
Power as the
1,500,000 VOTERS
OF NEW YORK STATE
How do they do it?



AS a nominee for the Alberta Legislature, Sister MacAdams aims to represent 38,000 Canadian soldiers from this province, who are at present in camps, hospitals and trenches abroad. Nursing Sister Roberta MacAdams is a lieutenant in the Canadian Army Medical Corps, and as such has the right to be one of the two candidates to be elected by the soldiers.

She would make an ideal representative, always kind and sympathetic, and always ready to take the wider standpoint of life. She plans to work for the pension scheme for our soldiers.

Sister MacAdams is here seen soliciting votes from the military storekeepers at Orpington Hospital, Kent.

CLEARLY understand, the person with the man on the step-ladder is no lady. She is a poster. The man on the ladder is an artist. You observe at once that if this poster is to advertise anything it must be something



out of the common. The style of decoration used looks suspiciously like the wreck of an aeroplane. But it is real art. Any artist will tell you that it is—Futurism. As to what this extraordinary poster advertises—sh! It is to be a show, a lavish and spectacular presentation in the Strand, London, of what some people used to consider a great drama. Sh! keep this quite under your hat. The name of the thing is Three Weeks! And the poster-person is supposed to be the lady in the case.

FIRST photograph ever published in Canada of negro women on parade. This was, of course, in New York, where if you want anything you have to march down Broadway to get it. These coloured ladies are justly indignant over the race riots and lynchings that took place not long ago in St. Louis. They organized this parade to advertise their protest.