

# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Journalists' Meeting in June

IF sighing deep, laughing free, starving, feasting, despairing and being happy make ideal living—Browning, not known to have starved, gave out that opinion—then newspaper women are leading the life Elysian, beyond a doubt. Just at the moment the needle points to a journalists' joy season.

Plans are complete, or near-complete, for the entertainment in Edmonton, on June 9th and 10th, of the general meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Members, contemplating the trip, are hoping that the "What is so rare?" month will have the grace to stick to its reputation for "perfect days."

The programme promises to be varied and interesting. Practical papers on different aspects of professional journalism will be given by women who are leaders in their own lines of newspaper work. Some of the subjects to be discussed are: The Woman Journalist and the Farm Paper; New Lines of Work for Newspaper Women; The Newspaper Woman's Equipment and How She Keeps Up with Her Work; The New Advertising; and The Art of Book Reviewing. Among the speakers who have been asked to address the members are: Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. McClung, Miss Marshall Saunders, Mrs. F. S. Jacobs, Mrs. Parker, Miss Cora Hind, Miss Edith MacDonald, and Mrs. Isobel Ecclestone Mackay. Each of the papers will open a field for discussion.

June 9th, in Edmonton, will be devoted to the meeting of the executive committee and to the first session of the general meeting of the C. W. P. C. The 10th will see the completion of the general convention and that night the members will leave, by the kindness of the G. T. P., for Jasper Park and will spend June 11th and part of June 12th along the line of railway. On June 13th, in Calgary, members are to be entertained by the Calgary Women's Press Club and the C. P. R.; June 14th—Banff, by the kindness of the C. P. R.; on June 15th, Banff left for Regina, or according to the destination of the members. On June 16th, in Regina, the party is to be entertained by the Regina Women's Press Club. June 17th, Winnipeg. Whence home, if you live in Toronto, arriving on June 19th. Now, "Is that well managed or is it not?" as Mr. Puff would put it. To the writer it looks a delightful itinerary.

The Women's Press Club, of Edmonton, has made the most comprehensive arrangements for the entertainment of the visitors; with the assistance of the Women's Canadian Club, of Edmonton, they have arranged to billet the guests. The Winnipeg, Calgary, Regina, Port Arthur, and Fort William branches of the C. W. P. C. have all kindly offered entertainment to the members, and it is hoped that every member will arrange to stay over in these cities and so receive the full benefit of this opportunity to see thousands of miles of Canada under the best possible auspices.

## About Beatrice Webb

TO the deglutition of most humans a diet of statistics would present about as pleasant a prospect of living as would sawdust. The latter makes very good filling for dolls. The former, the meat and drink for years, of an outstanding Englishwoman, Mrs. Sidney Webb, born Beatrice Potter, has succeeded in providing for—no, not "a graven image." Whoever said that was many points wide of the bull's eye.

Mrs. Webb has often been criticized as cold, sometimes, as inhuman; which is only a seeming, the fact being that she is selfless. Her life pre-

sents a unique scheme of devotion to public service. She is an ascetic. Emerson has said we are never tired as long as we can see far enough. Conversely, this never-resting woman must be seeing a never-ending distance. The vision she sees is social reform; or, as *Everyman* for May expresses it: "Her aim is to make of the State a great and finely adjusted engine for achieving the purposes of civilization, of humanity, or, if you will, of God."

To which end, Mrs. Webb has become a gatherer of statistics. Her social theories have each its solid basis. An aptitude for fact-getting derived from her comrade-father, Richard Potter, at one time President of the Grand Trunk Railway, and training as the friend and favourite pupil of that famous collector of data, Herbert Spencer, have stood this practical woman in good stead. "The

apparently thinks the lyrics as well in limbo. Perhaps they are. She simply notes dispassionately they have got there and hints a cause. The same is contained in the paragraph here quoted:

"One wonders if the modern woman is responsible for the decline and decadence of the romantic love lyric. No doubt her accessibility, the fact that she is no longer carefully guarded and chaperoned, has much to do with the decrease of her inspiring power. Inaccessibility and remoteness have always tended to idealization; nearness and familiarity to the contrary. The woman of to-day works side by side with man in offices, she golfs with him, she sits on committees with him. She scuffles with him in suffragette scimmages. Has no one ever written a sonnet to 'Belinda Breaking Windows' or to 'Priscilla in Prison'?

Moreover, the modern woman is very businesslike and matter of fact. There would be no need for a poet to sing 'Come into the garden, Maud' in a dozen impassioned stanzas. The Maud of to-day is probably a very punctual person who keeps a diary of engagements. She would no doubt be there before him.

"After all, a Dante needs a Beatrice and a Petrarch a Laura. Both these ladies were remote and proud and extremely inaccessible—quite different from the heroines of modern novels."

\*\*\*

## Nurses' Convention

"SHOULD the curriculum be uniform for Canadian training schools?" was a question that called forth a lengthy debate at the recent annual meeting, in Berlin, of the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses.

No two schools, it came to light, have at present the same curriculum of studies. Varying standards of efficiency must inevitably result from any but a common system of preparation. To formulate such a curriculum a committee has been appointed, due to report its work at the next convention. The Hospital Association will be asked to co-operate.

Interesting papers were read at the meeting by Miss Neeland, of Fergus; Miss Bruce, of Toronto; Miss M. U. Watson, of Guelph; and Miss Dickson, of Weston.

The offices of the Association were filled as follows: President, Miss V. L. Kirke, Halifax; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. H. M. Bowman, Berlin; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Hersey, Montreal; Secretary, Miss L. C. Phillips, Montreal; Treasurer, Miss A. J. Scott, Toronto; Council: Miss Snively, Toronto; Miss Tedford, Toronto; Miss R. Stewart, Toronto; Miss Johns, Fort William; Miss Bowman, Portage la Prairie; Miss Young, Montreal; Auditors: Miss Flaws, Toronto; Miss Frazer, Halifax.

\*\*\*

## Held Old English Fair

AN Old English Fair was the elaborate undertaking of the Victoria Daughters of the Empire last week. The proceedings, formally opened by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Paterson, were astonishingly varied and entertaining. The skating arena provided accommodation.

A delightful simulation was a woodland scene with queen, fairies, goblins, nymphs—the world of the storybooks—and the whole a changeable maze of pretty dancing. A shooting-gallery proved a principal attraction, under the conduct of Mrs. (Col.) Hall, Mrs. Macdonald, wife of Senator Macdonald, arranged a very striking imperial tableau. Other interests were: A camp of fortune-telling gypsies, boy scout and cadet manoeuvres, and the orchestra in intermittent performance.

Refreshments were served in charming bowers—children in attendance. The scene, on the whole, was exceedingly pretty and varied.

## PRINCESS PATRICIA IS STILL SHY



This Photograph, Taken in Hyde Park, London, Recently, Shows All the Younger Members of the Connaught Family. (Left to Right)—Princess of Sweden, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Patricia, and the Crown Prince of Sweden.

Poor Law Commission, of which Mrs. Webb was a member, based its momentous report," so reads the record, "on such exhaustive investigations as no Royal Commission had ever made before, investigations pushed into every nook and cranny of the kingdom."

The energy of Beatrice Potter was doubled, for practical purposes, by her marriage to Sidney Webb. Their united work, the pride of their friends and despair of their imitators, is such as expresses implacable taste for foundation. Sublime in optimism and ruthless in execution, they conduct their lectures, write their books and lay the bases of future superstructures, counting the labour not as sacrifice but as "reasonable service."

Mrs. Sidney Webb, in the opinion of G. M. Lloyd, is the greatest living proof of the truth in the Emersonian dictum:—"the world belongs to the energetic man. His will gives him eyes. He sees expedients and means where we saw none." The difference is that the man this time is a woman.

\*\*\*

## Love Lyric in Limbo—Why?

THAT the love lyric is rapidly going to limbo, indeed, is extinct, is the observation of a woman writer in the London *Daily News* of recent issue. The writer, who signs herself M. M. B., cites in support of her allegation a volume of "Georgian Poetry," just out of the Poetry Bookshop. The book she declares to be typical of the work of the present day poets, sterile as it is of so much as one love lyric.

M. M. B. is a modern woman and writes with a careless sang-froid, even with humour. She