

NOT FOR THEM ANY MORE DO THE CAMERAS SNAP

Hon. Thomas Crawford and Rev. C. Buckland Heard Reminiscing the Day Varsity Memorial Tower Unveiled

IT was the afternoon on which the University of Toronto memorial tower was unveiled in eternal memory of her soldier dead—an hour before the ceremony. University avenue leading to the campus was thronged with hurrying people. Down near the South African monument soldiers moved forward and fell into parade order, while newspaper photographers waited impatiently for them to move off.

In the building of the Children's Aid Society overlooking the army grounds stood two philosophical veterans of battle, but not veterans of the war. They were veterans of many a heated political contest, old timers of the legislature of Ontario. Hon. Thomas Crawford, now registrar of the city of Toronto, but for thirty years representative of Northwest Toronto, speaker of the assembly during the premiership of Sir William Hearst and one time cabinet minister, was one of them.

When that dignified memorial was officially unveiled by the King's representative in Ontario, it would bear the name of Thomas Crawford, Jr., the veteran politician's student son who fell in the war, but the father would not be there when the silk cord was pulled, another duty, a philanthropic one, having to do with unfortunate children, keeping him from joining with those who mourned the loss of the students who had gone out from her largest institution of learning never to return.

With him was Rev. C. H. Buckland, another champion of Conservative policies in former governments of the province.

The bands struck up and a medal-breasted corps of war veterans passed the window of the children's shelter. Then came the thrilling wall of the pipers, as the highlanders fell in behind their less picturesque but equally gallant comrades in arms, and began their short march to the crowded campus. The newspaper photographers, spurred to action, focused and exposed plates in a few seconds and unknowingly gained a smile of admiration from the registrar.

Turning to his companion, Mr. Crawford said: "Well, sir, the picture men are still at it, but they are no longer interested in you and me, are they? I can hardly realize that we are out of the public eye—neither can some people who want things done. Having one's picture taken for a paper is considered by some to be a compliment. Well, perhaps it is, but they are not showering any compliments on us now. Instead, it is our turn to give out the compliments. We are invited to decorate the platforms and applaud at the proper moments, then shake hands and say nice things afterwards. I can hardly realize it."

Rev. Mr. Buckland agreed that it was different. "But there is one other thing," continued Mr. Crawford. "Ferguson is having a pretty hard row to hoe up there trying to satisfy everyone, but I have long ago concluded that it can't be done."

When the meeting was over the reporter looked about for the former speaker, but he had gone. With bare head he stood with thousands of others in respect to those who sleep in Flanders Fields.

HE MADE NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE SEXES

W. W. JACOBS, the prime humorist, who doesn't seem to tell many funny stories, has broken the rule on his sixtieth birthday to produce the laughter of youth—here it is.

A doctor went out to dinner, and was parted by a rushing young lady.

"Is it true, doctor," she asked, "that you are a lady-killer?"

"Madam," replied the doctor, "I make no distinction between the sexes."

The optimist is a barometer stuck "set fair"; the pessimist is a barometer stuck "set stormy."

No sensible man would pay sixpence for either.

—Dean Inge.



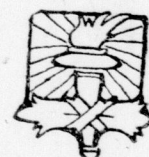
Titled English Lady Starts a Duck Farm

LADY BRAITHWAITE has started a duck farm on her English country estate at Buckinghamshire, England, and she personally supervises the work herself.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



There's Money in Chickens, Says Erik Prince Is Fed Up With Social Life

Danish Prince With His Canadian Princess Are Now Settled in Their Pink Stucco Bungalow in California—"It's Foolish to Say They Are Immensely Wealthy," Says the Princess—"She Is a Fine Girl and a Good Sport," Says the Prince.

CASTING aside for the time being the sceptre of Danish royalty, Prince Erik of Denmark has grabbed an American hoe and is making the weeds fly in his eight-acre ranch where he and his newly-acquired princess, formerly Miss Frances Lois Booth of Ottawa, are raising chickens at Arcadia, California.

Prince Erik is the third son of Prince Valdemar, who is uncle to King Christian X. of Denmark, and brother of Queen Alexandra of England.

Now the statement that the prince is making the weeds fly and raising chickens is not merely a flight of fancy or a word screen thrown up to shield his highness while he idles away his time and lets hired men feed the biddies and hoe the weeds.

Not at all. The prince himself is the man with the hoe! You should see the weeds fall before the hoe that is wielded by a pair of royal Danish arms as tanned and tattooed and as muscular a pair of forearms as ever pulled an oar in the days of the Vikings.

They call it the P-E Ranch. This is the way the prince began to work the morning after he arrived.

It seems that the prince rolled out of bed early that morning, having acquired the habit while working on a ranch in the Canadian northwest before coming down to California.

He strolled out into the field where a couple of Mexican laborers had been hoeing the weeds where greens are growing for the chickens.

One look was enough for the prince. He strolled back into the house, where he had a cup of coffee—perhaps to steady his nerves after seeing the Mexicans hoeing. Out into the field he went again, this time armed with a hoe. And he went after the weeds. A minute later the air was filled with weeds, flying hoes, tattooed arms and dust. Prince Erik was out showing the Mexicans how to hoe weeds.

His wife said it was a perfectly enjoyable sight—almost Canadian.

Wonderful Place to Live

THEN the prince was asked the reason for his locating in California.

"Well, in the first place," he said, "I like outdoor life. In the second place, I like ranching, having studied at the agricultural college in Copenhagen. And, finally, we came down to California because we think it is a wonderful place to live. Ranch life, as we call it, is attractive here, and there is always a good market for your products, particularly eggs."

"You don't mean to say that you are raising chickens here because you chose that way of making a living?"

"Exactly—that is the principal reason."

"Oh, my, yes!" the princess chimed in. "There has been a lot printed in the papers about our



being worth millions and having our valuable personal belongings brought in here under heavy guard, and all that rot. Oh, it was dis-GUST-ing. Now, I wish that you would make it clear to your readers that this stuff about our being immensely wealthy is absolutely untrue. All we have is right here. Such statements merely give the wrong impression.

"Yes, it is foolish to say things like that," the prince put in.

"We are just living in this ranch house—it's only a ranch house. You can call it that if you write anything about it."

The reporter's eye swept the dining room, with its suite of heavy hand-carved English oak furniture, high backed chairs with fancy scrolls and curlicues, beautiful silver pieces, glassware, embroidered linen centre-piece.

"Some ranch house," the reporter murmured audibly.

"Well, it's only a ranch house," the princess protested, her large brown eyes flashing.

"How many rooms?"

"I never counted them," she said.

Ranch House is Big Place

THE "ranch house" is a large, pretentious affair, standing about 250 yards back of Santa Anita drive, with its long line of towering, graceful eucalyptus trees. The house is done in a dark pink stucco trimmed in blue. It is not quite finished yet. There are shutters to put on, ornamental ironwork to put on, and a hundred other details to be completed.

The Princess is busy setting the place in order and getting established. She is doing it in the most of the work right now because she likes with her mother, Mrs. J. Fred Booth, is visiting. Should you drop in on her during work hours you would find her hard at it, clad in grey "knickers," a white sport shirt, silk stockings,



In this pretentious California ranch house of pink stucco, trimmed with blue, Prince Erik and his bride, formerly Miss Lois Booth, of Ottawa, are raising chickens in earnest, to make money.

low shoes, her heavy brown auburn hair tied with an orange ribbon, hidden except as it passes over the forehead.

Out in the yard is the prince. He wears a blue sport shirt and tie, grey trousers, brown shoes, and a soft dark hat that he doesn't have to be careful about. He just slaps it on his head, and there he is. The prince is six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, every bit of which is muscle, has the Danish high cheek bones, ruddy cheeks and blue eyes.

The prince expects to make a success of this chicken raising business. Before long he will have about 600 hens.

"I am in it to make a success and to make

money. I have had enough of the social life for the present and I'm now raising chickens. I'm doing it because I like it—and because there is money in it in California. It is a lot of work and it keeps me busy, so busy, in fact, that I could not take time off to go to New York and attend the wedding of my brother, Prince Viggo, recently."

Saying good-bye to the reporter at the gate, the prince said:

"The princess has been telling you a lot about me. If you print anything at all about us, just say that she is a fine girl, just say that she is a good sport, for when you have said that you have said everything."

DUKE GAINS REPUTATION AS FIRST-CLASS COOK

Owner of Vast Possessions Forced to Live in Little Cottage With His Wife

THE Duchess of Atholl says her husband is a first-rate cook.

Probably the duchess had other reasons for marrying his grace. "But it is astonishing," says an English paper, "what a large number of men, though they don't brag about it, can now turn out a good dinner by their own unaided efforts. When a man takes to pots and pans a woman simply isn't in it!"

The duchess is in parliament. And the duke is, according to his own statement, keeping house in a little cottage. He made the confession somewhat humorously on the hustings, campaigning for his wife.

In the whole range of dukedom there is, perhaps, none more land-poor than Atholl and his wife, with their 200,000 acres and their mansions all closed up. The owner of a cathedral and the head of a private army, the duke has to watch the shillings to make both ends meet.

Bottomley, not long before he went to prison, enquired about the duke's army from an economical point of view, and was disappointed to learn that it was not kept up by the state. An old feudal custom allows the duke to retain his own armed men, merely 250 tenants now, tall highlanders, most of them veterans, like their master, who collect on state occasions, usually at the annual games.

The Duke has no more money for private armies, not even for Atholl Brose, the famous drink of the estate, made up of whiskey, strong and plentiful, honey, cream and several other seductive in its fascination but extremely wicked in its effects, they say. Only a wonderful race could have survived it, according to some authorities.

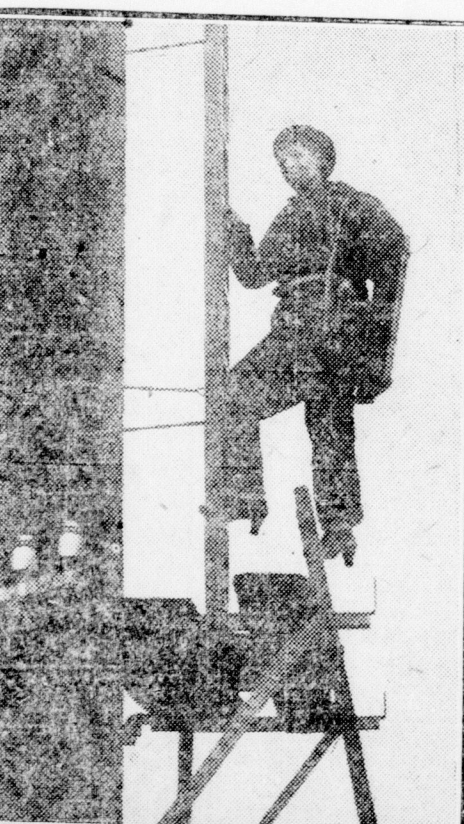
Offered a few months ago the throne of Montenegro, the Duke of Atholl feels more homelike in his cottage with the reputation of being a first-rate cook.

JUDGE QUOTES POETRY BARRISTERS ARE TICKLED

OF Nova Scotia, there is none with a greater reputation for wit than Judge Humphrey Mellish, K.C. of Halifax.

The president of the Halifax Barristers' Society himself in 1912-1913, he was attending one of their dinners after the war when one of his most lively sallies took place. Quoting Tennyson's well-known lines from "Crossing the Bar," Judge Mellish opened his speech by hoping that "there would be no moaning of the Bar when he put out to sea."

To me the modern girl is very attractive and very mysterious.—Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P.



Rises High in Her Profession

ENGLAND'S much talked of steeplejack, Miss Florry, of Lincoln, England, who climbs chimneys 160 feet high and seems fearless.

GEN. DAWES INAUGURATES ABSOLUTELY DRY SMOKE

World Exponent of Long-Draught Black Briar Pipe Buys Them in Dozen Lots for His Friends

THE flat-bottom, long-draught black briar pipe, made famous the world over by its principal exponent, Charles G. Dawes, Republican vice-presidential nominee and international reparations expert, is an institution of ten years' standing in the Dawes family. An eccentric Scandinavian cigar maker of Chicago, who conceived the idea of "an absolutely dry smoke" a decade ago, brought one of the first working models of his conception to Mr. Dawes for experimental purposes.

"You smoke here for a year and tell me how she goes," said the donor.

The general agreed, was satisfied with the result, and, in the language of the old-fashioned testimonial, has "never since been without it in the home."

Dawes buys the pipes in dozen lots and gives them to his friends when they get beyond the point of reclamation with an ordinary pipe cleaner.

Marshal Ferdinand Foch, who was the recipient of one of the "cast-offs" five years ago, recently wrote a letter of several hundred words to General Dawes telling of the continued faithful service of the "old waterproof furnace."

The pipe maker, making the most of his opportunities for trade, called at the Dawes bank the afternoon following his farming out of the first experimental model. Moving among the bank employes, he told of the bank president's acceptance of the first-run—and sold three dozen more on the bank floor.



Gen. Dawes

"Carpenter's the Name" 'Twas Zeebrugge Hero

Modest Sailor Just Tells News Stand Clerk He's Been in Navy All His Life

IT was during the last visit to Toronto of the Flonzaley String Quartet—the scene the King Edward news stand, and the dialogue between the vivacious lady clerk and a tall, ascetic-looking guest of the house, English unmistakably.

"Could you find out for me what hour tonight's concert begins?" he had asked.

"She told him."

"Ah, thanks aw'f'ly," said he. "You've a couple of seats here for me; you might let me have them—Carpenter's the name."

"Tickets were forthcoming."

"You're not Carpenter, the fighter?" the saleslady smilingly challenged.

"My word, no!" the tall young mustelover assured her, returning the smile with interest. "I've been in the navy all my life."

He was Captain Carpenter, V.C., the hero of Zeebrugge.

WELLS COMES TO GROUND LAST SEEN IN A POOL

CHARLES MERZ relates a visit to H. G. Wells in these terms in the New Republic.

"Mr. Wells was lying on his stomach. At first he'd had an armchair. Three of us were sitting in the library of the house at Easton Glebe, listening to him discuss a new world order: Peter Guedalla, a young airman who had played a part in Joan and Peter, and myself.

There was a garden just beyond the windows. It had a pool. We heard the voice of a younger Wells.

"Father, my boat won't run!"

The boat was some six inches long. It derived its motive power from a clock spring. Mr. Wells went on with his discussion. We were at a dramatic phase in the history of man. The story of life had risen to a crisis in an immense interrogation.

"It's very mysterious," called the voice. "For I've looked at the spring, and it isn't broken." Compulsion and servitude, said Mr. Wells, had given way to ideas of associated freedom. Sovereignty—And the strange thing, father, said the voice, is that while it won't run forward, it runs backward as well as it ever did."

"There are some temptations not to be resisted. Discussion of the new world order stopped. The Mr. Wells of Men Like Gods yielded to Mr. Wells the chronicler of great invention. When I saw him again he was lying so much in the pool that a man from Mars might have taken him for drowned."

—H. G. Wells

NOT IN THE CONCRETE

THE recent bestowal of a knighthood on Mr. E. O. Williams—famously known as "Concrete" Williams—who built the principal part of the British Empire Exhibition, calls to mind a story of one of his constructional engineers, who was putting the finishing touches on a concrete path he was laying down.

Tommy, aged six, had been watching the proceedings with great interest, and, at length, deeming the time right for trial, started to cross before the mixture had time to dry.

When the engineer displayed some slight pique, Mr. Williams observed:

"Why, Jim, I thought you liked children."

"I like 'em all right in the abstract," Jim replied, "but not in the concrete."

Poincare Says Fate of the War Decided in Garden at Doullens

Few Soldierly Words of Marshal Foch Saved Allies in Darkest Days—Subordinates All Declared It Was Impossible to Withstand German Push—But Foch, According to Custom, Spoke Last

THE speech with which M. Poincare welcomed Marshal Foch to the Academie Française was a significant page in history," says the anonymous French writer of the Mirrors of France, a series of interesting sketches under the heading, "Those Who Lead Us," and the new title of the English translation, "As They Are." Everyone who heard it was struck by one enigmatic sentence wherein the president made allusion to a certain little garden in Doullens, a small town on the Somme, where the fate of the war had been decided.

"A few days later we had occasion to visit the ex-president of the republic, and having disposed of the business we had come to discuss, we asked permission to put a question to him; this he willingly granted.

"Then, what did you mean, M. le President," we said, "by that reference in your speech at the academy to certain 'mysterious circumstances'? You and the marshal seemed almost the only ones who caught the allusion, and I confess I was no less curious than the rest of the audience."

"M. Poincare did not have to be persuaded, and in his habitual, clean-cut, precise manner he related the following story:

"That is one of the things I shall go more fully into in my memoirs if I ever get time to write them. It was in March, 1918, the most critical month in all the war; Ludendorff had just launched his offensive, bent our lines and forced the allies back. A serious menace hung over our front, and it was imperative that we decide at once whether to meet the attack or beat a retreat."

"So it was resolved to call a council of war to be held at Doullens and at which the representatives of the government should be present. M. Clemenceau and I left for the appointed place, each in a different car. On the way we passed the Fifth British Army retreating, an ill-omen, indeed, and when we arrived at Doullens I could



Marshal Foch

not help exchanging anxious glances with M. Clemenceau.

"The council of war took place, and according to custom the discussion was opened by the most junior officer; one after another each man expressed the same opinion; it was impossible to resist the German push, we would have to retreat to the other side of the Seine, abandon Amiens and possibly Rouen, to the Germans, and leave Paris uncovered."

"According to custom, Marshal Foch was the last to speak, and he was of quite a different mind from his subordinates. With the gravity and strength which are a part of him, he said that what we ought to do was to fall back, if we must, step by step, that one was only beaten when one believed one was, and that victory ought never to be given to the enemy without a fight. Amiens had not yet been taken; Amiens should be defended."

"Those few soldierly words were enough. There was a general rally to the marshal's opinion, and the English as well as ourselves admitted that he was right and placed entire confidence in his judgment. Foch, in those few minutes, had made himself felt as a great soldier and true leader of men. And it was during the informal conversation that followed the council, in the little garden I mentioned in my speech, that the idea of the single command was conceived; Foch at the head of the allied armies. From that instant, not only was the German offensive foredoomed to failure, but the war itself was won."

SON OF CHARLES DICKENS MADE SMART RETORT

THE premier of New South Wales, the Hon. Sir George Fuller, recently told the story of what he characterized the nearest retort he ever remembered to have heard uttered in the parliament house there.

An M.P., whose name was Willis, made a violent harangue against a measure sponsored by Mr. Dickens, a son of the famous novelist.

After listening patiently to the diatribes of Mr. Willis, Mr. Dickens rose to reply:

"My father," he said, "made famous a phrase, 'Barkis is willing.'—Had he been here to-day the phrase would have been altered to 'Willis is barking.'"