

Larry left off squeezing George's hand long enough to say:

"Power! Why now you mention it, I'd forgotten I'd never shown your father the power of a man's thumb."

"What?" says Dad.

"The power of a man's thumb," says Larry.

"Whose thumb?"

"Anyone's!"

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine if you like."

"Hmph!" says Dad, putting his spectacles down off his brows again and pretending to read. "You're getting as bad as these girls o' mine, Larry."

"But I can prove it!" says Larry.

"Prove ahead."

"Will you step out to the curb, then?" says Larry, "and sit for one minute in the front seat beside mine? I'll show you the—magic of the thumb."

"Pooh!" says Dad. "Some sort o' foolery. However, I'll see it out. Go ahead."

"Come on," says Larry, winking at us. "Everybody come on. You can sit in the back seat."

We climbed in, including George, who was a little sulky seeing Dad take her seat in beside Larry. Larry shut the door beside Dad and shut himself in, then he pressed his thumb on the starter—Larry had both hand and foot connection—and the car began to vibrate to the engine.

"Sure!" says Dad, uneasily. "I see what you mean. That's thumb power, all right, but—hold on!"

But he was too late. Larry had kidnapped him and was honking for the second crossing before Dad got settled down. We went west and north and out into the moonlit countryside. We purred through endless moonlight through which the elms thrust upward like dark silver crowned shadows. . . . We were gone three hours and in that time Dad had seen the country as he had not seen it since he was a boy and courted mother. Since that time Dad's changed. He has "the bug." It's great for us.

WILL N. W. ROWELL BECOME PREMIER OF CANADA?

By TOM KING

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A GOOD many people are taking it for granted that the Liberals will carry the next Dominion election. They are also taking it for granted that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will soon retire from public life. They are, therefore, casting about in their minds for a coadjutor with the right of succession, and not a few of them have picked upon Nelson Wesley Rowell.

Many qualifications for the position are no doubt possessed by Mr. Rowell. He is a native Canadian, an English-speaking Protestant and a man of broad enough views to find a useful place in the national life of Canada. That he hails from Ontario is a point in his favour because almost by common consent Sir Wilfrid's first lieutenant must come from that province. The Liberal leader and his successor cannot both come from the Province of Quebec.

In the Maritime Provinces we have Dr. Pugsley and Mr. Carvell, but neither of them aspires to the leadership. In the west there is no one sufficiently well known to the people at large to become a national figure over night. Hon. Mr. Calder, of Saskatchewan, is thought by many to be the brainiest Liberal west of Lake Superior, but he is scarcely known by sight east of Port Arthur.

But, having travelled thus far in amity with those who would anoint Mr. Rowell as David was anointed before King Saul passed away, we find ourselves unable to continue with them to the end of the journey. If Mr. Calder is unknown east of Port Arthur, is Mr. Rowell any better known west of that place? Has he in short anything more than a provincial reputation?

This question, we fear, must be answered in the negative, and we by no means desire thereby to discredit Mr. Rowell. We Ontario people naturally assume that everybody in Canada must know all about the leader of the Provincial Opposition. But how much do we in Ontario know about Mr. Tanner, who for ten years or more has been the leader of the Opposition in Nova Scotia?

Of course Nova Scotia is small compared with Ontario; but who, pray, is the leader of the Opposition in Quebec? Can you tell me who is the Opposition leader in Manitoba, in Saskatchewan, in Alberta? I have the impression without stopping to look it up that the Opposition leader in Saskatchewan is named Willoughby, and that he wears side whiskers, but I may be confusing him with the late Hon. Dr. Willoughby, who was a member of the first Whitney government.

The wayfaring man in Ontario never sees a newspaper published in Nova Scotia, Manitoba or British Columbia, and the wayfaring man in Nova Scotia, Manitoba, or British Columbia pays little attention to the local politics of Ontario. In every country we perceive the same phenomenon. I doubt very much whether anyone in Ohio could tell you who is the governor of Pennsylvania. But everyone of the one hundred million people south of the boundary line can tell you who is the President of the United States, they can also tell you who is the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who happens for the moment to be Secretary of State. The men who figure prominently in the Senate and House of Representatives are well known to the country at large.

So in Canada the people from ocean to ocean know about the men who figure at Ottawa, the Borden, the Lauriers, the Fosters, the Grahams, the Meighens, the Carvells. The only stage upon which the performers face a nation-wide audience is the Parliamentary stage at Ottawa. Every newspaper, however remote its location or provincial its outlook, publishes something of what is said and done on Parliament Hill. Every member of Parliament is not a national figure by any means, but have we a man of national figure in Dominion politics who has never sat in either House of Parliament?

Then, again, the man who is to help Sir Wilfrid and to succeed him must lead the Liberal members of the House of Commons. He cannot be a comparative stranger imposed upon them. He must be someone in whom they have confidence, for whom they have certain affection. You cannot present a leader to a militant minority at Ottawa representing a wide constituency from sea to sea and confident of returning within a few months to power, and have him accepted as you might do in the case of a small group in a provincial legislature. The Liberal members of the Ontario legislature, a baker's dozen, were in 1911 only too glad to have Mr. Rowell place himself at the head of their column. But the eighty or more Liberal M.P.'s at Ottawa rightly or wrongly believe they are going to win the next election.

Naturally they would desire one of their members to be Sir Wilfrid's first lieutenant and nearly all of them will tell you that the Hon. George P. Graham possesses all the qualifications possessed by Mr. Rowell, and has other elements of strength including ministerial and parliamentary experience, which has yet to be acquired by the leader of the Ontario Opposition. Mr. Graham, in 1907, occupied the position Mr. Rowell occupies to-day. He was promoted to the Federal field and has made good. For four years he presided over one of the biggest departments of the Government, and he left office a poor man. During that time he sat in the House of Commons and held his own against all comers. He has been in the House ever since, and has developed unexpected strength in opposition.

It by no means follows that every man of ability will succeed in the House of Commons. Sir Alan Aylesworth, for example, a man of commanding talent, never quite fitted into the ways and days of Parliament. In 1911 more than one new member came to Ottawa preceded by a great reputation, and more than one failed to command the attention or secure the admiration of the House. You run that risk with every new man you bring to the House, whether you make him a cabinet minister or leader of the opposition, and you cannot tell in advance how he will pan out. He may have been a commanding figure in some provincial legislature, he may have been an irresistible spell-binder in his own locality, he may have been a successful advocate who bent juries to his will, he may have been as successful as you please in law, in politics, or finance, yet utterly fail to catch the tone of the House or be a real comrade to the man with whom he is to work in a common cause and who are expected to follow him.

In the case of Mr. Graham, the Liberals will be

taking no chances, they know him and they know what he can do. In the House or out of the House, he is a mighty good man to have about. I was struck by that in 1910, when it was my privilege to accompany Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his famous tour across the continent. In his entourage were E. M. Macdonald, Fred Pardee, and George Graham. Ned Macdonald is one of the best parliamentary debaters on this continent, and Fred Pardee, the chief Liberal whip, is a platform speaker of marked ability. Yet it was Graham who saved the tour from something like a breakdown. The West was just then in a hostile mood towards the Laurier administration. The farmers were restive over the mixing of grain that had undoubtedly gone on at the terminal elevators. They were complaining of the tariff and what many considered the unredeemed pledges of the Laurier party in respect thereto. Other causes of dissatisfaction existed and there was a disposition in many places to walk out after the audience had seen, recognized and listened to the Prime Minister. More than once it was George Graham who brought them back. He has a wonderful voice that can make itself heard above all confusion, and he usually halted the audience by telling a good story. Then most of them decided to sit down again and hear what George had to say. He seemed to get nearer to the western people than any of the other visiting statesmen.

Indeed it may be said of Graham that he is not only a strong man upon great occasions, but a good, reliable man for everyday occasions and every day work. Some people think he is handicapped by not being serious enough. He likes a joke and often illustrates a point by a good story. He does not envelop himself in mysterious solemnity. He is a good publicity man for other people, but no hand to distribute press notices about himself. As a working newspaper man he knows how political heroes are built up, the drapery that is put about them, and the limelight that is turned upon them.

You may think I have said too much about Graham, but one must discuss Graham in order to answer the question, "Will Mr. Rowell become the Prime Minister of Canada?" If Mr. Graham is to remain Sir Wilfrid's first lieutenant with the right to succession, Mr. Rowell cannot be promoted to the same position. The former, being on the ground, and having the Liberal members of parliament pretty well lined up in his favour, I can hardly see how he is to be supplanted unless Sir Wilfrid himself interferes. Beyond doubt, Sir Wilfrid would like to have Mr. Rowell at Ottawa, but Sir Wilfrid is fond of Graham and regards him as a man of commanding ability. He took Graham from the Provincial Liberals nine years ago to strengthen the party at Ottawa, and he would like to take Rowell from the Provincial Liberals to-day for the same purpose. Mr. Rowell, I think, is bound to enter the Federal field and a great future there awaits him, but he cannot walk right in and take his seat at the head of the table.

Nor is there any reason to believe that Mr. Rowell has any ungenerous ambition. Indeed, just now he is enthusiastically devoted to his programme for provincial development. But with the Dominion elections imminent, it is not unlikely that Sir Wilfrid will call on Mr. Rowell to enter the Federal field. If the party wins he will be entitled to recognition and the country will be glad to see Mr. Rowell enter the Cabinet. There will be room for him and many others at the table, but, where Sir Wilfrid sits, there will be the head of the table. He may outlive both Graham and Rowell, for he is in many respects the youngest man in the public life of Canada. No man is freer from the taint of what Sir Wilfrid himself has called "The unpardonable sin of growing old."

What Will He Do With Dewart?

NOW it becomes a query—what will Mr. Newton Wesley Rowell, Methodist lawyer, do with Herbert Hartley Dewart, Methodist lawyer and son of a Methodist editor divine? In repudiating bilingual attacks and prohibition, southwest Toronto bit off a warmer mouthful than it knew when it elected Dewart to the Ontario Legislature against three others. It was not the Methodist vote that did it. Dewart's Methodism is somewhat reminiscent. He is a thoroughly able lawyer, who at times becomes a very unconventional man. He was born to politics as well as to Methodism. When he was a youth at Victoria College his father was the doughty editor of the Christian Guardian, which in those days Herbert Hartley diligently read, even to the Sunday-school notes, or gave the reason why. When he was a student-at-law, his father was a political candidate