

WOMEN WORTH KNOWING

BY MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

Short Story Writer

Mrs. Madge Macbeth

IN starting to write about Mrs. Madge Macbeth, Canadian short story writer and also National Drama League promoter, I find myself in the fisherman's position who, having found a casket on the seashore and having broken open the seal of Solomon upon it, discovered that his act had released a Genie, so changeable in outline, so rare, so potent, that repeated attempts to confine it left him baffled. The difference is that Mrs. Macbeth is a Genius.

For who could go into a city library and putter awhile among the periodicals without being struck by the number of times that "Madge Macbeth," a real name not a pen-name, occurs in the highest class magazines displayed there, and each time presented as "a feature." As many as six periodicals at once have carried stories by this brilliant fabricator—the stories carrying the magazines sometimes—no two of them alike, yet all of them clever, all of them whimsical, all of them fascinating.

What is her style? It is non-existent. That is to say it varies with the matter. What is her field? The world is her field—the lonely places and the peopled places. For her there is nothing common or "impossible." Her fancy plays about the

she played at concerts to hear the applause, and once during a summer in the Alleghany Mountains, she submitted to learning whist and pinochle from three stout elderly gentlemen, Germans, who captured her daily to make a "fourth" and praised the play of their "find" inordinately. After which, she would warble "O Ye Tears" to the huge delight of the Three on the verandah, and to the proportionate disgust of little Cuban and Spanish lovers who peeped and blew her kisses round the corner.

This child of twelve "grew up" in the course of Nature—graceful as a flower, ambitious, vivid, winsome, and talented not with one, but with many talents. She could act. She could "play." She could write stories. She possessed a wit which enchanted men—women, too, except upon occasion. When she chose a school it was



Mrs. W. R. Lang, a leading member of the United Suffragists of Toronto, and organizer of that body's undertaking to look after mothers among the poor, this winter.

here in Canada—Hellmuth, in London, to be explicit. Her mother had heard that the school was "nice." So, after her training in North Carolina and a subsequent course at the Latin Preparatory School in Baltimore, she came to London to "finish" her education.

But there is no end to the education of a person who, at the age of three, produces a commentary on the Bible. That "Madge" had done, as legend had it. If "the child is father of the man" it stands to reason that the child is also mother of the woman. The queer little girl of the big ambition was parent, no doubt, of the graduate of Hellmuth who left the school diplomaed but unfinished. She had studied, she had been gay, and in the course of college happenings, she had met the man whom afterwards she married.

Of course, a "coming out" intervened—a mad season of dances, caprices, billets-doux, and broken-hearted suitors. Then came the wedding, a home and "the boys"; the swift sickness which claimed the husband; and Life—which is one vast net to gauzy creatures. The butterfly folded its wings, sun-feathered. The girl all at once stepped forth a woman. Her breast heaved with the mother-bird's passion in whose care are left the tender fledglings. She stretched new wings, less gay, more tender. Her pastime of writing became her support. She toiled herself into fame with a mother's object.

The World was her field and Life her study. She learned to paint life as Fra Lippo Lippi learned it—watching—living. She wrote what she saw, what she lived. She succeeded. Delight returned in the fascinating labour. She produced her first novel, "The Winning Game," and more books clamoured to be written. Meanwhile, the short-story waved its blandishments. She wrote. Her manuscripts were accepted. The magazines asked for more. They kept her busy. That is why light is seen in her window at night when "the boys" have been long in slumber and when every other house in the street is darkened.

"Rod and Gun," "Field and Stream," "The Ladies' Home Journal," "The Canadian Magazine," "Canada Monthly," "McLean's" and "Ainsley's" are just a few of the many monthlies in which I have seen good stories by this author. She contributes also to several weeklies, among them, "The Canadian Courier," in addition to writing parliamentary com-

ment for one of the biggest dailies in the country. Sporting tales, mystery stories, character sketches, serials, romances, these are some of the lines her fiction follows. Her versatility is unbounded. At the present moment she is even writing a play.

"The Mother of Mothers"

Mrs. W. R. Lang

PERHAPS in the whole of the Feminist Movement, no single effort has so ably demonstrated the efficiency of womankind's work for womankind as the organization of the United Suffragists of Toronto, with the object of providing care this winter for prospective and nursing mothers among the poor. This self-constituted mother of mothers—for a mother it is in spite of the fable that Woman Suffrage and Motherhood are strangers—attends each week some one hundred and thirty cases, supplying milk, butter, and eggs to the mothers, to the end that healthy instead of puny babies may result. This organization has also the wit to use its allies, for instance, the Women's Institutes, and much of the food consumed in this endeavor—which is taken to the homes by a corps of ladies in motors loaned expressly for this purpose—has been the gift of the women in the country. Support in the city has likewise been most ready.



Mrs. E. C. Cotes, of Simla, India, otherwise "Sarah Jeanette Duncan," whose fiction ranks with that of the Countess von Arnim. Mrs. Cotes is a native of Brantford, Ontario, and was recently much feted in Toronto, where her play, "His Royal Happiness," was presented.

Now the organizer of all this usefulness is a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed woman of a wholesomeness and delightfulness of person which make the air buoyant all about her. Her freshness is that of the English girl student who has taken prizes for hockey and tennis, in addition to being "Senior Optime" in the mathematical "Tripos" and a graduate of high standing in social economics, of Newnham College, Cambridge. To be specific, she is Mrs. W. R. Lang, whose husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Lang is abnormally busy over military matters, as "Officer in charge of Instruction, Second Division"; in addition to this he commands the University of Toronto Contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps, and the Divisional Engineers, and is also a Doctor of Science and a professor in the University.

While her husband is training officers, Mrs. Lang, in her woman's way, is as busy, and also as patriotic, in her effort to make "hard times" less hard for mothers. She goes to a down town office daily—the United Suffragists' Headquarters, Bond Street, and works like any qualified clerk at her books, her telephone calls and her correspondence. She has planned the work and she works the plan—which is something to be said for the cause of Woman Suffrage.

Now, of course, you conclude there are no children. There are, on the contrary, "Betty" and "Jean," two quaint little girls in the Lang nursery, their ages being respectively, five and three. Betty is a dreamer and Jean a romp—a small pocket edition of her father. They are soft pink babies with innumerable dimples. As to their behaviour, it is a pleasant commentary on their mother's system of governing

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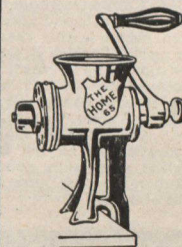
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