

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## The Editorial Table

### When Woman Would Reforming Go

IF there is anything in the modern world which is not being reformed, we should like its name and address. Babies, school children, sweet-hearts, mothers, fathers, grandparents, schools, churches, prisons and cemeteries—are they not all being cleansed, repaired and reformed? All this activity is good for the newspaper profession, but is it not slightly wearing to the individual? Do we not, with human contrariness, often feel like saying to the woman with a spiritual scrubbing-brush in her right hand and moral uplift in her left eye—"Let us alone. We want to stay just where we are—for a restful quarter-of-an-hour."

The female of the species, as Mr. Kipling calls lovely woman, is certainly more earnest than the male, when she sets out to make this old Earth into a Spotless Town. She can see no cause but the one in which she is interested for the time being and devotes herself, with an energy which often means disaster to her own nervous system, to the task of reconstruction. It is her ardent sympathy which inspires such effort, but, in this world, it is quite as important to think as to feel. A heart, uncontrolled by a head, is a dangerous reforming agent.

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### Decency in Drama

IN connection with this matter of reform, cannot the women of Canada do something of a positive nature to form a taste for good drama in the younger members of the community and thus give the best assurance that theatrical productions of a low nature will fail to appeal? We have passed the conditions when the theatre was utterly condemned. Many church members in the best standing now go to the theatre occasionally without any fear of pastoral denunciation. But the quality of the productions patronized by our theatre-goers is a matter which has rightly caused much concern.

During the month of May, a play made its appearance in the city of Toronto which was condemned by the Police Magistrate in its uncensored form. This decision was subsequently "quashed" by a judge who saw a private acting in censored form. The play, at the present time of writing, is having a week's run in Toronto, and, needless to say, has been greatly advertised by all this discussion. I did not see the production, either censored or uncensored, but I have yet to meet the woman who saw it and failed to condemn it in the strongest terms. Certainly, the "story," as told in the newspapers, would lead one to consider it highly objectionable—material for the dissecting-table rather than for the drama. The women from whom I heard an expression of opinion were widely-read—in most cases University women—and the verdict was unanimous in its expression of disapproval.

Has all the clamour about this undesirable production done any service to Toronto? At present, it does not seem to have accomplished much, and yet one would hesitate to say that no good will come out of the unfortunate clash between authorities who ought to be united in their efforts for the civic welfare.

The whole matter touches women closely, as the majority of our theatre-goers are women who are supposed to form the taste of the boys and girls, already absorbed in the charms of moving picture shows. Is not the philosophy of this whole matter one of prevention rather than cure? It is quite true that we must try to get rid of the indecent dramas, but is not the best way to secure their disappearance the formation of a taste for better things? The outward abolition accomplishes little, if there is no attempt to substitute clean amusement for what is undesirable. I am no believer in the cynical theory that the public will not patronize wholesome plays. Look at the crowds which invariably went

to see E. S. Willard in "The Professor's Love Story" and "Tom Pinch"! Consider the success of Maeterlinck's exquisite "Blue Bird" and Sir James Barrie's delightful "Peter Pan," to say nothing of the popular appeal of Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

If the drama is to represent "this our life," it must include the sinful and repulsive, as well as the nobler and happier phases—but such depiction is not immoral, unless there is an attempt to throw a glamour over vice, or to represent its results as anything but what they are. Aristotle's old dictum regarding tragedy, that it must contain the elements of purification, is as worthy of observance to-day as it was in the palmy age of the Grecian drama.

It lies with woman to form the taste of childhood for what is good and true in music, art and litera-



MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, OF EDMONTON.  
The Clever Pen-woman, "Janey Canuck," of Western Canada, Who Has Newly Been Elected President of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Mrs. Murphy, Who Was Recently Ill, Has Thoroughly Recovered, and Was Ideal in Her Capacity of Hostess at the C.W.P.C. Triennial Convention.

ture. In a recent reading of Frederic Harrison's "Life of Ruskin," I was struck by the infinite care which his mother took that her "blue-eyed lad" should, from his earliest years, see the best pictures and love the best books. So, the world is eternally in debt to the guiding mother—hardly less than to her genius son. We might have missed something from the majesty of "Mountain Gloom," something from the radiance of "Mountain Glory," had the mother been less mindful of her charge. Mothers who patronize the "cheap and nasty" plays can hardly give their children a taste for anything but tinsel and trash. In all this discussion of what plays we are to avoid and what we are to cultivate, an ounce of mother is worth a pound of censor.

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### "Ladies' Day" in Camp

OUR military authorities, with the native gallantry of the "profession," arranged that representatives from the Daughters of the Empire, the Press and the W. C. T. U. should visit the camp at Niagara on June 10th and see for themselves how our citizen soldiers keep house. The members of the militia always attract a good share of feminine attention—and this is quite as it should be. Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B., commanding the second Division, having requested the pleasure of their company at the Headquarters Mess, found himself the host of a large party on

a day which was as perfect as June sunshine and fragrance could make it, in a spot which is unsurpassed for loveliness in the Province of Ontario. Old Niagara never looked more peaceful and smiling than on that bright morning, and the white tents of the soldiers shone bravely against a background of verdant richness. The visitors were escorted through the entire camp, being shown the army medical department, the hospital, the culinary operations and the whole equipment of the commissariat, which created in the feminine beholders a wholesome respect for the completeness of the arrangements for camp house-keeping. In fact, many a housewife would be put to shame by the orderly account books of the Army Service Corps. Cleanliness, smartness and an atmosphere of alert exercise of both mind and body were the impressions left on the guests, who enjoyed the glimpse of immaculate tents, sweet-smelling bakeries and amply-supplied mess-tables. The officers were most genial and courteous hosts, who made the seven-hours' visit seem all too short, while the sumptuous luncheon and five o'clock tea, served at tables on the lawn, in front of the Headquarters, with immemorial elms, locusts and maples for shadowy setting made an entertainment long to be remembered, both for picturesqueness and savoury delights. Perhaps it is the presence of so many medical men in the militia which makes the arrangements of the camp those of an extra-hygienic community. Incinerators burn all waste material from the cooking, and baskets for odds and ends preserve an appearance of neatness about the camp precincts which any well-ordered residential street might emulate. The moving picture show every evening supplies the last word in up-to-date amusement. More than three thousand men were encamped, and as one saw the shooting on the rifle ranges and watched the brisk marching, it was with the reflection that such training could not but encourage vigorous and athletic manhood. Many citizens, especially women, imagine that these camps mean an encouragement of the war spirit and "disorderly conduct." It ought to be possible to inculcate the military virtues of obedience, cleanliness and hardness, without the fostering of any offensively belligerent spirit—and such seems to be the happy condition in our modern Canadian militia. The pleasantest words I heard were those from a Canadian officer in praise of the "fitness" of a certain Buffalo regiment. The disciplined citizen is not "spoiling for a fight," but he is learning under clear Canadian skies the age-old virtues of endurance and good comradeship.

The guests of the camp found the day so delightful that they consider it a "precedent."

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### The President of the C.W.P.C.

AFTER four years of most efficient and faithful service as President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, Miss Marjory MacMurphy, of Toronto, has been elected Honorary President, and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, has been elected as chief official. Mrs. Murphy is known as the writer of several books of "chronicle and comment," as "Janey Canuck," or by her maiden name of Emily Ferguson. She belongs to Cookstown, Ontario, by birth is Irish by descent, and is an "old girl" of Bishop Strachan School, Toronto. She is essentially a book-lover and is also a great devotee of open-air sports and pastimes. In fact, it would be hard to say whether she prefers the delights of a rare old poet to the joy of a canter along a western hillside. As a writer of book reviews for a Winnipeg journal she shows both literary culture and discrimination. Mrs. Murphy has a positive genius for "presiding" and is deservedly popular, not only for her executive ability, but for the eternal buoyancy of spirit, which makes her the best of good company. Mrs. Murphy is never so happy as when she is giving others the merriest time of their lives—and the Press Club is to be congratulated.

ERIN.