

# The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

## A "Fuss of Self-Effacement"

**T**HIS may seem to be the season of the ballot-box; but that is a men's matter as yet, in spite of the plans of the species Rowell, and this is really the season of the hamper. The hamper, inferentially, is largely a woman's matter,



MISS MARJORIE MONK

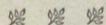
Eldest daughter of the late H. Carlton and Mrs. Monk, of Ottawa, and the bride this season of Mr. Kenyon Fellows. The pair will reside in the Capital.

man's interest in the quaint contrivance confining itself to the carrying and lightening. For July is the month of "the pleasure exertion," the unwieldy picnic, the bulky jaunt, in short, the "hampered" generalization for which a kind but illogical genius must label the cars to the wharfs and stations "Private."

Of course there is nothing private about them. They, like the chartered boats and the vans, are cluttered with folk and impedimenta to a point which makes giving any one a seat amount to a universal disarrangement. In which case it is better, on the whole, to neglect such ostentations of politeness.

Women, it would seem, are the chief offenders in creating, as G. K. Chesterton terms it, this same "seething fuss of self-effacement." And who has not stood waiting at a gangway, or below the steps of a tally-ho, while some voluminous motherly being has backed in sudden modesty of spirit and urged one to generously precede her?

The request was a kindly exaggeration. A kinder course, and a more appreciable, would have been simply to go on sanely and relieve the mind of "the benefitted party" of the more real menace than false precedence which lies in the butt of a strong transverse umbrella.



## The Ubiquitous Sluggardette

**A**N habitual saying of Louis XVIII., perhaps the most punctual person on record, was "L'exactitude est la politesse des rois."

One permits the statement to stand to-day, for the punctual are as rare as kings in an age apparently perfectly willing to let royalty have it in this matter. And the feminine half of the present generation, in this respect, is especially democratic.

A punctual woman has become so rare that a meeting to begin at eight-fifteen is announced to begin at eight o'clock, and begins, as a rule, at eight-thirty, if the audience is to be composed of women.

"But one wastes much time getting early to places," said the pretty woman of my acquaintance, who rather enjoys her label, "The late Miss Dash."

"You don't," interrupted her prompt companion, who had expended twenty minutes or so, in default of the first speaker to keep her appointment, "although you always do arrive—in time."

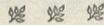
The fact is we are getting shameless and that is regarded as rather a joke which is really the grossest sort of impoliteness. The delinquent it is who sees the fun; although 'twas a famous "First-to-Arrive" who refused to have "nerves" upon provocation and expressed the lapsed estate of promptness among the polite usages thus:—

"Be late and the world's late with you.  
Be prompt and you're there alone."

The average "waiter" in point, however, inclines to be less sweet-tempered about it and expresses

herself with reason if not in rhythm. "Go to the ant" would be her advice, unless she preferred a geographical to an entomological destination, in which case she would invite the tardy most cordially to go to Jerico."

The sluggard is not an extinct species, although the word has become a bit old-fashioned. And the sluggardette is the female of the species.



## The Women on the Hummocks

**T**RAGEDY strides the world like Tarquin, and the scourge of his breath lays thick the way with corpses.

There were men digging for coal in a mine. For coal? No, bread. There were women, mothers of little children, waiting in shacks for the home-coming—for the shacks were home to them and the men and babes.

Number One Mine, by the camp at Hillcrest, was called a productive colliery.

Man may urge the soil for his substance, but once let him penetrate lower down and Earth turns and closes on his body. An explosion occurred at the mine at Crow's Nest and two hundred miners or thereabout were trapped, brayed and tragically smothered.

Rescuers bent to heroic business and women who had trembled at the blast of doom, whose faces were drab when the black smoke had burst from the charnel pit and screwed to heaven, came out of the shacks and waited on the hummocks.

"For men must work and women must weep." 'Twas the same drama with a new cast. The mute figures of the waiting women were world-old as the theme of Kingsley's verses. "So it has been," in the words of Eliot, "since the days of Hecuba, and of Hector, Tamer of horses: inside the gates, the women with streaming hair and uplifted hands offering prayers, watching the world's combat from afar, filling their long, empty days with memories and fears."

For such women, the colliers' widows, the Cana-



MISS LUCILE WATSON

The clever Ottawan, who is winning enviable fame in Boston in the new play called "Under Cover," which will be taken to New York in the autumn. She ably supports the leading lady.

dian Government has organized relief—a substantial sum has been mercifully voted. Yet let us for their profounder sorrow go softlier, gentlier. They were stricken and we who gasped at the price of coal, knew not the price. They paid, the dead, and the women on the hummocks.

Chiefest among the survivors, moreover, is Tragedy, old arch-devastation. And that would seem to be the supremest pity! As a rule the destroyer's



MRS. MINA SHORROCKS

Editor and proprietor of "Social Shanghai," and representative of China, Japan and the Philippines at the recent annual convention in Toronto of the Associated Advertising Clubs.

part is to perish; but Tragedy is beyond the pale of order. By stealth he stalked from the deep St. Lawrence and pitched his tent for a day by the mines at Hillcrest. And he passed after—to Austria, mayhap, there to arrange the last assassination. Ancients had Tragedy in awe when the priests performed strange machinations and the fearful, fearful auspices were taken. And moderns admit the insuperable terror, but not without trust, when congregations both sing and pray for the lives of the imperilled at sea or in the subterranean mazes. There is consolation still for the stricken women.

## An Ottawan in Boston

By MADGE MACBETH

**D**O you remember the late Clyde Fitch's play, "The Girl with the Green Eyes"? And do you remember a prominent member of the cast, named Lucile Watson? Of course you do if you saw the play, for you probably realized, as Clyde Fitch did, that she was just the woman for the part. He "discovered" her; he placed her on the first rung of Fame's ladder; he helped her climb.

Lucile Watson is a Canadian, an Ottawan. Her father was an English army officer who left his country with the idea that a fortune could be picked up here in a couple of days; her mother is spoken of as one of the most beautiful women ever known in the Capital. When the Captain went out to fight at the time of the Riel Rebellion, Mrs. Watson gave several readings for the benefit of the sufferers of that trying time. These readings were so successful, and fortune was so coy and hard to grasp, that she decided to go on the stage. Many may remember her as part of Rose Coghlan's company.

Little Lucile traveled with her mother as adored and pampered a child as any princess in a fairy tale, until she was thought old enough to be placed at school in Ottawa.

Mrs. Watson died very suddenly, leaving what should have been a neat little fortune to her child, but unfortunate speculation gave a rather sinister turn to the young girl's life. It was when she realized this that Lucile Watson made up her mind to follow her mother's example.

Taking what little money she had, and a deal of courage, she went to New York and braved the discouragements of many months of hard work. Wisely, she went to a dramatic school instead of entering the less costly one in actual money but vastly more expensive in other ways—Experience. It was at the school that Clyde Fitch found her, saw in her a type he had long been seeking, and talked business matters over with her. They came to a satisfactory agreement, which lasted until the time of his death.

A few years ago, the actress married, the fortunate man being Rockliffe Fellows, of Ottawa, whom she helped to a place on the other side of the footlights. Mr. Fellows played with Robert Lorraine in "Man and Superman," and has just recently finished a much more important engagement as the "son" in