

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

A Leacock Interlude

IN the midst of atrocities at the expense of Armenia, and brutalities to be perpetrated by the Bulgarians, we pause, for a happy hour or two, to bask in the light of "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy." Such is the title of Professor Stephen Leacock's latest book, which takes us all the way from "Spoof, a Sample of a Thousand Guinea Novel," to "In The Good Time After The War." The author gives us many a hearty laugh in the melodrama of "Spoof," which is a parody or perversion of the Eternal Triangle story—and ends in the eloping couple taking the tiresome husband, Mr. Overgold, with them, in order that he may pay the inevitable bills.

These stories and sketches have appeared, during the last year, in various magazines, but they will stand more than a "serial" reading and are an infinite relief in these days of distress and lamentation. Not that we would say that the writer is any light-hearted ignorer of the tumultuous days in which we are living. The manner of his readings, in behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund, last spring, leaves no doubt as to his earnestness. But the genius of this political economy professor who is a humorist in his hours of ease, "cleaves ever to the sunnier side" of all life's complexities, and refuses to suffer total eclipse because of the walls of the pessimist. Such a citizen is a benefactor, indeed, and should be given a Distinguished Service Order, or the degree of B.B.—meaning banisher of blues.

Chrystalisms

THAT professed advocate of peace, Miss Chrystal Macmillan, stirred up more trouble in less time than any other lecturer who has come to Toronto, and her departure has not evoked "will ye no' come back again?" Some called the lady traitorous, and others called her tactless, while the valiant peacette who moved the vote of thanks after Chrystal's lecture has been censured by a vote of patriotic Toronto women. After all, it is not pleasant to have Britain's warfare classed with the outrages of the Huns—and that by a woman who calls herself a British subject. This was hardly her attitude in the lecture—but it certainly was the inference from her interview with the "News" (Toronto) representative. Chrystal, dear, Canada bids you a firm farewell.

A Sister to Santa Claus

MRS. HENSHAW, of Vancouver, known in years of peace as Julia Henshaw, the author of delightful articles on Canadian flora, especially the wild-flowers of the Rockies, has been appointed Commissioner for the National Service Committee, now intent upon raising a fund of a hundred thousand "quarters" for a hundred thousand gifts for a hundred thousand men. The destined recipients are the Canadian soldiers overseas, and it is their countrymen (to say nothing of their countrywomen) who are to send these Christmas tokens of goodwill. Mrs. Henshaw is lecturing this month throughout Canada, explaining the work of the National Service Committee, the work involved being her personal contribution to the cause. On the 1st of December, this indefatigable lady expects to sail for England, to arrange for the distribution of the gifts under the direction of the Canadian War Contingent Association in London. Best wishes to the lady of the Christmas "quarters"!

Unsportsmanlike

THE attack on the equestrian judgment of Lady Beck, made by an "Exhibitor" in New York, is an absurd, but somewhat annoying instance of pro-Germanism. Lady Beck has had the honour to be chosen as one of the judges at the National Horse Show in New York. This critic of her fitness for such an appointment declares that Lady Beck knows of equestrian qualities, only through second-hand information from her husband, Sir Adam Beck, of the Remount Commission. As all Canadians of equestrian tastes and discrimination are aware, Lady Beck, from her girlhood days as Miss Lillian Otta-

way, daughter of the late Cuthbert J. Ottaway, of England, and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, has been a fearless rider and a devotee of equestrian sports. All who know her will resent this foolish and unjust attack on one who is not only an expert equestrienne, but a charming gentlewoman. ERIN.

The Wonder Of It

SACRIFICE and greater sacrifice is the key-note of the women's work in these days. The wonder of it is the way in which all smaller society matters are pushed into the background and women

ENGLAND'S JOAN OF ARC.



One of the best photographs taken of Edith Cavell, the nurse murdered by the German civil governor of Belgium. A monument to her memory is to be erected in Trafalgar Square.

are living only for war-work. A few have not yet seen the light, but the circle widens day by day. If the work is great, the glory of the doing it brings great rewards.

Opening the Auditorium

(By our Ottawa Correspondent.)

EVERYBODY knows about the Victoria Memorial Museum, monument to a by-gone administration, and its Famous Crack. Every one knows that the main tower, tons upon tons of stone, pulled away from the main building in an aloof and hostile manner, rivalling the European Pisa. Everyone now knows that the sad work of demolition is taking place, and turret by turret, stone by stone, that sagging tower is being pulled down. But people do not know that a generous Government has tried to compensate for any disappointment we may have felt in regard to the tower, by opening the large, handsome Auditorium for the initial use of the Drama League and the subsequent use of scientific and educational bodies.

The first of these, on November 12th, was by Granville Barker, the English producer manager, whose presence in this country is explained by the serious word "contract." Before the outbreak of the war he had signed agreements to give a number of lectures, and the iron-bound laws bind him to his pledged word. Otherwise he would be in France

with our khaki boys.

The title of his address was, "Some New Ideas in the Theatre," a subject as interesting as it was instructive and authoritative. For Mr. Barker speaks from personal experience when he deals with the producing of anything from "Oedipus" to "Androcles and the Lion."

The Hon. Martin Burrell introduced the speaker.

TO honour His Majesty the Emperor of Nippon, the Consul-General of Japan and Mrs. Yada sent out many invitations to a reception, held in the Chateau Laurier, on Nov. 10th, in honour of the Coronation of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan. The affair was a brilliant one, under the gracious benignity of the host and hostess, lifting the grey cloud reflected from across the seas for the moment and bringing us in closer touch with our Eastern neighbours. It is neither extravagant nor fulsome flattery to state that anything over which Mme. Yada presided would be an assured success.

FAR-FAMED May Court Club, that philanthropic organization in which Lady Aberdeen, Lady Minto and Lady Grey evinced such interest, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Patricia honours by her frequent presence, held a unique fete a week ago upon the occasion of opening their new rooms. These were divided into booths something after the fashion of a country fair; there was a mysterious fish pond in which strange and unclassified varieties of fish were caught, there was a Punch and Judy show, there was a Cafe Chantant and a real theatre with a live little one-act play, produced by the Drama League. There were fancy work booths, candy booths, cake booths and the ubiquitous fortune-teller. There were four pictures of Her Royal Highness the Princess Patricia on sale, and these were quickly snapped up. Artistically and financially, the affair was a brilliant success. M. M.

The Martyr, Edith Cavell

The Case in Her Behalf Reviewed by a United States Lawyer

NOW that it has been decided to erect a public memorial in London to the memory of Edith Cavell, it is of some interest to recall the story of the tragedy that has made this woman the Joan of Arc to England. The statue will stand in the midst of a sea of traffic in Trafalgar Square, between the National Gallery on the far side of the square, and the old church of St. Martin's in the Field nearer to the Strand. The statue is to be the free gift of Sir George Framp-ton, R.A., president of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, and recognized, therefore, as one of the most able sculptors in England. He will have an inspiring subject. And perhaps he will have no better material for his labours than just such a portrait as the photograph on this page.

The memory of this martyred woman will never grow old in England nor in the really civilized world. In fact, it seems as though her memory will be kept green for a long while in the uncivilized part of the world known as Germany. A few days ago Mr. James M. Beck, the eminent United States lawyer who summed up the case against Germany a year ago, reviewed all the arguments in the case of Miss Cavell in an article in the Philadelphia Ledger. Mr. Beck concludes that Miss Cavell was wantonly murdered. He recalls the attempted justification made by Germany after it was recognized that the world at large would regard the execution as a murder. It was said in Germany that though Miss Cavell had earned a living by nursing, she charged extortionate fees that only the wealthy could afford to pay. This was another of those German lies in the form of a slander against a woman already murdered by the nation represented by the slanderers. There is no question of the fact that Miss Cavell nursed not only British and Belgian, but even German soldiers. A woman who would do this would not be likely to practise extortion for deeds of mercy.

Mr. Beck points out that all the charges against Miss Cavell have come from German sources. This alone should be enough to prove her a martyr. The Germans claim that she was given a fair trial. Mr. Beck shows what that fair trial was. She was denied (Concluded on page 20.)