

STORMY PETREL OF THE AIR



Col. William Mitchell, outspoken American aviator, whose penchant for frankness led to his removal from the command of the U. S. flying corps, and who now faces a possible court martial because of his scathing denunciation of the circumstances surrounding the Shenandoah disaster.

TOLMIE MADE A BREAK AND LADIES LAUGHED

But Conservative Organizer's Nimble Wit Soon Pulled Him Out of Bad Hole

By P. W. LUCE

THE HON. DR. S. F. TOLMIE, minister of agriculture in the Meighen cabinet, and now federal organizer for the Conservative party, has a fine, resonant voice and a nimble wit. The former got him into an awkward corner in Montreal recently; the latter extricated him from the difficulty as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Some time ago the Jewish workers of the big Quebec city began to show unmistakable signs of political restlessness. Quick to seize such advantage as might accrue to his party, Dr. Tolmie hurried from Ottawa and proceeded to spread the Conservative gospel where it would do most good.

One of Dr. Tolmie's public appearances was at the organization meeting of the Jewish Women Workers' Conservative Association, where he was billed as the chief speaker. It fell to his lot to explain to the ladies something of the manner in which women's Conservative organizations were helping the cause in other parts of Canada, and in the course of this he touched on the matter of finances.

Speaking in loud, clear tones, and pronouncing every word most distinctly, Dr. Tolmie said:

"Most women's organizations prefer to be self-supporting. They raise the money they need as they go along, and I would suggest that you Jewish ladies do the same. One of the most popular methods is the holding of whist drives where every player is charged a small fee and prizes are awarded the winners of the tournament. These prizes may be vases, books, cut glass, or other ornaments, or, if you prefer, such useful things as a sack of flour, a ton of coal, a large ham—"

The hilarious uproar that followed the suggestion that Jews would welcome a gift of ham puzzled the worthy doctor for a moment, but he soon recovered his mental poise and five minutes later, when the hubbub had somewhat subsided, he was able to make himself heard by a tremendous effort.

"What I was about to say," he roared, "was that you might offer a prize of a hamper of provisions, but I would not venture to suggest what kind of provisions."

A VERBOSE MAN!

M. BRIAND, the French foreign minister, who has been visiting London recently, has a turn for epigram almost as biting as that of M. Clemenceau. Recently a senator in criticizing a bill in the chamber declared, "When I first read the text of the measure I thought I was becoming crazy." "Becoming," murmured M. Briand, audibly. "How fond M—— is of unnecessary words."

Baldwin's Gift to Britain is Hidden

VERY interesting story about Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the present premier of Great Britain, a story that presents his patriotism and generosity in a most attractive light, has just got into print in London.

Six years ago a letter appeared in the London Times over the signature of F.S.T. The writer spoke of the difficulties of the post-war situation, the terrible burden of debt under which the nation must bend, the necessity of making people understand that the love of country was a thing that demanded sacrifice. He said that his personal fortune was about £500,000. He would put one-fifth of that sum into government bonds, which he would turn in to be cancelled. He hoped that his gift of one-fifth of his fortune to the country would encourage other men of means to do the same.

F. S. T. was Stanley Baldwin; the initials stood for Financial Secretary of the Treasury. The office he then held. He was as good as a word. He bought bonds worth some three-quarters of a million dollars and gave them to the treasury. A few other patriotic folk followed his example, but only a few. In about \$2,500,000 was thus donated to the nation. Only a handful of men knew at the time who F.S.T. was, but the story was too remarkable to remain a secret forever.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Lean Days of Youth Stay With Statler

Famous Hotel Man Has Great Sympathy—Eats Little and Dresses Very Poorly

E. M. STATLER, the famous hotel builder, is a self-made man, having climbed to millionairehood from the lowliest beginnings. He is said to be a man of great human sympathy and has adopted four children, two boys and two girls, and is taking as keen a personal interest in their welfare as though they were of his own flesh and blood.

He has not forgotten what he missed as a boy. At the age of nine he was firing the "glory hole" in a glass furnace and had to support nine other members of the family. For three years he came regularly each day to that fiery hole and knew nothing of schooling or play.

It was probably these lean days that made him a man of simple tastes, especially as regards his food and wearing apparel.

"Mr. Statler probably spends less for the food he eats and the clothes he wears than many 25-dollar-a-week clerks," said one of his close friends.

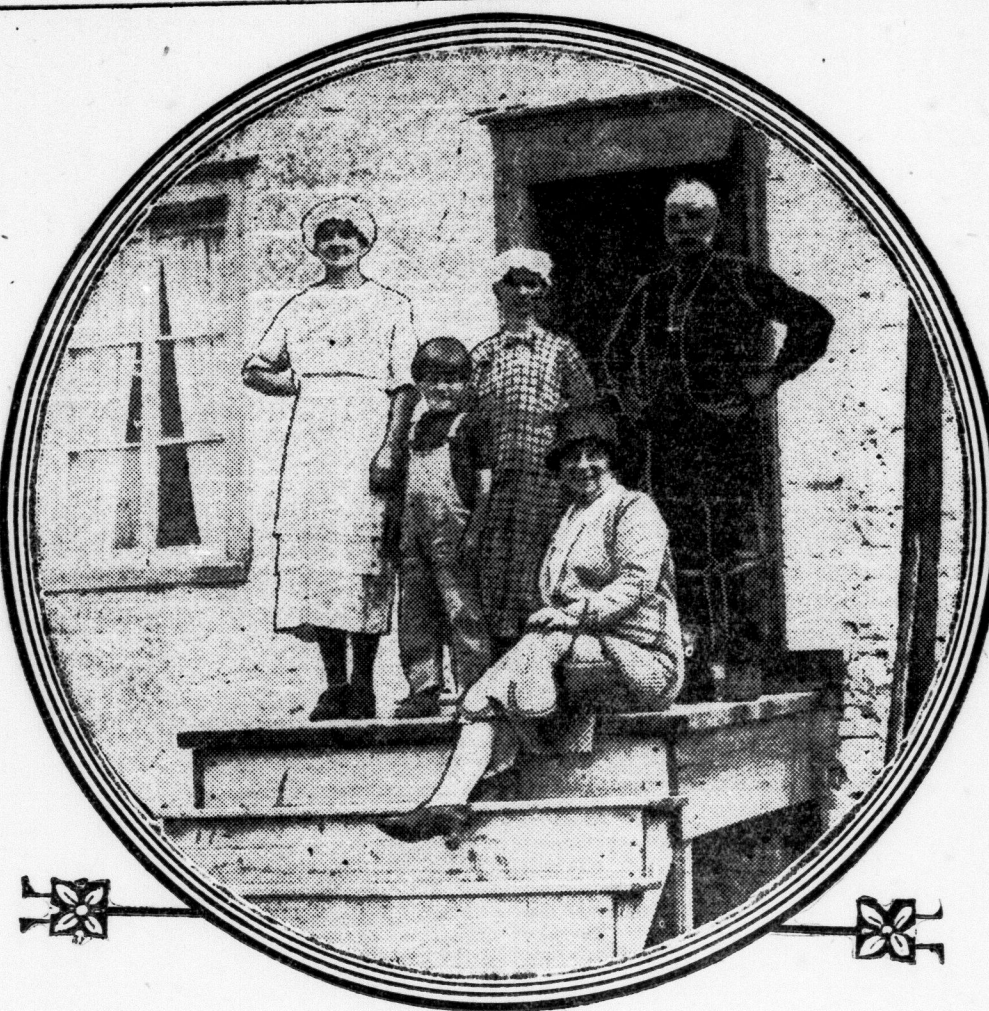
"When he was here in Boston recently, for instance, we went to a downtown hotel for dinner and he urged me to order several courses.

"But when the waiter asked him what he would have, he said:

"Just bring me a shredded wheat biscuit, a jar of milk and some blueberries."

"That's his favorite dish, but when he's really hungry he has a small portion of fish.

"When he gets a new suit he wears it continually until his wife or someone else tells his tailor to grab him and measure him for a new one, and he usually has but one pair of shoes.



Baroness Orczy, famous British novelist, seated on the steps of the 250-year-old farmhouse owned by Francois Asselin at Ste. Famille, Ile D'Orleans, near Quebec city, with the Asselin family grouped around her. The baroness is studying local color with a view to writing a French-Canadian novel.

IT WASN'T LUMBER THEY WERE SEEKING

Scientists Wanted Different Kind of Logs

IT is a well-known fact that the 1925 eclipse put Long's Corners, Ont., on the map, not to mention on the front page wherever newspapers are printed; and at the same time it shed a new light on what should not have been a dark spot even in Hamilton. It chanced that during the days of preparation for observing the natural phenomenon, Professor C. A. Chant and Dr. R. K. Young of Toronto University had occasion to require certain mathematical tables, and enquired for same at several of the Ambitious City's bookstores. In response to a demand for log tables, a small "ready reckoner" was displayed, which, upon examination, proved to contain tables for computing the lumber in logs!

It was then explained that tables of logarithms, or mathematical tables, were the object of the search, but this did not seem to make matters any plainer to those in charge of the book shelves.

At last a stock-rolled copy of Salmon's "Conic Sections" was unearthed, also one of Cherriman and Baker's "Trigonometry," published in 1888, the latter containing the necessary information. This was purchased for 25 cents, and perhaps taught someone a needed lesson in the gentle art of selling books.

SUZANNE OF SEVENTY WINS TENNIS PRIZE

Remarkable Examples of Elderly Athletic Skill

A CHESHIRE woman, Mrs. William Jones, who is seventy-four years of age, recently won a prize in a tennis tournament in which she played forty games.

Statistics prove that the average length of life has increased by ten years in the past two generations, and not only is the length of life increasing, but the old standards of age are disappearing. People who have led healthy lives are young at fifty, and merely middle-aged at seventy.

One morning recently a clergyman, the Rev. J. A. Sheal, aged seventy-two, left Northrop, Flintshire, on a bicycle, and arrived in London—after covering 198 miles—the same evening.

In Germany a man of seventy-two, named Stubbe, has won a three hundred yards race against a horse. It is true that the horse was twenty years old, but it was still in good condition.

A seventy-three-old resident of North Bucks recently went to Bedford to play in a golf competition. He played eighteen holes in pouring rain, cycled twelve miles home, and next day one of his opponents called him to find out if he was still alive. He found him on the local golf course, playing a thirty-six-hole match.

Major Shackie, Master of the Bucks and Berks Stagbonds, is now sixty-four. He not only hunts, swims, and boxes, but last year was in the final of a tennis tournament at Eastbourne in which he met Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie. This in spite of the fact that he has had nearly a hundred hunting accidents, and was once on crutches for a year, when doctors told him that he would never again be able to hunt or play any games.

THE SIMPLE LIFE AT KING'S CASTLE

Movie Shows Three Nights Each Week

THE royal circle at Balmoral Castle is a small one this fall. Only Prince Henry is there to accompany the King on his shooting and deer stalking expeditions.

Life at the castle is far different from that of Queen Victoria's day, when the servants dreaded the twice yearly expeditions northward.

Now about three nights a week there is a movie show in the ballroom. The King and Queen attend with any guests they have and the royal servants sit around them.

Although they naturally favor British films the King has a decided weakness for American comic and athletic pictures. When the movies are over and the servants want to dance the chairs are piled up and the gramophone is turned on.

Lipton Plus the Radio Outsailed King's Yacht

So Irish Tea King Will Probably Use Wireless in Next America's Cup

SIR THOMAS LIPTON is able to have a laugh at the expense of the King these days, and, incidentally, the famous Irish sport will undoubtedly have his vessel equipped with radio when he again tries to lift the America's Cup.

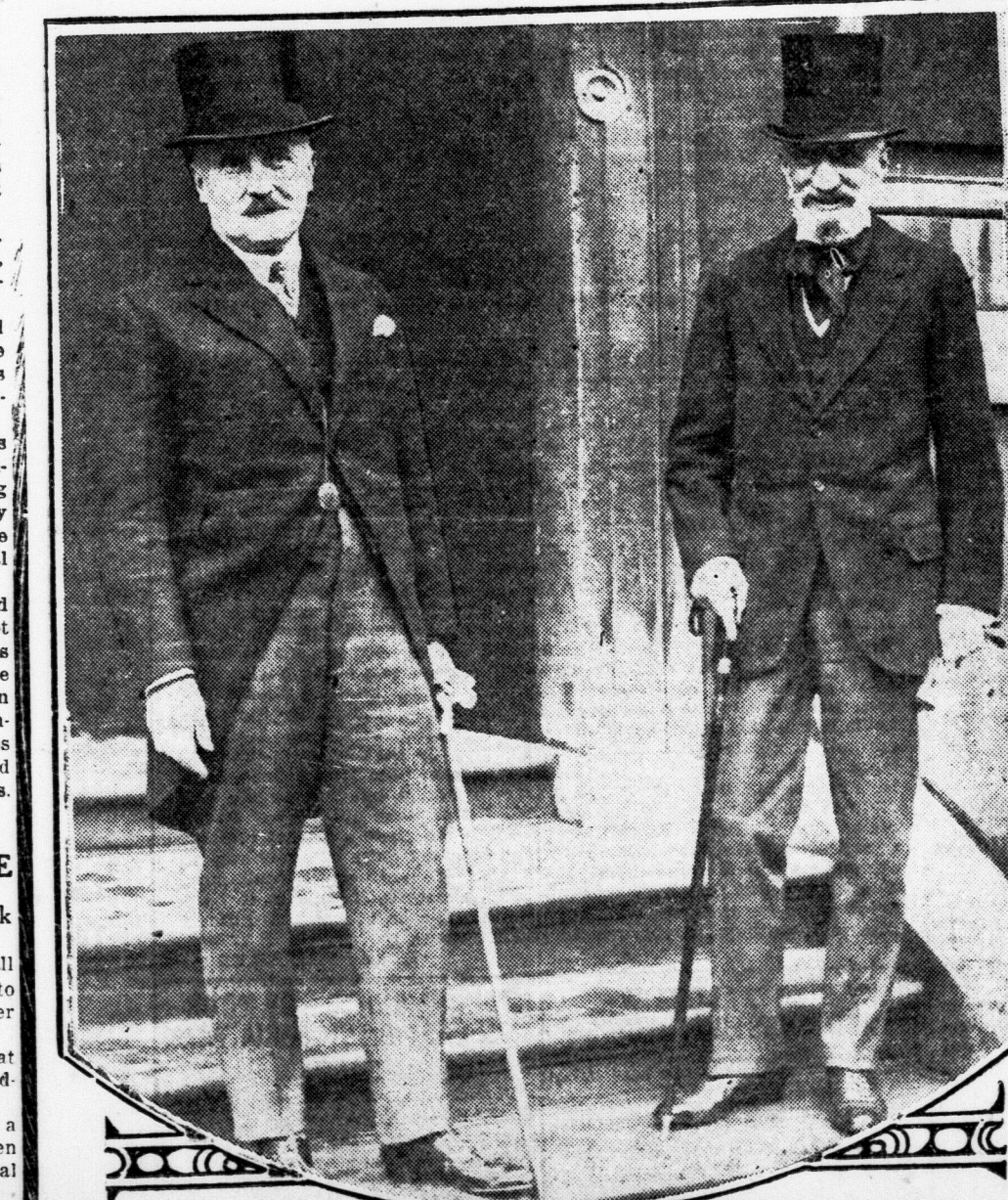
Lipton's yacht Shamrock was able to beat the King's boat, Britannia, in one of the handicap races held recently at Cowes, chiefly because it had a radio receiving set aboard.

During the race a sudden squall blew up and became alarming. On the King's yacht the crew were seen shortening the sail, and the skipper of the Shamrock was giving the same order to his men when Bernays Johnson, a radio engineer, who was a guest of Sir Thomas, intervened.

The signals from a broadcasting station were coming in quite clearly, evidence that no static existed, and because of this Mr. Johnson turned to Sir Thomas and said:

"Don't shorten sail; wait awhile; the air is clearing and the storm is passing. It won't reach us."

Sir Thomas and his skipper were sceptical of the landlubber's judgment of the weather being better than their own, but they took his advice and kept on with all canvas drawing, with the result that the storm blew over as predicted and the Shamrock forged ahead, leaving his Majesty's yacht with her shortened sail hopelessly astern.



M. Caillaux, France's finance minister and one of her most colorful figures, caught by the camera as he was leaving the English treasury following the completion of the Anglo-French debt funding plan. The accompanying figure with the Beau Brummel tendencies is that of the French ambassador.

Fielding Put Finale On Heckler's Efforts

A Post-War Episode of the Canadian House in Which the Veteran Scored

IT is said that Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain used to hire men to attend political meetings and interrupt him with questions, so that he could "get back" at them. Be that as it may, it is well known that Right Hon. W. S. Fielding usually got the best of any heckling. Always genial, he could often floor his adversary by his quick repartee.

Just after the war, feeling in the House was very tense, and many exchanges of words passed across the floor as to the participation or non-participation of members and their relatives in the great conflict. On one occasion a western Conservative member (who was also a clergyman) kept nagging at Mr. Fielding, and finally exclaimed: "I should like to know whether the right honorable gentleman had a son in the war."

Mr. Fielding ignored the question, but finally the persistent M.P. appealed to the speaker. Then the finance minister turned his keen but pleasant eye on the questioner and said: "I do not think the question is regular, nevertheless I will answer it. In my family of five I have only one son. At the outbreak of the war he happened to be in Holland. He immediately crossed to England and enlisted as a private. After some fighting he received a commission on the field, fought through the war and returned, thank God, to Canada."

Unfortunately for Him He's King of Bulgaria

So Certain People Feel Called Upon to Attempt Assassination—Personally He's All Right

AN attempt was recently made by would-be assassins on the life of King Boris of Bulgaria. A few years ago this would have been a matter of less than no account. Attempted assassinations in the Balkans seemed to be sort of a spare time amusement and one simply said, "Oh another" and yawned.

But eleven years or so ago one of these affairs was brought to a successful conclusion in those same Balkans and was followed by the nearest thing to a world war the earth has ever seen.

Since that date, near-killings in all parts of Europe are viewed with general interest. When the object of attention is a ruling monarch, the case becomes one for everybody to discuss, for ruling monarchs are rare these days.

What kind of a man, therefore, is this King Boris. It may be remembered that the cables recently carried a great deal about him announcing that he intended to start a crusade for a suitable wife. Dozens of guesses were made as to his possible choice. Then came the attempt on his life.

But Boris has no ambition to be a benedict. He is happily unmarried according to his own confession.

"I am too poor," he declares, "and my country is too troubled for me to contemplate such a step."

One of the reasons given for the proposed finance-hunt was the fact that Boris was the loneliest man in Europe. This allegation he also denies. He explains that one of the things which a Balkan king does not have, is spare time in which to be lonely.

Whenever he does have an hour or so to spare, his love of all varieties of mechanism comes into play. He has few peers as a motorist and there are few things he does not know about the car he drives.

After motor cars, come locomotives. He likes their intricacy and has never ceased to marvel at the accurate way in which a locomotive will respond to the controlling hand.

Then he hunts, climbs and botanizes, all hobbies in which his all-round knowledge places him well above the average amateur. When he becomes interested in anything, his researches are many and long.

He is a very human sort of person, very likeable, very conscientious about his duties as the ruler of a country and very accurate in his judgments. Unfortunately for him, he is a king and there are people who feel it their duty to attempt an assassination no matter what the man's personal characteristics.

Were they kings themselves, these people would probably try to commit suicide. And probably not.

B.C. MINISTER'S HOURS OF FAME

Hon. Wm. Sloan Looked Like President Harding

THE publishers of the Vancouver Sun have just issued a small book as a souvenir of the exchange of fraternal greetings which took place between Canada and the United States when the late President Harding visited British Columbia in July, 1923. It will be remembered that the late president delivered an address in Stanley Park and the Sun publishers had a large picture depicting that historic occasion, painted by John Innes, the Canadian painter. This picture now hangs in the National Press Gallery at Washington, having been formally presented to the American people by Sir Esme Howard, the British ambassador, and accepted by President Coolidge.

But not all of the occurrences of that memorable occasion are set forth in the booklet recently published, as the Hon. William Sloan, minister of mines for B.C., can testify.

The close resemblance of Mr. Sloan to the late president gave the secret service men many anxious moments, trying to solve how Mr. Harding could be in two places at once.

"Here he comes!" was heard more than once from groups through which Mr. Sloan wandered, who mistook the handsome looking provincial minister for the chief executive of the United States. The minister enjoyed the situation and did not hesitate to say that he felt flattered on several occasions during the day.

JOHN D.'S ADVICE IS ADDED TO SMALL TIP

Neither of Which Impressed the Caddy Very Much

"I am one of the numerous beneficiaries of John D. Rockefeller's generosity. I received the soundest advice I ever disregarded. It was this way," writes Mr. Jack O'Donnell in Collier's Weekly.

"When I emerged from the club house after depositing Mr. Rockefeller's club bag with the custodian of those things, the great oil magnate was standing on the steps with one hand in his pocket. He favored me with a weary smile and beckoned me to his side. I felt that this was to be an important moment in my life.

"What do you do with the money you earn?" he asked.

"I've never earned very much," I answered.

"This is one of the first jobs I ever had."

"Every boy should save," he said gravely.

"If you start saving when you are young you won't have to worry when you are old. Save part of everything you make."

"Then he gave me a dime."

"That was twenty-five years ago."

"Did I take it and follow it?"

"Shamelessly, I confess I did not."

"I still maintain, however, that it was the soundest advice I ever disregarded."



Mary Ann Williams, aged 92, supposed to be the only surviving widow of a soldier of the War of 1812. She is shown here on her way to cast a ballot at a recent election in Philadelphia.

WALKER OF NEW YORK LIKE "TOMMY CHURCH"

Tammany's Mayoralty Candidate is a Typically Native Product—A Lawyer For Actors

STATE SENATOR "JIMMY" WALKER, who is going to try and oust John F. Hylan from the New York mayoralty in the coming election, is the most typical New Yorker who has ever run for office. He has New York stamped all over him, according to reports. His accent, with just a suspicion of "thoid" and "foist," would betray him anywhere. He belongs on Broadway—nowhere else.

In making a political speech Walker has all the distinct earmarks of a Broadwayite. He talks through the corner of his mouth, he slips in a few grammatical errors and is careful to include the very latest in slang when speaking to the multitude. He is a perfect master of the New York crowd.

In many respects this Tammany candidate seems to resemble the famous "Tommy" Church, who was mayor of Toronto for seven years and is now a member of parliament. Jimmy Walker knows everybody in New York worth knowing. The stars of sport, the theatre, the movies, all hail Jimmy Walker. His life has been spent in making friends. It is his boast that he knows personally more people than any other man in New York. From morning until midnight and after, Jimmy Walker is a real part of New York life. No big sporting event is complete without him. He is present at the "first nights" at the shows, he is a welcome guest at the dancing cabarets as well as the fashionable hotels. He seems to be everywhere.

Early in life he had an ambition to be a song writer and to go on the stage. He still dresses like an actor. He has a weakness for velvet figured vests, tight coats with a long split up the back and vivid shirts. He wears the typical fur collared actor's overcoat in the winter.

But Walker is no dilettante. He has a perfect mastery of city and state finance. Where he ever got the time to equip himself so thoroughly is a mystery.

Walker is a lawyer by profession but not one of the leaders of the bar. His practice is closely allied with the theatrical and movie business and has been very profitable. Nevertheless, he has no money. He spends it or gives it away as fast as he makes it. He is as generous as if he had millions.

Although Walker is a collage product he confesses to not having read a dozen books since he left college. He has a curious way of gaining information. He finds he can best retain facts by having things read to him. He spends a couple of hours a day listening while some friend reads to him from newspapers, particularly the political news.

PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT

GENERAL SIR GEORGE HIGGINSON, who recently celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday, is credited with always being able to tell a good story.

One he is fond of relating concerns a fair visitor at a certain barracks, who "got one back" on a bandsman showing her round.

A number of stars upon the cuff of a passing veteran aroused the young lady's curiosity.

"Oh, he's the battalion astronomer," explained the escort. "Most useful man. Guides us home by the stars when we've lost our way on night maneuvers."

"How interesting!" said the girl. Then, noting the bandsman's badge—the representation of an ancient stringed instrument—she exclaimed slyly:

"I suppose that thing on your arm means that you are the regimental lyre!"

PORRIDGE IN PARLIAMENT

DAVID KIRKWOOD, the Scottish M.P., has not lost his enthusiasm for it. He has persuaded the kitchen committee of the House of Commons to serve porridge in the tea-room after 9 p.m.