

THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO



FLORA MACDONALD · EDITOR

MARCH, 1916

WANLESS BLDG., TORONTO

Harmony



By James L. Hughes



Listen to the sweetest strains
Of song birds in the spring,
Telling the hills and plains
How good is everything;
And learn what I would tell,
Could I but sing as well.

Watch Nature's wondrous powers
Of life and growth in May,
Make fields, and trees and flowers
More beautiful each day;
And learn the truth, that so
We may forever grow.

We are in silent awe—
The stars, the moon, the sun
In harmony with law,
Their courses truly run;
Law-guided, life should be
In perfect harmony.

Every young soul, ardent and high, rushing forth into life's hot
fight;
Every home of happy content, lit by love's own mystical light;
Every worker who works till evening and earns before night his
wage,
Be his work a furrow straight drawn, or the joy of a better age;
Every thinker who standing aloof from the throng, finds a high
delight
In striking with tongue or with pen a stroke for the triumph of
right—
All these know that life is sweet; all these with a consonant voice,
Read the legend of Time with a smile, and that which they read is
"Rejoice."—*Morris.*



They are slaves who will not choose
Hätred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truths they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—*Lowell.*



Vol. 1

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No. 1

"The institution of the dear love of comrades."

—WALT WHITMAN.

The Whitman Club of Bon Echo

Founded by FLORA MACDONALD

"Neither master nor servant am I."—WALT WHITMAN.

THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO is the official organ of the Whitman Club, edited by Flora MacDonald.

Now the idea, and the why; who was Whitman; what and where is Bon Echo, and who is Flora Macdonald?

Whitman

CARLYLE, Tennyson, Emerson, Burroughs, Ingersoll, Dr. Buck, Hubbard and a whole galaxy of lesser lights took off their mental caps to Walt. Whitman, and with one accord placed him on a higher pedestal than had been. Whitman is the poet of that divine democracy which gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of this earth.

Life, love, nature, death, all mean more and are more since Whitman wrote of them.

Men and women mean more and are more since Whitman founded the institution of the dear love of comrades.

His philosophy and his religion are broader and better than others, for he included all and rejected none.

The grave lost its victory, death lost its sting and life became eternal. In his psalm of Life in that wondrous book called Leaves of Grass, the Gospel of Humanity was sung.

His poems have been compared to Wagner's music—universal—with a sweeping cadence—paying little attention to the frills of tune, but always and ever bringing out the tones that catch, and hold, and elevate.

Life to Whitman was a divine melody and he harmonized all its many phases. He never apologized nor argued but celebrated the facts as they are. Brave enough to give expression to his honest thoughts, in language that marked him the supreme genius.

Thousands to-day are holding Walt. Whitman by the hand, walking along the "OPEN ROAD," joyfully facing life, fearlessly facing death.

His was the master mind able to teach, and worthy to lead.

A great master mind worthy to be followed.

His inspiration is running like a silver thread through the warp and woof of lives the round world over.

Bon Echo seems a fitting Canadian monument to dedicate to him.

Not that Whitman needs monuments, but that Canada needs Whitman!

Whitman's place is as secure as the sun, he was as brave a soul as ever lived in human clay.

"Stranger, if you passing, meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?"—*Whitman.*

Religions, conventions, social systems, languages, have all played their part in separating human beings.

"The Institution of the dear love of comrades" is big enough to join in friendliness and brotherhood the whole human race.

The institution of the dear love of Comrades must give ample room for every individual to live up to the highest and best as each sees it.

"Each man to himself, and each woman to herself."

—*Whitman.*

No one can acquire for another—not one
Not one can grow for another—not one."

—*Whitman.*

"I swear the earth shall surely be complete to him or her who shall be complete,
I swear the earth remains broken and jagged, only to him or her who remains broken and jagged."—*Whitman.*

Bon Echo

Bon Echo is a wonderland of beauty in the Highlands of Ontario, one hundred and fifty miles from Toronto on the C.P.R. Kaladar is the nearest railway station, being about twenty miles from Bon Echo Inn.

Belleville, Napanee, Kingston, Picton, and Trenton are suburbs of Bon Echo, just week-end motor trips of a few hours.

For the past fifteen years Bon Echo has been known as the most picturesque Summer Resort in Canada.

Dr. Price, of Cleveland, a man of international fame in his profession, built Bon Echo Inn, several cottages and many cottage tents.

He built with the materials at hand, using the natural barks and trees to finish verandahs and interiors.

Quaint rusticity is the dominant note of the place, and while Dr. Price was not an architect, he was an artist.

Dr. Price had an ideal.

He wanted people to be saved in the good old Methodist way, but somehow many folks who were willing to come across a continent to see the natural beauties of Bon Echo did not always want to be saved in just that way!

The Lord's Day Alliance spirit, however, had to give way to a Rational Sunday, with boating, walks through the woods, music and singing, not always from Moody and Sankey's hymnal.

Cards and dancing had been taboo, but free-born Americans, who danced and played cards at home did not wish their personal liberty interfered with, especially in a place where nature shouted of freedom's lavish display on every hand.

The gigantic Gibraltar of old Laurentian Granite with sweeping majesty frowned on a narrow faith.

The primeval pines told tales of free-born Indians.

The deep waters of Lake Massanoga lapped the sun-kissed white sand beaches in untrammelled glee and every one who came to Bon Echo grew bigger in the bigness of the place.

A few years ago Dr. Price was called upon to endure a great sorrow—the incurable illness of an only son, who has since passed to the Great Beyond.

Even Bon Echo, the place he loved and dreamed of, the place made doubly dear with memories of his early married life and the prattle of a baby voice, became the graveyard of his hopes.

Bon Echo then became the property of another, but no one else could ever love the rustic inn, the quaint cottages, the clever pieces

of rustic furniture, with the same love as the one who planned and built them.

Dr. Price had guests from all over the world, and many men and women of note left tokens of their love and admiration.

Bon Echo has now started on a new journey.

"All architecture is what you do to it,
When you look upon it."

—Whitman.

The present owner looks upon Bon Echo as a symbol of democratic freedom, an ideal spot in which to dream and grow and be.

For many years Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" have been to her teacher, guide and friend.

In sunshine and in shadow Whitman has been ever ready with the right word to encourage, to enthuse and to inspire.

The great Old Rock has echoed and re-echoed:

"My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite
I laugh at what you call dissolution
And I know the amplitude of time."

—Whitman.

Is it not a worthy conceit, a delightful fancy to call this massive Gibraltar—Old Walt? Will it not endear Bon Echo to many who will visit there for a summer's rest and play, or for winter sports when an all year place shall have been established?

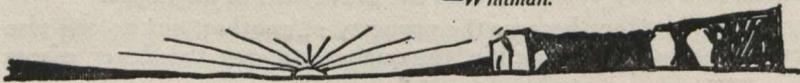
Whitman himself said in his Chants Democratic "I expect that Canadians, a hundred years hence and perhaps many hundred years from now, in the winter; in the splendour of the snow and woods or on the icy lakes will take me with them and permanently enjoy themselves with me".

May you and I, may he and she, whether from north or south or from east or west, find Bon Echo always striving to be worthy of hospitably entertaining Walt Whitman.

Bon Echo with its rustic Inn, its cottages, its tents, with bathing beaches, tennis courts and croquet lawns, with canoes and boats and launches, with wondrous sunsets, its woods and lakes and mountains and valleys should be more beautiful and more splendid since the spirit of Walt Whitman will permeate it all. And that spirit is DEMOCRACY.

"Did you think the sunset was for you
And not for him and her?"

—Whitman.



Flora Macdonald

It is difficult to write of myself.

It would be impossible had I not met Whitman.

So self-conscious and afraid are we of ourselves, we can easily talk about all else except the very one we should know the most about.

Whitman talked about himself and he was so big that in talking about himself he talked about everyone else.

He was neither ashamed nor afraid and his consciousness grew till he embodied the Universe.

I do not imagine that I have much that is new or original to give to the world, only what I have to give may be a little differently presented.

I am not alone in realizing that in the mysterious depths of the Inner Life souls can hold communion with other souls both in and out of the physical body.

My visions and communions though sometimes interfered with by the discords of conditions have been both clear and prophetic.

I have been an interested tenant of Mrs. Denison's body and at times we differ so vastly in our reasoning and conclusions that I have come to believe she and I are two different personalities.

However, as she is the one with whom I have grown and developed in this present life, I shall talk of her as of someone outside myself.

Her experiences as a child, as a pupil at the schools of Picton, as a teacher in a backwoods French settlement, as a secretary in an insurance company, as a buyer for a millinery firm, as manager of a large costuming department with the Robert Simpson Co., as manager of a business of her own, as a speculator in real estate, as a worker in the Woman's Suffrage Movement, as National Leader for four years, as many times delegate to conferences and conventions in the United States and Europe, as a departmental editor in the Sunday World, all these and many more have been a splendid school from which I have learned a few lessons.

(Her experience as a mother—may she some day tell that story herself— even I would not encroach on that holy ground.)

I have been with her through varied scenes.

I have studied social conditions and compared the standards of value of nations and peoples.

I have watched some well known people broaden and grow, and I have watched others shrivel and shrink.

Some have become selfish and small, others generous and big.

I will write short stories about people who are living here and now—people who are more or less before the public as leaders or otherwise. I shall try to expose cant and hypocrisy, to the end that through me some wrongs may be righted.

I have been aided so far in my work by friends in the Spirit World and I want to tell you about some of them without explanation or apology.

Mary Merrill was a sister in earth life of Mrs. Denison. She is a great comrade of mine, and has helped me over many stony places.

A Hindu prince is often in communion with me, and his chief concern is the terrible wrongs brought about by unjust caste systems.

Sunset (for whom this little magazine is named) was an Indian Chief. He first became my friend when Mrs. Denison—then Flora Merrill—taught school in the backwoods.

He is a healer and has often assisted me in stopping pain through both mental and magnetic healing.

“Crusts-and-Crums” has often been my teacher and much has come to me through the spirit of those two columns.

An Arab is a spirit to whom I owe much. His swiftness of decision has helped when problems most perplexed me.

Walt. Whitman makes the mystic seven complete.

These will constitute the personnel of the SUNSET.

Walt Whitman is the master guide.

He has taken me to unbelievable heights and I have neither fear nor anxiety about the future.

To-day is so splendid and to-day is a prophesy of to-morrow.

I will give utterance to the different inspirations according to my ability.

The communion with unseen intelligences is not at all new to me and I am learning to interpret their messages clearer and better as my own spirit develops.

I am able to part the veil that hides us, from our unseen friends, but I am neither a professional healer, adviser, nor medium.

I shall willingly, however, do what I can in the clear air of Bon Echo to help those who want or need my assistance.

I could quite fill a book with testimonials from people I have benefited mentally and physically. It would read like a patent medicine advertisement. My life's work from now on will be in propogating the Ideals of Whitman with Bon Echo as a glorious vantage ground, away up in the Highlands of Ontario.

I am very human, and I wish to help human beings as much as they have helped me.

My psychic experiences are often too personal and intimate to be of general interest, but I will blend them into everyday life stories because they are a part of my every day life.

Whatever the outcome of the work now begun at Bon Echo—the call has come to me, and I would be an ungrateful wretch not to follow the lead of my great comrades.

The present caste system, with all its cruel absurdities must go. “The Institution of the dear Love of Comrades” must take its place.

The world knows enough, prophets and seers have given us all the necessary information.

We have the brawn and the brain, and the wherewithal. Now we need the adjusting and shifting in accord with the best concepts of a better civilization.

The Kaiser has almost wrecked a world by working to a given ideal for one generation.

Surely we can reconstruct a world working towards a Great Ideal in one generation.

Canada with her last Great West, her Bigger Centre, and her Splendid East, has in to-day’s world struggle, for freedom, become a unit in herself.

But abstract Democracy is not enough.

I—the individual, must be the embodiment of concrete, definite Democracy.

I will give my lecture—The Whitman Club of Bon Echo—as the opportunity presents itself.

In 1919 many Whitmanites will assemble at Bon Echo to celebrate the centennial of the birth of the Greatest Democrat.

Bon Echo and all it may mean will be consecrated to his ideals. Are you a Whitmanite?

Will you help?

Are you in favor of a real democracy?

Then you will help, no matter in what little corner you may be.

“Allons—The road is before us”

It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well
Mon Enfant—I give you my hand,

I give you my love, more precious than money,

I give you myself before preaching or law;

Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?

Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

—Whitman

The Chemistry of Character

JOHN, and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave—
Evil or good—as the case might be,
Black or colored, or bond, or free—
John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
John, and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his state,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great,
Peter was made 'neath life's burden to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.
Robert great glory and honor received,
For zealously preaching what no one believed;
While Paul, of the pleasures of life took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men in their passing away
From life and its conflict, all died the same day!
John was mourned through the length and the breadth of the land—
Peter fell 'neath the lash in a merciless hand—
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue—
While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the statesman—"How noble and brave"
But of Peter "Alas—he was only a slave."
Of Robert—"Tis well with his soul—it is well,"
While Paul they consigned to the torments of Hell.

Born by one law—through all nature the same.
What made them different?—and who was to blame?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white:—
Out where the spirit through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies—
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of a God-given soul—
Who shall determine what change may befall
John, and Peter and Robert and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase—
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace—
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit and less in the word—
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth
Than the passions of man had allowed him on earth,
John and Peter and Robert and Paul
God in his wisdom will care for them all.

—Doten



That day when the woman takes her place beside the man in the governance and arrangement of external affairs of the race will also be the day that heralds the death of war as a means of arranging human differences.—*Oliver Schriener.*



*Telegram received at the First Whitman Club
Party at King Edward Hotel, from Dr. and
Mrs. Campbell.*

*“Sorry not to be in at the start—will meet
you later along the OPEN ROAD.”*

Crusts and Crumbs

By Albert Ernest Stafford

Sunday World, January 16.h, 1916

THE WHITMAN CLUB of Bon Echo, founded by Flora Macdonald, sent out invitations for a reception recently and I was fortunate enough to be included in the company that assembled in the King Edward on Friday Evening of the 7th. It was an inspiring way to begin the New Year. I had first heard about Flora Macdonald sixteen years ago when she published her book, "Mary Melville, the Psychic," which was recommended to me by Mr. Hague Evans, of whom I wrote in these columns some time ago. It was a long time afterwards before I met Flora Macdonald in person and came to realize not only as a tradition, but as a fact that "Mary Melville" was the sister of the writer, who had only written down with faithful and loving care an account of the remarkable life which had grown up and withered beside her. That book, with its picture of a remarkable father and mother, and its glimpse of a Canada that has been a foundation for much that is yet to come to pass, should be better known than it is. Perhaps one day, as biography, it will have a wider circulation and a better reception than it has yet had as fiction. Those who read "Mary Melville," however, realize that they are dealing with a remarkable family. Mrs. Denison, who is Flora Macdonald, and founder of the Walt Whitman Club of Bon Echo, is a true sister of her own heroine.



MRS DENISON told us that she was first introduced to Walt Whitman by Col. Ingersoll. She had not met the great American orator personally, but had attended the lecture given by him in the old Shaftesbury Hall in 1892. More and more as she became imbued with the spirit of Whitman, she understood that the Voice Eternal was speaking the ancient message in a new form to a new age. She understood, also, that the message was an appeal to the innermost, and that it must fall on many deaf ears. It was an inspiration and encouragement for her in her own work. She distinguished between her own inner self, the Flora Macdonald who thought and wrote and dwelt apart, and the Mrs. Denison, who faced the world and did the world's business. She knew that the Inner Person must be free, and Whitman's appeal stirred her. "Leave all free as I have left all free!" She had been born in the

wild and picturesque country far north of Belleville, whose father had been the first white settler. He had urged the government at that time to dedicate this beautiful country as a national park, but nothing was done, and it changed hands and passed through many phases. Finally, after many strange circumstances and in curious ways, the property now known as Bon Echo came into the possession of Mrs. Denison, and she resolved to make it a centre and nucleus of the Whitman spirit, a symbol of democracy, the democracy of Whitman, the poet of liberty and immortality. In this lovely spot, with its great Gibraltar cliffs set above the lake, its enchanted woods and streams of living waters, there have been gathered many of the notables of the time, and more will come from summer to summer. It is Flora Macdonald who will be the genius of Bon Echo, and she intends shortly to issue a little magazine, "The Sunset of Bon Echo," in which the inspirations of the day will find record.

BON ECHO lies seventy miles north of Belleville, and 150 from Toronto on the C.P.R., and there were many testimonies to its excelling beauty and to the peculiar phenomena observed there. On one occasion Charlotte Perkins Gilman, having seen several rainbows there all at once, wrote a poem called the Rainbow Flag of Peace. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, who took part in the entertainment at the reception, has painted many pictures, and other artists find the scenery full of charm and suggestion. After Mr. Bell-Smith's recitation and Miss Taylor's song there was some speaking. Dr. James L. Hughes, who also proved to be a good Whitmanite, described his early experiences in Hastings County, and how he had taken Sir Sam to school and put him through the teacher's course and got him a certificate, and how they had both taught school within hail of Bon Echo. He had met Col. Ingersoll at the lecture already mentioned, which had been arranged by Col. Pope, and afterwards while they were talking together a telegram was handed to Ingersoll, who opened it, and, much disturbed, said he must hasten away at once as he "had been chosen to preach the funeral sermon of the greatest man that ever lived—Walt Whitman." Whitman, as Binns says, recognized a more perfect faculty of reason than Ingersoll's logic, and was cognizant of a field of transcendent knowledge which Ingersoll had never known, but even Ingersoll had to admit, replying to the question of Love over the

grave. Hope might proclaim that "before all life is death, and after death is life." He did not know as Whitman knew that he was "the leavings of many deaths," and that he had died five thousand times before. Dr. Hughes spoke interestingly of the broadening of opinion in Toronto in the last quarter of a century. He had been himself denounced as a dangerous person in his boyhood because he read Dickens. He denied that Ingersoll was an infidel, and quoted Whitman's assertion that, "A mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels." He had brought many lecturers to Toronto, and a president of the University had warned the public not to attend a lecture by Julia Ward Howe because she was a Unitarian. He had been denounced for reading "Tom" Paine. He had always called him Thomas, and his works were now sold in the Methodist Book Room. An infidel was an impossibility, he declared.



DR. SYMTHE also spoke on some phases of Whitman's teaching. In an early edition of "By Blue Ontario's Shore," Whitman had the line, "As a wheel turns on its axle, so I find my chants turning finally on the war." Elsewhere Whitman says of "Leaves of Grass," "The entire work is finally to be considered as the first characteristic literary result of the war." Whitman's devotion in the hospitals to the sick and wounded, and his recognition of the cosmic forces that were at work in such upheavals were dwelt upon. The war taught what one's self and union meant. It proved comradeship and democracy. It tested death and immortality. This side of Whitman had not been understood in Toronto, where the police had actually raided the booksellers who offered "Leaves of Grass" for sale, and the late public librarian refused to admit the book to his shelves. The speaker hesitated to say how highly placed Walt Whitman was by some of those who understood him, lest some susceptibilities might be jarred. He referred to the passage in Binns' preface where he says, "It is as a man that I see and have sought to describe Whitman. But as a man of special and exceptional character, a new type of mystic or seer. And the conviction that he belongs to the order of initiates has dragged me on to confessedly difficult ground." Mr. Smythe suggested that if they regarded men as incarnations of the Supreme Spirit in lowly or in higher degree they might be able to regard Whitman as one who had manifested, whether reflecting or trans-

mitting, the cosmic mind in an exalted measure which each must estimate for himself. Whitman's chief mission was to establish among men "the institution of the dear love of comrades." and Bon Echo would be a token and promise for Canada of the great cause of brotherhood.



TO understand the Bon Echo movement it will be necessary to read "Mary Melville," The marvellous girl who confounded the great mathematicians of the world at the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, obtaining the gold medal and presidency of the Mathematical Society, and who died shortly afterwards through the inexperience in psychic conditions of a medical man, was a prodigy of learning. She passed her examinations, taking almost cent per cent. in them all, and was awarded her M.A. degree by the Albert University with first-class honors in mathematics. Whatever she attempted she did perfectly, and she astonished the drawing master when she corrected a study for a fellow pupil, although she had never done any drawing before. Strange physical phenomena attended her. A chair would follow her about the room. She handled burning coals in her bare hands without injury. At a Moody and Sankey revival she controlled the audiences, restraining or impelling by her will those who wished to testify, finally rousing a whole assembly by her appeal. These phenomenal powers co-existed with the greatest simplicity of nature and sweetness of disposition. Her continued existence is an essential element in her sister's life. She spoke of Bon Echo as the result of the inspiration thus obtained. Her "Sun Set" magazine will give expression to views and ideas that originate from this source. Flora Macdonald, in fact, will represent an inner life, and the urge of an influence that has higher aims than the external world usually seeks. The aspirations and endeavors of the outer world, as Mrs. Denison has lived them, afford the training which make the inner realizations possible. Bon Echo will unite in summer weather the comrades who seek in either or both spheres the consummations of the life of Walt Whitman celebrates as the perfect union of the inner and the outer man. In 1819, on May 31, within a week of Queen Victoria, Walt Whitman was born, and at Bon Echo, in 1919, it is hoped that his centenary will be appropriately celebrated.



Whitmanites are like friends and silver foxes—where you find them.

Short Stories

I WILL write short stories about folks I have known who are great, near-great or otherwise, who have done something, some time, of a public nature. Many men and women come quickly to my mind because——

Susan B. Antony introduced me to a big audience at Lilly Dale and helped me make my first speech. How we love the ones who have boosted us!

Dr. Emily Stowe—introduced me to Susan B.—Dr. Stowe looms large in the Making of Canada. I see no other woman to approach her yet.

Bellsmith.—The man of many parts—Artist, Author, Actor, Educator, and the kindest, sweetest soul “of all my days and years.”

James L. Hughes—has done more to liberate the mind and broaden the thought world of Canada than anyone else, and I can prove it.

Carrie Chapman Catt—That clear, calm, cold, clever intellect at the head of the Woman’s Suffrage Movement. The ship of “Votes for Women” is in good hands and she will captain it safely into port.

Rev. Dr. Shaw.—The marvellous orator who sways audiences to laughter and enthuses them to action—a great headlight on the Engine of Woman’s Enfranchisement.

Goldwin Smith—whose encouraging words about my work gave me a grip when things seemed dark—he, too, was “In quest of Light.”

Dr. Stowe-Gullen.—The daughter of Canada’s Greatest Woman. I may expect too much from the Doctor, but she has so many talents.

Kit—Brilliant, erratic, often brave in deed but too politic to be true to the light she really had.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.—Possibly the greatest woman writer of our day. I stagger at the bigness of her work and while I have her catalogued with Ellen Kay and Olive Schreiner, I may change my mind. There is "The Gilman Cottage" at Bon Echo,—always welcome, Charlotte!

Rev. Canon Cody.—I really do not know this gifted gentleman, but I do know some interesting things about him. He disagrees with me on the divorce question, and does not seem to interfere with the work of the Salvation Army. I'll interview him before I write his story.

E. E. Sheppard.—I have just read his new book—"The Thinking Universe." What a ripping title, and how his "Infinite Urge to Rightness" grips one—and yet I somehow wish that his Great Book could have been written after a life of glee and health and joyful reasoning, instead of after years of suffering! I must re-read and re-read "The Thinking Universe" before I discuss it. My short story about him should be good, for there is magic in his name.

Helen Merrill.—What a beautiful girl she was,—of U.E. Loyalist stock and many ideals! A drunkard is the best argument against drunkenness—This story might be called "The Evils of Snobbery." Helen should know. Picton papers please copy.

Mrs. Torrington.—Who always looks the Queen, and is the President of the National Council of Women. She "tenaciously follows the line of the least resistance," but gets there just the same.

Judge Madden.—Who believes in the religion of restitution rather than repentance, and knows what a cinch the Legal Trust has on the public, but if all of the privileged brotherhood were like this Prince of Good Fellows the public would not mind.

O-me-O My.—Here is fifteen months of the "Sunset" gone already and they are trooping in so fast that I haven't chairs for them all. There is—

Louise Glasgow.—A pretty little mother of four—I may over-rate her ability and under-rate her spirit.

Ethel Snowdon.—Beautiful, clear cut, and logical in her speeches—how fond I was of her—who could know how unkind and selfish she was?

Mrs. Pankhurst.—I have already written much of her. She stands as the martyr firebrand, the great live urge within and without the "Votes-for-Women" movement.

Elbert and Alice Hubbard.—Great Whitmanites— I have been a 33rd degree member of the Roycrofters for many years. They both promised to come to Bon Echo—Let us all be there to welcome them. I have had greetings from them since the ship went down.

Dear—O—Dear—Mabel, I'll have to live a long time and enlarge the "Sunset" if I write even Short Stories about all the known folks that have helped to make me what I am. How they do clamor for places. There is Lucy Doyle and Dr. Gordon, and Rev. Mr. Hutcheon, Lady Gay and J. W. Bengough, Agnes Dean Cameron, Mrs. Maciver and Laura McCully.

Hello—Central—Hello—this phone has been ringing all morning.

Why—yes—O—No. I remember the others. All the just plain folks and kids and dogs and horses—and the baby boy—and those splendid pioneers in the French settlement—and Burns, and the wondrous sky with its "Not Day" mystery of millions of worlds, of intoxicating sunrises, promising the fulfilled delights of day, and then the Glorious SUNSET. Am I getting selfish and old that I so long for rest and peace in the work I shall do in this "Sunset" or am I just beginning my real life? Let us all go and pick huckleberries—Mabel wants to make some pies.



We hope to make of Bon Echo a school where no one will ever finish his education.

Teachers will be pupils and pupils will be teachers and all will learn a little in joy and gladness.

The stupidly respectable will not feel at home at Bon Echo.



Over our own private wire :

It is rumoured that Mrs. Huestis and Miss Boulton will lead the street sweeping brigade of older women themselves.

Hurrah! No deserters here!

Minnie

HAVE you been to Bon Echo in the last five years? Then of course you know Minnie.

Minnie is the reincarnation of George Washington and Queen Elizabeth with all modern improvements—Made in Canada—thrown in.

When guests were few it mattered not for, Minnie furnished the Rotunda and exuded success and joy.

When guests were many the management proudly pointed to Minnie as a steady who did the place proud, and when dressed in gorgeous array, just to impress some new highbrows—she looked like the Royal Family.

O—No—Minnie was no angel—but her grouches were such delicious compliments to the place.

She would abuse all and sundry who had known the place in the days of Dr. Price and had not told her about it.

To her Dr. Price was a Genii with magic wand who was able by wafting it to transform birch trees into all manner of beautiful things—from door latches on cottages to a sideboard whose lines a Chippendale might envy. Minnie was rebellious—She wanted more money—more clothes—more everything, and all the points and coves and sand-beaches. The only thing she was willing to let me have was the Big Rock and she was afraid of that, or it would have gone too.

I tried to argue that she had more than she deserved—for she never really earned anything—not really earn on a really job—and then the fur would fly and the guests would draw near and the ethics of economics would be discussed.

Surely a wife and a mother earned their living—Yes, if they did—but no, if they didn't.

Dangerous ground with more discussions to follow!

Is it a high morale that permits a woman to accept money and keep and luxury from a man just because she is his wife?

Biff—Bang—What new code is this? And Minnie just wished she had married a millionaire and she would show you how moral it was to spend his money.

But here is Garb with a hole in his jersey, and of course Minnie has a darning needle and just the right colored yarn, and someone else has a cut and Minnie has sticking plaster.

Then the dinner bell rings and everyone rushes and everybody laughs.

What would Bon Echo be without Minnie?

Historical Sketch of the Indian Battle at Massanoga

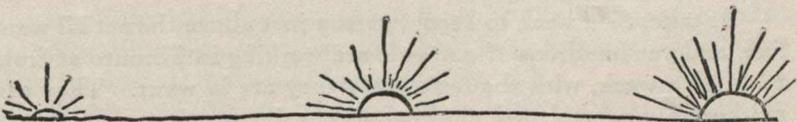


face of the perpendicular cliff of the Great Massanoga Precipice are a series of very old Indian paintings which, according to the Minister of Education of Ontario, Mr. Doyle, in his archaeological Report 1894-5 are probably the most extensive and most wonderful in single group in Central North America. And particularly are they of great interest because they commemorate, according to Indian history, a great Indian battle at this natural stronghold. The remarkable relation of the cliff to the Narrows, and of both of them to the surrounding country, make it a great natural fortress, a veritable Gibraltar. This remarkable arrangement in its relation to the surrounding lakes also makes a natural trap for deer, when chased by wolves or dogs, for they would run off of the south arm of the natural harbor and swim across to a break in the precipice called the run-way and make a safe escape. This made the site famous as a hunting ground, and doubtless it has been in the centuries past more than once, besides the time we are about to recite, the scene of bloody conflicts between contending Indian tribes.

Less than two centuries ago the Ojibways or Algonquins occupied this part of Northern Central Ontario, and were in frequent conflict with their neighbours to the south, the Iroquois. The latter were by nature both aggressive and warlike, and on this particular occasion went north as a tribe on an extensive hunting expedition, and prepared for battle with the Ojibways. On arriving at this famous hunting ground and stronghold of the latter, they found it unoccupied, for the Ojibways chanced to be temporarily absent on a hunting expedition to the Whistlemacoon Lakes which lie just north of the Massanoga. The Iroquois hastily took possession of the point and waited the return of the rightful occupants. They did not have to wait long, for before evening had come they saw the large fleet of canoes of the Ojibways come in sight at the head of the lake seven miles distant. Every advantage would seem to be with the occupants of the point, and they prepared for battle, danc-

ing around fires, and singing their war-songs. Both forces were very large and a desperate struggle was inevitable. The Ojibways proceeded down the lake and formed their very large fleet of canoes in order for battle, and slowly proceeded with lights on their bows towards the Narrows. The scene which was to follow was too dreadful to be enacted in the light of day, for the sun hurriedly passed behind the western hills leaving the darkness to hide the awful carnage. Slowly the Ojibways proceeded, and the entire force of the intruding Iroquois was at the water's edge at the narrows to prevent the landing. But the Ojibways were at home, and they had defences that the intruders knew not of, for as their advance guards of canoes proceeded with torches and great noise, they made in the darkness, a systematic landing of their warriors behind a point of the west shore by means of other canoes. They had a system of secret run-ways in the thick undergrowth, and through these the warriors flanked the usurpers, and just as they supposed the great fleet was to land they were surprised from the rear and there was no possible escape. They were actually driven off into the water, and were literally harpooned by those in the canoes. Many doubtless tried to escape up the precipice which was clearly impossible, and the legend tells us that not a man escaped. That this should be made a great object lesson to other intruders, the victorious Ojibways took the blood of the slain and mixed it with red hematite, iron ore, and some persistent oil and painted these strange notices of warning all along the great precipice, thereby giving due notice to all intruding tribes of the sure fate that awaited them.

Unfortunately, out of the probable hundreds of paintings, only about forty or fifty can be seen now, owing to the unusually high water in the lake during the last half century, due to the lumber dams, but many of them are still clearly visible as shown in the report of the Minister of Education of Ontario, previously referred to. So far as we know, no one has ever interpreted these strange symbols and characters, but it is expected that some one may find the key to the language and tell us the story written in blood and iron upon this gigantic monument.



Vocational Training for Women

AN APPRECIATION OF DR. ROBERTSON'S ADDRESS

By Flora MacDonald Denison

Sunday World, Feb. 15th, 1914

FEW addresses delivered in Toronto this winter—and there have been many notable speakers here—are comparable in importance to the one made by Dr. Robertson a week ago.

His subject was vocational training for women, and could what he preached be lived in practice in a few years society would be revolutionized and a new and more civilized era ushered in.

Many have written and talked along the lines recommended by Dr. Robertson, but none could command the attention of the public as he does, clothed as he is with the authority given him by the Dominion Government to investigate conditions here and in other lands and report the same and make recommendations to remedy conditions as we have them.

That Dr. Robertson thoroughly understands the conditions and that he is able to recommend the remedy, makes him invaluable to this country.

In Canada, there are 400,000 women who work for wages, exclusive of women doing their own housework, who may or may not get paid for what they do. Forty thousand, or 10 per cent. of the total, are in Toronto.

Of this vast army, a very limited number have been trained for their work. They have had to pick it up in a hit-and-miss fashion, with the consequence that too many get discouraged and fall by the wayside, leaving bad-tempered and disappointed employers all along the road. If the trustees of a school advertise for a teacher, the applicant for the position can produce a certificate of efficiency, but if a factory advertises for hands, or a housekeeper advertises for help, applicants come along, and all that can be done is to take them on trial, and see what they are worth. Sometimes the girl makes good, but often, after heart-breaking (and sometimes dish-breaking) experiences, the contract is broken, and the girl and employer try their luck again.

It takes \$7 a week to keep a person just above the actual want line, and yet hundreds of our girls are working in Toronto at from \$2 to \$5 a week, with the result that they are in want. They can neither have proper food, clothing, or housing for that money.

And the blame Dr. Robertson places on lack of vocational training in our public schools.

Girls are sent out into the world to earn a living before they finish the public school, to fight the battle of life, with the only weapons of ignorance and incompetence; and we go right along and do this criminal thing and then moan and groan over fallen girls, when perhaps the only decent meals or the only entertainment or joy in life must come in this way, or not at all. Dr. Robertson said many things so absolutely true and to the point that it is hoped a verbatim account is in his report to the government.

Housework Suggestions

Dr. Robertson's splendidly humane suggestions in connection with housework should be considered by every woman having social welfare and betterment at heart.

We all know the interminable "servant girl problem." I have often voiced the opinion that this problem would never be solved till there was no "servant girl."

If we deliberately take away all dignity and pride in a useful and necessary vocation, we, of course, attract only the poorest class of intellect and character to that vocation. That is exactly what we have done. A girl with personal pride and ambition will refuse a position, even if well paid, where she is reminded at every turn, by uniform, by the way she is addressed by the whole position of the household in which she lives, that she is an inferior, that she is only a "servant girl."

Should housework—the work that keeps us respectable and healthy—the fundamental work of all work so necessary to keep the "sacred home" as a place in which to live, should it place the doer of that work in the lowest possible social position?

Dr. Robertson thinks it should not.

How we all love to do the thing we can do well. The real joy of living is earning our way by getting paid for the thing we love to do.

Finishing Schools

Dr. Robertson's opinion of our ladies' colleges was expressed in no uncertain tones, when he said that these finishing schools too often finished all that was womanly in the girl.

Which reminds me: When I was a girl, the best equipment

possible was thought to be a public school education, followed by a high school or collegiate institute course, and then the university.

Many women in Toronto and the rest of the province thought the same thing. But some of these same women to-day tell me they cannot let their daughters go to our public or high school.

They say it is not fair to their girls, for they will not meet the nice girls of our city if they do.

In the name of all that is just and right, what does this mean? In the name of a Christian city, preaching the brotherhood of man, what does this mean? Has snobbery become rampant? or, are our city schools not fit places for refined girls? Is it not too bad that in a glorious young country like Canada, we should follow in the footsteps of the older countries, and introduce a caste system that has demoralized the social structure of empire after empire? When Dr. Robertson, with his rich Scotch accent mingled scathing sarcasm with brilliant wit, and all with justice and common sense, he suggested that our housekeepers be called "Miss," and that the status of the domestic be raised to that of a trained nurse, did he realize that he had a class of employers to deal with that would first need a long course in ethical training and character building, before they would be big enough to consider such a proposition?

The Caste System

Yet, if our whole social structure is built on a caste basis, if women have been taught from time immemorial that they are higher in the social scale if they keep a servant than when they do their own work; and the one with a retinue at her beck and call is on the top round of the social ladder; why, what can be expected than just what happens?

At any social function, listen to the conversation of any two women, and, nine times out of ten, you will soon know all about the maids and the men they employ.

We admit that it is humiliating that our social structure is on no higher level; that achievement, endeavor, social betterment and the ability to do and become, is not more discussed.

Dr. Robertson had a vision. He spoke of the example of Florence Nightingale, whose life was a peak away above the average life, and hoped for the day when the average life would be level with the peak where Florence Nightingale lived and worked and helped humanity.

I am afraid the Lady with the Lamp will long remain on her

peak, unmolested by the average woman, unless some miracle reorganizing society happens along.

Dr. Robertson suggested that it would only take seven years to so reorganize our school system that we would turn out boys and girls really qualified for the battle of life.

To Reorganize Society

I wonder how many years it would take to so reorganize society that its units would have equal opportunities with no handicaps of either birth or money. (Of course, I do not refer to physical or mental handicaps.)

Dr. Robertson is evidently of the opinion that honest housework is the vocation for which most women should be trained, since 55 per cent. of the wage-earning women are domestic servants.

He makes the plea to first have them scientifically trained; next, to have their social position equal to that of a trained nurse. Lastly, he makes an appeal directly to the club-women who, more than any other class, can bring about this reform.

"Why not meet the situation?" he asked.

When he comes seven years hence, and vocational training for women shall have obtained in our educational system, and again addresses the Woman's Canadian Club, I wonder how many will be able to say "We have met the situation."

Was it not humiliating to be told that a girl stood a much better chance in the race of life, if born in Scotland or Switzerland, than if born in Canada?

The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, building monuments to dead sovereigns; and the National Council of Women, with its tremendous power for good might easily do as Dr. Robertson suggests—"Meet the Situation."

THE servant problem will never be solved till there are no servants and no mistresses.

¶ *The home is the unit of the nation—the nation an aggregate of homes. We cannot build a national democracy with homes that are hotbeds of autocracy—with homes that are prisons for women, nor with homes that are wretched hovels in city slums.*

¶ *Let us get busy with our homes.*

Democracy

OUR nation is fighting for Democracy.

The home is the Unit of the Nation.

Are you fighting for Democracy in your home?

Do you give your children a square deal by letting them see that you are a square deal, or do you toady and cringe and crawl to those you acknowledge to be above you because of wealth or other consideration?

Do you everlastingly fan on the plastic brain of your child that he is better than someone else's child because that other child's father has not hit it so lucky in the race for money as your child's father has?

Honest to God, and in the face of the Sun, is your home a Democracy?

Have you some other woman's daughter in your home, bravely earning a monthly wage, perchance to help her mother, and how do you treat this other woman's daughter?

Do you let her know at every turn and feel at every step in the day's work that she is beneath your daughter—that she must go out of the back door, up the back stairs and wear a uniform that denotes servility? Surely there is something wrong here. This may all be customary, but is it

DEMOCRACY ? ? ?

Our Nation is fighting for Democracy.



Produce great persons—the rest follows.

—WHITMAN.

Keep this copy—it will be worth while when another generation of folks are making history at Bon Echo.

Beyond the little struggle of to-day lies the larger struggles of the centuries, in which women and men must face the issues as equals and comrades.

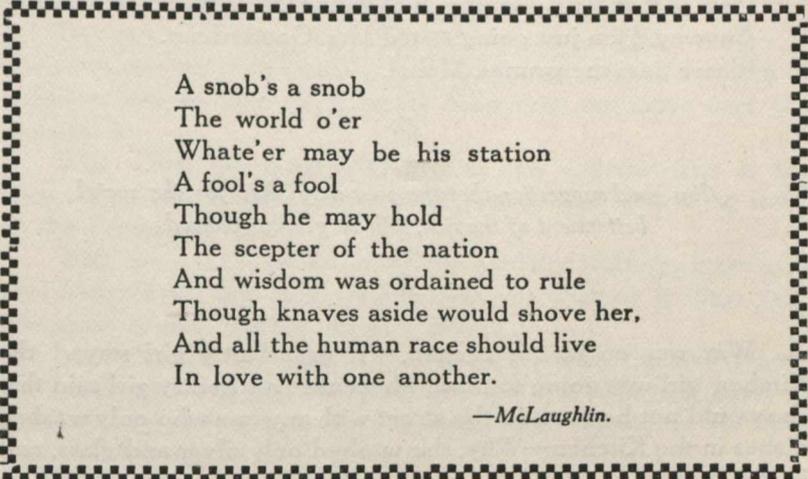


“For Freedom’s battle once begun,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

—Byron.



The energies of an awakened motherhood will remove the evils that she used to think it was a virtue to bear with patience.



A snob’s a snob
The world o’er
Whate’er may be his station
A fool’s a fool
Though he may hold
The scepter of the nation
And wisdom was ordained to rule
Though knaves aside would shove her,
And all the human race should live
In love with one another.

—McLaughlin.

*Was Satan strong enough—how very odd
To hoodwink Adam, and to outwit God;
The three Almighty, welded into one,
Too weak to cope with Satan all alone?*



Salvation is not free for Whitmanites, but pay the price and salvation will automatically be yours.

*Money called the bluff on the "good old family" stunt.
When will common sense call the bluff on money?*

—PETER SILVER.



*Do not be passively good, but aggressive in your
rebellion against wrong.*



In an eastern town two very worthy and withal charming women were black balled from joining the Daughters of the Empire. The reason given was that the husband of one drank too much booze, and that the husband of the other sold too much booze. How is that for reasoning in this man-made world of ours? Anyway, I am just going to tell Mrs. Gooderham. Please pass the prunes, Mabel.



*Any good suggestion that the poor may have for the social
betterment of the rich, will be gladly received.*



War was on in the kitchen. If the Pantry girl stayed the Kitchen girl was going to leave—because the Pantry girl said that she would not be seen on the street with any one who only washed dishes in the Kitchen—Why, she washed only silver and glass, and in the Pantry.

Well, one must draw the line somewhere, you know.



*Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your
good works and be enthused to get a hustle on themselves.*



The only aristocracy about many homes is the bit brought into them by a poor little servant girl.

Who's Who at Bon Echo

AS these are the days of appreciations, of write-ups and personal interviews I might as well just write up about the folks who helped make the personnel of Bon Echo last summer.

The management had been out there fixing up the docks, and the launches and rowboats and canoes.

The C.P.R. had advertised and letters were coming in so many a day that visions of new launches and autos and a newly painted Inn and an electric light plant and various other things that had been planned before the war, floated jauntily about and made more beautiful the After Glow that lit up the face of Bon Echo's rugged old Gibraltar.

But rain also came, and the C.P.R. had to fight rumours of passports needed thru Canada, and some arrived at the station of Kaladar only to turn back rather than face the drive over the mountains.

Why, Bless my heart Mabel, that was a grand part of the show—a regular scenic joy ride which should be featured by itself on the Editorial Page.

Well, some of the professional help got tired waiting, or perhaps the management got tired paying bills—be that as it may, July was upon us and “nothin' much a' doin'”.

Mrs. Denison had been holding down a job in Napanee (Napanee being a suburb of Bon Echo) and she was a paying guest of Mrs. Ward's—not a boarder you understand—boarders are only common, anyway.

Both of these very capable women had been more flush on occasions than they seemed to be now, when they used to discuss their summer vacations in a different tone of voice. I remember when they jauntily exclaimed that they would go to Atlantic City for a few weeks and then to the Camp or to the Rock or just to Muskoka or the Island.

“Well” said Mrs Denison, “My job's about at an end for this season and I want to go to Bon Echo but I can't afford to pay my board so I'm going to apply for a job there”.

“I wish you would apply for one for me and the boy—he can run a launch”, said Mrs. Ward.

“And what can you do?”

"Why, I can do anything," cheerfully and bravely said this charming widow who had seen better days.

And so at once Mrs. Denison wrote to the management and the management wrote back "If this woman and her boy are honest, bring them along".

O-Me-O-My-"This Woman" with her dainty gowns, her high heels and her beautiful home. Never mind, Mrs. Ward's fame as a first class cook was more than local, and what if the boy had swelled it in New York!

The trio left Napanee with plenty of fun, no care and worn-out suit cases. They were all going to get jobs. Not situations or positions, mind you. After a few days trial at the Rustic Inn, Mrs. Ward was honorably installed as Mabel the head cook, although Margaret ran her a good second, even if she did not wear such high heels.

The boy was a sure enough launchman but as a grave digger for garbage he was an artist, and so henceforth for the season his professional name was Garb.

Mrs. Denison's literary ability found no place in which to shine, and she was able to get an audience for only one lecture for which she received no pay, so to liquidate her board bill, she each and every day washed the breakfast dishes and she washed them clean, and for this she received the title of Scully. She protested that a scullery maid was something different, but one can't be too particular about just what title one receives in war times, even if the market does threaten to be glutted with them.

This little story may all seem just a trifle, but straws show the way the wind blows and it proved two great things—the Domestic Servant Problem was no Problem and Folks are as good as anybody. There was Mary and Ada and other helpers, but when the work was done all hands and the cook gathered about the big stone fire-place which blazed just for the joy of blazing, and Mabel played while others sang, and for her graciousness guest after guest helped her by picking huckleberries for the wondrous pies she made, and even Ethel Lloyd Patterson, famous for telling about Peggy, turned the ice cream freezer on the back veranda and became quite wrathful if some misguided youth said "allow me" in deference to her beauty and French gowns.

Judge Madden, a steady who owns Bon Echo while he is there, and welcome, praised the cooking, and was real chesty, bragging about Mabel whose late husband was the cleverest man in central Ontario.

Bon Echo has always had engaged couples; they either come engaged or go away engaged. Why Alice Hegan Rice became engaged on the north balcony away back in 1902 and I never blamed him either and there has been a stream ever since, because Alice founded the Bon Echo library—with Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and, besides, who could help but propose when she tells him that story?

Just to keep Bon Echo up to standard weight with so many of the boys at the front, why along comes Ern and Luella (ready-to-wear-engaged folks). They were Whitmanites from the drop of the hat and how Luella could play—technique, soul, time, place and all the rest of the classic phraseology (is that spelled right?) not familiar to the writer—and Nellie—why, you have never heard Nellie sing if you did not hear her at Bon Echo.

Do you know, if Garb and Scully had been left on the back porch while those concerts were going on they would have taken a launch and gone away into the upper lake and got lost. Then they'd have been sorry. But no one was left out, Ada looked as pretty as a picture and Mary tried to get drowned just to make a hero out of Garb, and Hiawatha—say, wasn't Hiawatha a stunner on the violin? I've picked out an affinity for her for next summer. Rowena nearly spoiled Garb for his job and had to carry in ice and bury garbage because he got sick eating too much huckleberry pie—O—those huckleberry pies, Mabel.

J. W. left his dignity and severity back on the big hill and exuded health and joy to the accompaniment of "For he's a jolly good fellow".

Edith forgot to talk English, and George blended with the scenery and forgot to find fault, and Minnie fell in love with them all, even if she did want to drown Sam and George a dozen times a day.

Everybody had room—and everybody loved the sunsets and the Old Rock, and everybody ate huckleberry pie, and nobody wanted to leave.

September slipped by and October, still some guests lingered. O, the beauty of it all, the good fellowship, the joy and the fun!

The Glory of Color, as the leaves turned crimson, yellow, russet brown and golden pink.

The finest Turner in the Tate gallery is but a framed thing of daubs of paint compared to the wondrous pictures beheld on all sides.

Here's to Bon Echo, Mabel. Let's apply for jobs next summer!

The old times are dead and gone and rotten
The old thoughts shall never more be thought;
The old faiths have failed and are forgotten,
The old strifes are done, the fight is fought;
And with a clang and roll, the new creation
Bursts forth, mid tears and blood and tribulation.

—Morris.



Hear then, ye Senates, hear this truth sublime,
They who share oppression share the crime.



*THE colossal courage, indomitable
will and splendid spirit of fearless
thinkers have made freedom in religion
possible. What we need now is the
religion of freedom.*



Mrs. Chapman Catt says that some of the best Christians she ever knew were Jews. We know plenty of Christians that are first class Jews.



I cannot count the wounds which lust for power
And wealth and place and precedence have made,
But O—the deepest, deadliest stabs
Of all, were made by false Philosophy
And false Theology combined—
Philisophy that knew not what it did
Theology that did not what it knew.

—Doten.

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? "**

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