

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The Old Violin

HELEN A. SAXON is the pen-name of a well-known Canadian poet, whose work has an established place in continental magazines. In *Appleton's Magazine* for April there is a charming sonnet by this writer: "The Old Violin."

"In far Cremona centuries ago
This little sighing, singing thing was wrought,
Of dreams 'tis fashioned and its tones are fraught
With sweetness only centuries bestow;
But give an artist hand the slender bow,
And hark the tumult of impassioned thought—
The Heaven we missed, the earth we vainly sought
Within our shaken pulses ebb and flow.

Innumerable voices through it rain
The music of an unremembered past,
Dim echoes of illusive joy and pain,
In requiem sob or ringing trumpet blast,
Are merged to one incomparable strain
That holds the heart of every listener fast."

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"Echoes" and Others

THE official organ of the Daughters of the Empire, known as *Echoes*, is a quarterly which does credit to the order and which, it is to be hoped, will be widely known in the homes of the members. The March issue of this publication discusses editorially the subject of a patriotic military service. Reference is made to the present excitement in England over the defence force, which has been brought to a climax by the play, "An Englishman's Home." The writer thus sums up the earlier discussion of the subject:

"Territorial armies, home defence, conscription, compulsory service, patriotic service, are all familiar and hackneyed phrases to readers of English papers. Lord Roberts' solemn warnings have been tossed lightly back and forth with the blase gossip of London drawing-rooms, taking turns with the erratic gyrations of the unenviable Suffragettes and the gallery play of a Violet Charlesworth to gently tickle the emotions of the happily inconsequent." While the effect of this "crude drama" has been somewhat in the nature of hysterics, it is evident that a defence policy in England is being "quietly but forcefully" put forward by those who may have been thinking in the meantime of Lord Roberts' warning.

Echoes has no uncertain sound in dealing with the subject of military training. It believes "most heartily in the encouragement of military drill—not in the development of a pugilistic spirit, but in all those attributes which "make for the dignity and self-respect of a nation." The editor is probably aware that several wise journals are opposing anything which looks like national defence, but she has the courage of her convictions and writes accordingly. To believe the utterances of some newspaper writers is to come to the conclusion that the members of our militia are a dangerous and undesirable class, given to drunkenness and rioting and altogether not to be desired. The men who are "spoiling for a fight" are not those who are acquainted with military discipline and who realise what war would mean. On the contrary, the self-control which comes from drill is such as to suppress any undue resentment. Switzerland is one of the most democratic countries in the world, yet that country, for less money than we are spending to-day on our 40,000 militia, can put 300,000 men in the field, well-armed, well-equipped and thoroughly-trained.

Lt.-Col. Merritt, who addressed the Chamberlain Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, at a luncheon given last December, quoted the President of the Swiss Federation to the effect:

"Our military institutions constitute at once a basis of democracy, a school of manliness, a school of civic virtue, of self-sacrifice and of faithfulness to duty."

"The Swiss system," added Colonel Merritt, "is perhaps the easiest on the citizens of any form of patriotic service. It takes, on the average, five to six days in the year out of a man's time, during the years he serves. Their system is very thorough and perfect, and it begins with the school children.

"Many people in Canada say that if a young fellow wants to find the broad way that leads to everlasting destruction, let him go into the militia. But the Committee of the British House of Commons finds upon investigating that the Swiss system

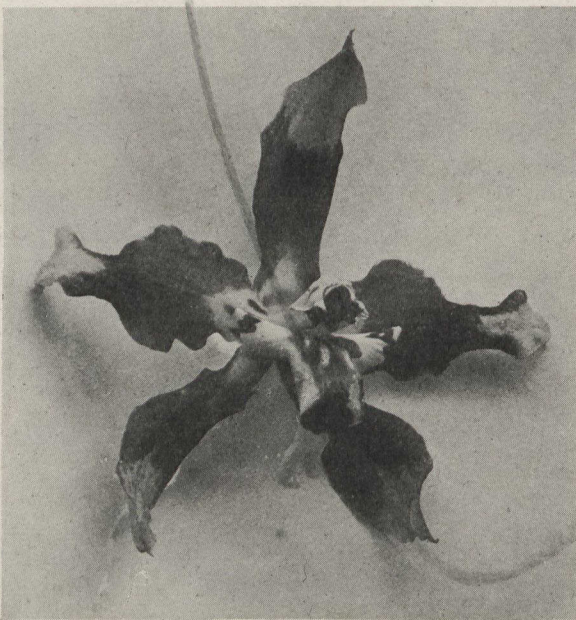
conduces to the moral and physical welfare of the Swiss people; it brings together all classes of the community in friendly comradeship and co-operation in a common cause, and it appears to entail but slight interference with the industrial life of the people."

Certainly, those who regard our inadequate system of military training in Canada as verging dangerously towards militarism, would be highly shocked at the plucky little Republic of Switzerland. It may be a trivial matter, to mention that the "walk" of the Canadian boy is not by any means a stride to be desired. It is awkward and shambling, while the gait of our round-shouldered business men is something to be shunned. If military drill will effect an improvement in that respect, by all means let us have it in the schools.

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Votes and Voters

THE question of woman suffrage is evidently going to agitate the political circles of this continent until something happens. A recent issue of *New York Life* was devoted to that subject, both in article and illustration. The latter was hardly fair to the modern supporters of the movement. Even the "suffragettes," those turbulent English sisters who ring door-bells and worry the police and finally win a martyr's crown in the retirement of a gaol, are, as a rule, good-looking and fashionably



A New Orchid, grown in a Chelsea (England) Green House, the result of a blending of species.

gowned. The old-fashioned "woman's rights" person with bulging forehead and dowdy raiment has vanished forever, with her denunciations of mere man and her declarations of independence. We have no "suffragettes" on this continent, for that unclassical term belongs to the fighting crowd, led by the formidable Pankhursts. True, there are strong feminine believers in woman suffrage but they are quite as prepossessing in appearance and manner as those who look upon voting as undesirable.

Editorially, *Life* expresses some interesting views on the subject and incidentally comments on the views of that remarkable writer, Mr. Henry Waterson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Mr. Waterson is emphatically of the opinion that universal suffrage for man is an established failure; that with our means of education no man should vote who cannot read, write, cipher and pay taxes on a hundred dollars' worth of property, and that "every sane and single woman who has property to be taxed and who is not represented by a guardian agreed to herself should have a vote."

The Editor of *Life* appears to be no advocate of woman suffrage, yet he concludes by way of admonition to his brethren: "The qualified women (if anybody or any law can sort them out) ought to have votes in municipal matters, but in universal woman-suffrage we see considerable possibilities of mischief, and very small chances of improvement. The great need is for the men to take out a new consecration; give over doping themselves so much with rum and tobacco, amend their manners some-

what, and make a bolder effort to act their true part in the world."

Both in Canada and the United States we have democracy run mad in the qualification or, rather, lack of qualification for exercising the franchise. It is ridiculous and wrong that there should be no educational or industrial qualification for the voter. Personally, I do not crave to have a "privilege" which is quite free to any degraded and soiled illiterate who comes to the land. Women, it appears to me, are rather superior to such a poor business as the suffrage has become. Let men continue to handle the pitch of our politics. When all is said and written, women will have votes whenever the majority want them.

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A Wonderful Bloom

IT is a far cry from votes to orchids, although Mr. Chamberlain's favourite orchids sometimes withered in the heat of debate. The photograph on this page shows the delicate beauty of a new orchid of unusual botanical interest, which has been brought to perfection in the green-houses of Mr. Bull at Chelsea, England. This new orchid, which has been christened *Odontioda Chelseiensis*, is a cross between the *Odontoglossum Crispum* and a delicate creature to which has been given the brutal name, *Cochlioda Vulcanica Grandiflora*. The new wonder, which bore its first spray of bloom during the hardest frost of the year, has all the virtues of both parents. It has the long, graceful spray of the one and the broad, shapely petals of the other. The colour is a peculiarly soft "crushed strawberry." The plant is also a precocity, having flowered in its fourth year. The owner is exceedingly proud of this extraordinary flower, for orchid-culture is one of the most absorbing passions known to flower-loving humanity.

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A Much-Discussed Marriage

THE newspapers were busy some weeks ago with conjectures as to the marriage of the daughter of Mrs. Hetty Green of Hoboken fame, commonly reported to be the richest woman in the wealthiest Republic that has been. The bridegroom in the case was Mr. Matthew Wilks, whose sister is a resident of Galt, Ontario, well-known for her interest and success in equestrian affairs. The wedding was "pretty but quiet," and the busy reporters were unable to secure the items regarding the event.

According to one wild rumour, Mr. Wilks has repudiated the suggestion that he is of Canadian birth. This statement is received with dubious frowns. No native Canadian has ever been known to be anything but "proud of it," and the imputation that Mr. Wilks is not eager to assert his Canadianism, that he regards with disdain Galt, Hamilton and Elora, to say nothing of Burlington, is a crushing blow to the Province of Ontario.

We reproduce from the *Illustrated London News* a photograph of the happy trio—Mr. Wilks, his bride and his mother-in-law. If Mrs. Hetty Green's mouth is as firm as it looks in the picture, Mr. Wilks will be advised not to live with "momma." In fact, the reputation of that sturdy dame for saving little ways does not warrant the belief that she would be a comfortable figure at the fireside. However, as Mr. Wilks himself is a millionaire, he need not worry about the ways or meanness of his lately-acquired mother-in-law. Mrs. Hetty was said to be opposed to the marriage but finally yielded, like the parent in the melodrama, and said "Bless you, my son-in-law" with such grace as a great figure in finance could muster. Mrs. Green does not seem to be greatly beloved in social or philanthropic circles. Unlike Miss Helen Gould, she takes little interest in anything beyond or above dollars and cents and consequently is regarded as a mere money-maker.

CANADIENNE.



Mrs. Hetty Green and Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks. Mr. Wilks whose sister is a resident of Galt, Ontario, recently married the only daughter of "the richest woman in America."