

EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N.B.

**TORONTO'S FIRST
NON-ARMY CHIEF**

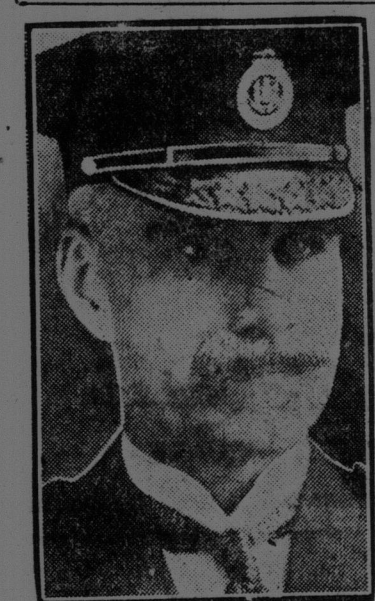
Old Police Tradition Broken in Appointing Chief Dickson, Who Rose From Ranks.

VERY FINE ORGANIZER

In Thirty Years on the Force He Has Never Had a Bad Mark.

SAMUEL JAMES DICKSON, the new Chief Constable of Toronto, is the first non-military chief this city has had. His appointment is the first break in the tradition of military command of our police force, carried on by British officers or by Canadian officers brought up in the English tradition. Samuel Dickson joined the force as a fourth-class constable at 2 years of age in 1890. He has risen through all the ranks to command the force because he is a brilliant organizer, a born leader, a strict but not a stern disciplinarian, a man of outstanding intelligence, who has a big business man's rather than a police official's conception of life in general and of the public in particular; and last, but not least, because he is a man of high personal character and honor, who in thirty years' service has won the very sincere respect of his force and of the citizens.

In thirty years the new chief has never been "on the carpet" for a breach of regulations. When it is remembered that our force is as prickly with rules and regulations as aarrison regiment, this fact has a unique significance. A man of colorless character might easily lead as



Chief S. J. Dickson

Irreproachable a life. But Mr. Dickson is a Belfast Presbyterian by birth, has the formidable character consistent with that origin; yet has no red-tape in his mind. Our new chief is a man intimately acquainted with every street in the city. This is a new attribute of the chief's office. During his promotion through the ranks of patrol-sergeant, sergeant and inspector Mr. Dickson has served in all the police divisions of the city, and is personally acquainted with all the ranks. Having served through all the ranks, he is thoroughly conversant with the life his men are obliged to lead and with the conditions under which they must work.

These two things—his knowledge of the city, of all types of citizens and of his men, aside from his personal qualities, will make for something new in police chiefs.

Mr. Dickson is also very British in his beliefs and opinions. When he was seven his parents moved from near Belfast to the United States, but after a few years came to Canada in search of things British. His boyhood was spent on a farm.

The only sensational incident in Mr. Dickson's career was the Varcoe murder case in 1908. He was on duty on Queen street east one night, heard a shot in a store, saw a burglar emerging from a window, and in the ensuing fight the constable shot and killed the burglar, who, it was found, had only a moment before murdered Varcoe, the owner of the store.

Mr. Dickson was inspector of No. 1 Division, downtown, having been promoted in 1927. He was appointed deputy chief in 1933.

A Seat of Torments for Irish Wife Beater Brings Pain, Profanity and Repentance

Sinn Fein Court Makes Punishment Fit the Crime—Drunkard Made Swill Beer.

DURING a recent visit to Ireland I was much impressed by the manner in which a certain Sinn Fein "magistrate" dealt with a case of wife-beating, writes an English barrister in the London Daily Mail. On receiving the wife's complaint he immediately sent two of his "police" for the defaulting husband, who, being unable to deny the authorship of the bruises on his wife's countenance, was forthwith sentenced to stand in a seat of torments, and strapped to a gate, where he spent the night in a state of pain, profanity and ultimate repentance.

In England (and Canada for that matter) it is impossible for a magistrate to make the punishment fit the crime in this way. His repertoire of penalties is too limited, and his knowledge of the parties too slight to enable him to mete out more than a satial and haphazard justice.

**EDITOR HIRED THE
WORLD'S GREATEST**

Edward Bok Secured Articles From Celebrities Who Never Wrote Before.

BUT NOT GLADSTONE

Mrs. Gladstone Received \$15,000 From Him—Decided to Frame the Check.

NOT many names are better known in the United States than Edward Bok's. For 25 years he was editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, which he raised to a net sale of nearly two millions. Two years ago, at the age of 56, he resigned, and the first thing he did in his leisure was to write a book. He called it "The Americanization of Edward Bok" (he was Dutch by birth).

It reveals not at all the sort of man one would imagine to be an editor of a ladies' paper. A friend of Roosevelt and Kipling and Mark Twain. A man full of humor and good sense. He admits that, as an editor, his chief difficulty was to abstain from revealing his real self. He tells us there were two Boks, and he writes about the editorial one in the third person, as if he were not writing about himself at all.

"His tastes, his outlook, his manner of looking at things were totally at variance with my own. Little by little I learned to subordinate myself and to let him have full rein. It was a relief to the real Bok, therefore, when he was able to retire. Retirement has given him many satisfactions:

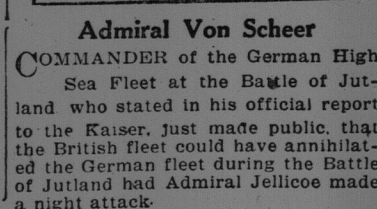
"He can realize, until on awakening some morning he feels the exhilaration, the sense of freedom that comes from knowing he can choose his own doings and control his own goings.

"It is a wonderful inner personal satisfaction to reach the point when a man can say, 'I have enough.' His soul and character are refreshed by it. He begins a new life."

Roosevelt Envied Him

Of the reason for his success Mr. Bok says:

"He gave his readers the subjects they asked for, but invariably on a slightly higher plane. He generally got what he wanted, or something near it. When he could not induce Mr. Gladstone to write for him, he paid Mrs. Gladstone \$2,000 for some articles. Then came an amusing episode. "Some time after Mr. Bok had sent the check to Mrs. Gladstone, he received a letter from Mr. Gladstone expressing the opinion that his wife must have written with a golden pen, considering the size of the honorarium. But," he added, "he is so impressed with this as the first money he has ever earned by her pen that she is reluctant to part with the check. The result is that she has not offered



Admiral Von Scheer

COMMANDER of the German High Sea Fleet at the Battle of Jutland who stated in his official report to the Kaiser, just made public, that the British fleet could have annihilated the German fleet during the Battle of Jutland had Admiral Jellicoe made a night attack.

A SLAP FOR SHAW

THE Rambler is responsible for the following in Tit-Bits:

Whenever answers to invitations are under discussion, someone is bound to remember the story of Bernard Shaw and Lady Randolph Churchill. She invited him to lunch, in reply he sent this telegram: "Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habits? Lady Randolph wired back: 'Know nothing of your habits, but you are not as bad as your manners.'"

IT'S NOT WASTED. WHEN a woman takes the conceit out of a man she adds to her own.

wife-beater was compelled to drink beyond the limit of endurance. He was seized and well-nigh drowned in it. Nor (as some may suppose) did he find the experience stuporous. In another case, not directly concerned with cruelty, a lazy and improvident husband was compelled to labor on his own farm under his wife's orders for a period of three weeks. The first day's disobedience was repeated for the "police" came in the evening and administered chastisement.

Of these methods there is much to be said for the seat of torments; and although it is doubtful if this country is yet ripe for its adoption, there is no reason why we should be above taking a hint from a successful adversary.

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW
Sidelight on Men and Women in the Public Eye.



Lt.-Col. W. W. Ashley

THE suggestion to bury an unknown warrior in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day originally came from Lt.-Col. Wilfrid William Ashley, M.P. He represents the 5th Division of Lancashire as a Conservative and from 1908 to 1913 was member for Blackpool. He commanded the 20th Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment in 1914-15, and is Chairman of the Executive Committee of Comrades of the Great War.

It is for deposit, and has decided to frame it. Considering the condition of our exchequer, I have tried to explain to her, and so have my son and daughter, that if she were to present the check for payment and allow it to pass through the bank the check would come back to you and that I am sure your company would return it to her as a souvenir of the momentous occasion. Our arguments are of no avail, however, and it occurred to me that an assurance from you might make the check more useful than it is at present!"

President's Cigar Too Strong

OF a visit to President Harrison there is a most diverting description. Mr. Bok was invited to take a cigar.

"Thank you," Bok said as he took one from the President's case. He looked at the cigar and remembered all he had read of Benjamin Harrison's black cigars. This one was black-inky black—and big.

"Allow me," he heard the President suddenly say, as he handed him a blasting match. There was no escape. The aroma was delicious but

Two or three whiffs of that cigar, and Bok decided the best thing to do was to get out. He did. "I have allowed you to talk so much," said the President after a while, "that I might smoke a cigar with you. Allow me," and another match crackled into flame. "Thank you," the editor said, as once more he lit the cigar, and the fumes went clear up into the farthest corner of his mind. "Take a fresh cigar," said the President after a while. "That doesn't seem to burn very well. It is like that once in a while, although I am careful about my cigars." "Bok hurriedly, 'It's not the cigar." "Well, grove it to me with another," was the quick rejoinder as he held out his case, and in another minute a match again crackled. There is only one thing worse than a bad cigar, and that is an officious smoker, chuckled the President. "Bok couldn't prove that the cigars were bad, naturally. So smoke that cigar he did to the bitter end, and his head and stomach were each whirling around, and no more welcome words had Bok ever heard. "Well, suppose we go in."

Robert Louis Stevenson in bed correcting proofs and refusing to look at press-cuttings about his books; Roosevelt having a talk on a busy morning with Mr. Bok's little son; Florence Nightingale refusing to see him; C. L. Dodgson denying that he was "Lewis Carroll"—all sorts of celebrities peep out of the pages of this most entertaining philosopher, and he himself piques us as much as any of them.

THE CONFESSIONAL
Uncensored Talks With Big Men About Themselves

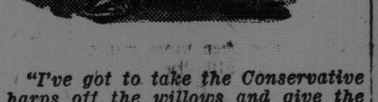
No. 12—HON. HOWARD FERGUSON.
By Emil Longue Beau

"W AIT till I see if we can get a room," said he, in the lobby of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, the morning after the Ontario Conservative Convention had glorified him.

"Come on," he called, after a quiet talk with the clerk, and he led me to the Red-Parlor, at the east end of the first floor, overlooking Front street.

"Been here before?" he asked. I said yes, and that I supposed the shade of John A. might be invoked; and the shades, also of the manufacturers who founded the N.P.C.F. in this very room.

"N.P.C.F.?" questioned the Hon. Howard Ferguson, Provincial leader of the Conservative party. "I suppose you mean National Policy Campaign Fund?" "You're on," was the reply. "Nothing like it," he said; "nothing in the world. History repeats itself, if I have anything to say about it. I wonder if this is the same furniture that Macdonald used. Is it



Howard Ferguson

"I've got to take the Conservative harps off the shelves and give the boys some political jazz."

"I am a man of few words," he said. "I am a man of few words," he said. "I am a man of few words," he said. "I am a man of few words," he said.

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**Wife Dead 5 Years
Figures In Law Suit**

Curious Case in Indian Court Shows Strange Phase of Hindu Mind.

H ENRI is a curious little story, told by Hachecomber in the Daily Express, illustrative of the medieval mind of the mild Hindu and giving light on a subtle phase of Indian mentality. The facts were derived from a case which came before a district magistrate in the United Provinces and are as follows:

The principals in this case were two men of the Chambar, or leather-dressers' caste, one of whom accused the other of having abducted his wife. The husband, Ramakshara, brought forward witnesses who declared on oath that in broad daylight, while Ramakshara was absent gathering hides, the other man, Bhima, accompanied by two persons, whom they identified as his brother and cousin, entered Ramakshara's chawl (or cottage), tied Mrs. Ramakshara by the wrists and ankles, put a gag in her mouth, and carried her off by main force.

Bhima, examined by the district magistrate, denied that the girl had been bound and gagged, and avowed that she came with him, her father, six months later, before he was six years old, Sammie had challenged and beaten the champion chess player of Poland.

After the armistice was signed Mr. Rezesewski with his wife and Sammie toured Europe, exhibiting Sammie as a chess champion. And this was good. They went to Vienna, B. H., Constantinople, Bulgaria and Rumania and finally to Paris. Sammie was orphaned and received into a family. The business was more than he could handle. He was more interested in other things more than chess. It was not like before the war.

OF the scores of stories told about the Prince of Wales, which is the one most likely to be incorporated in history? Probably that told by Sir George Arthur in his Life of Kitchener. The Prince, when war broke out pleaded hard to be allowed to go with his regiment to France, a plea which was strongly resisted by Kitchener. "But what does it matter if I am shot?" said the Prince. "I have four brothers."

THE PRINCE'S PLUCK

OF party politics must be carried on as part of the King's business." "And the campaign fund is the key to everything?" "One of the keys. Will you touch the bell?"



Samuel Rezesewski

Polish Boy Chess Wizard May Visit Canada. SAMUEL RZESEWSKI, the nine-year-old Polish chess marvel, who has arrived in America to match his skill against that of the best players in Europe. He is credited with having defeated the best players in Europe in simultaneous games in which he played several men at once in Warsaw, Vienna, Breslau, Berlin, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris and London. The media he is shown wearing were presented him by chess clubs for victories in those cities. The chess men on the board before him are excitedly carved and were presented him by a European millionaire, who was one of the 25 the boy defeated in a simultaneous game.

**BOY CHESS WONDER
LIKE NORMAL CHILD**

Yet He Is a Champion Who Defeats Experts at the Game.

BY FRANK G. FITZNEY.

SAMUEL RZESEWSKI, the eight- and-one-half-year-old chess champion, just arrived in New York from Europe, is commonly called a prodigy, phenomenon or marvel. In his connection with chess, it is usually the old man in the country who is famous for his shots and his traps.

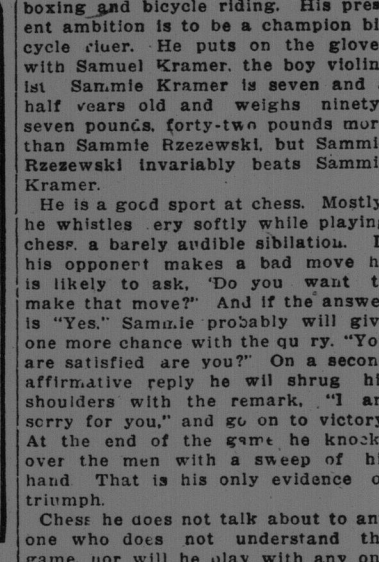
There, are the feeble-minded Massachusetts chess player and the agd checker shreds of the country districts prodigies, phenomena or marvels. Before we take up the story of Sammie in search of the answer to our question here is an idea to null over. These phenomena are always under twenty, or at best, seven, or feeble-minded, and they are never lawyers or engineers or statement or anything complicated.

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