

# About People You Know

## San. Gompers Has A Rabbit Charm

A Battered Brown, Cottony Rabbit With Cork Leg and a False Eye His Mascot.

VOLUMES have been written about the heavier side of Sam Gompers, the man and his meaning and message. But there is a lighter side as well to the "king" of American labor. It is his boyish pride, like that of our own famous Mayor Mederic Martin, of Montreal, that he can still roll a good cigar as well as in the old days when he was at the bench and a journeyman at fourteen years of age. If getting married at seventy is not sufficient to prove a sentimental side to the great little man, here is further evidence: Look at his desk and you will see a battered brown cottony rabbit, with dangling ear, a cork leg and a false eye. These are the scars of many a hard-fought campaign, for Brer Rabbit is Sam Gompers' mascot. He has an international reputation. He is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. This dilapidated wad of cotton has attended all the Federation conventions for years and brought Sam luck. Mr. Gompers feels the good fortune that his mascot brings is the spirit of the Federation, efficient service, transmitted from his private secretary, Miss R. Lee Guard, a little southern lady with heart attuned to Uncle Remus' heart-throbs. Sam Gompers has been called almost everything and likened to nearly everything from a scalded rat to a tomato, but it was Miss Guard who one day saw a likeness to Uncle Remus' Brer Rabbit. It was after he had passed victoriously through a trying ordeal. The play of wit between Brer Rabbit and his enemies attempting to pin him to some unescapable corner, made Miss Guard think of the mental adroitness of Sam Gompers in similar situations, and she found the rabbit—so human-looking, with a glint of knowledge in his eye, an all-pervading air of good-will, an absence of bitterness in his make-up. That's the opinion Sam Gompers' secretary has of him after a quarter of a century through storm and stress—and a private secretary's good opinion is a pretty strong recommendation.

## "Here Is My Watch, Give Him Your Shirt"

Brigid Passed Lloyd George This Note While German Delegate Was Speaking.

A STORY going the rounds in Paris at the moment professes to give the authentic version of the humorous comment of Mr. Lloyd George on the desperate attempt of Von Simons at the London Conference to justify his counter-proposals. The British premier, so the story goes, began to show symptoms of impatience during the German delegate's long-winded and impudent discourse. He fidgeted with his watch chain, rubbed his nose, fingered nervously the papers before him. Then, seizing his fountain-pen, he scribbled rapidly on a piece of paper: "If he keeps on like this in five minutes he'll be asking us for money," and passed it to M. Brigid. The French premier, after reading it, smiled broadly and drew his watch from his pocket. At the end of five minutes he unfastened his chain, placed it with his watch, scribbled a note and passed it, with his watch and chain, to Mr. Lloyd George. On the note was written, "Here are my watch and chain to begin with. All you have to do now is to give him your shirt."

## GOOD SCREEN STARS

THAT Mr. Lloyd George would be a huge success on the films, as a kindly father, is the contention of a well-known producer. Other world-famous celebrities who would make good screen actors are the Prince of Wales, with his cheery smile and unaffected manner; Admiral Beatty, who would make a hero of the strong, silent type; and Mr. Balfour, who might be cast for the part of the genial and generous uncle.

## TURNING UP MUCK.

WHEN it comes to enlightening one-half of the world as to how the other half lives, the muck rake helps some.



Prof. Einstein and Wife in U.S. With Zionists  
Prof. and Mrs. ALBERT EINSTEIN photographed as they arrived in New York from Europe as members of the World Zionist Congress delegation to the United States. Prof. Einstein is the famous German scientist whose theory of relativity has evoked world-wide discussion.

## SIR WM. MEREDITH SEEN IN HIS HOME

Chief Justice Courty and Lady Meredith Gracious in Their Beautifully Tasteful House.

By T. M. MATHEWS  
IN meeting Sir William Meredith, chief justice of Ontario, one readily gains the impression that he would be infinitely just. It is said that during his eighteen years of service in the Ontario legislature, where for some time during Sir Oliver Mowat's premiership Sir William was Conservative leader, his opponents never once questioned his absolute equity and honesty of purpose. One of Sir William's interviewers said that "h" popularity was rather that of the man who stooped to be friendly, than of the one who mingled on terms of equality. Some way this does not seem to fit—although one would never presume with Sir William his dignity and natural reserve being so much a part of himself. One feels instinctively that his big humanity and understanding allow him to meet even the least of his acquaintances on a plane in which the sincerity of his interest makes for equality.

That he has a sense of humor, and possibly of caustic, though never unkindly wit, is evident, and he tells a story, apropos of his own brevity, when questioned, of one of the men connected with the capacity with Osgoode Hall. It seems that this man was ordained for the ministry, but was in the pulpit but once, at that time he gave his text, one of some length, then hesitating a moment he said: "Well, I could not improve on that if I tried," and he sat down.

## Black Squirrels as Pets

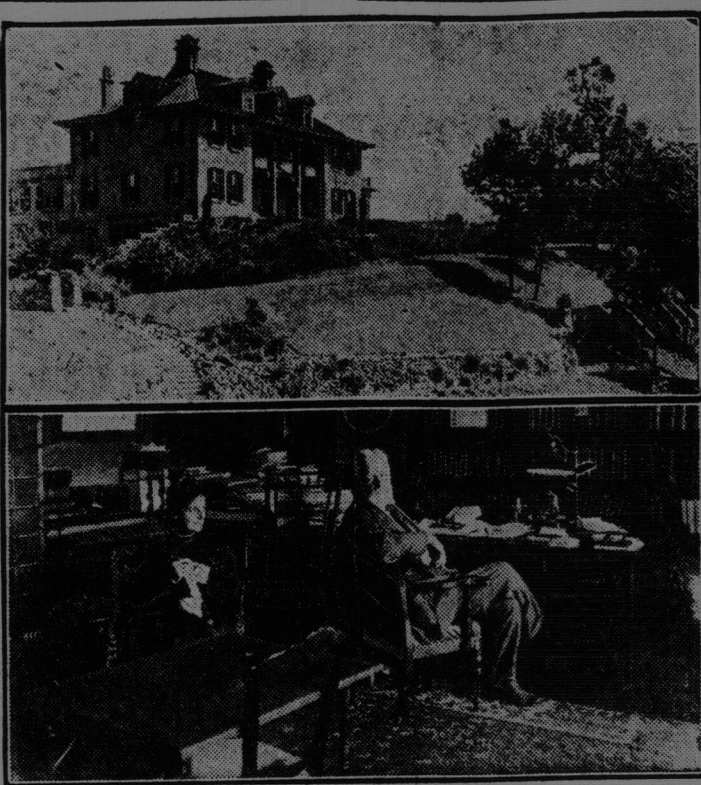
SIR WILLIAM'S love of flowers is characteristic, and well known. People come from all about to see his peonies, and his garden, at his home in Rosedale. The ground is terraced at the back of the house to make the most of every foot of space in the growing of the blossoms that he loves: as well as for the effectiveness of the display of his carefully-selected plants and shrubs. The grounds lead in a gentle slope to the beautiful Rosedale ravine, and the view of this natural bit of scenery is had to advantage from the house, especially so in the living room, the windows of which are hinged and swing open from the floor in the French fashion, giving full value to the formal flower beds in the rear, as well.

Sir William has lately added pets to his other interests, and at the side of the drive to the right of the house has a cage of black squirrels. Part of this family are allowed their liberty, though they return for dinner at times, and occasionally bring a wild friend from the ravine as a guest. Lady Meredith was as charmingly as her famous husband himself, she is as simply direct as he is, and has the same rare gift of putting one at ease at once. Lady Meredith is of the grande dame school, and one feels that her quiet reserve is seldom disturbed. The house is not large, but it has that quality that one associates with English homes, of being subservient to the owners—every inch is "lived in," until it has assumed something of their characteristics.

One would not call Sir William's home pretentious. It is a quiet restful and charming, and upon entering one has a glimpse of rare rugs, of old pieces of teakwood and old mahogany. In the reception hall is a wonderfully carved hope chest, of antique pattern. Possibly it once held the wardrobe of some Venetian beauty. The impression of comfort combined with perfect yet simple taste, of a very courtly gentleman, to whom has been given fitting worldly honor, and of a very gracious lady, whose wife—such is the lasting memory to be brought away from a visit to the home of the chief justice of Ontario.

## OUTLASHED.

WHEN it comes to talking baby talk a man is willing to acknowledge a woman's superiority.



Sir William and Lady Meredith in Their Beautiful Toronto Home.

## Bubbles on the Froth of Parliament: Even the Honorables Pun on Occasions

Signs That the Right Hon. Charles J. Doherty Is Reading the Comics—The Reminiscences of H. C. Hocken.

OTTAWA, April 21.  
CORRESPONDENTS of the London Observer have recently been discussing the "awful puns" which have from time to time been made in London theatres. Writes one: "We all used to yell at these bad puns, but now we love them." And that is the way with parliament. Even the most casual reader of Hansard will run across these more or less witty remarks of hon. members, quite out of place in the supposedly solemn setting of House of Commons debates, but in reality a blessed relief from the daily monotony.

Even such a venerable statesman as the Hon. W. S. Fielding indulges in puns. Only the other day, when the French treaty was under discussion, he discovered that the initials T.M.T. were used to denote "minimum tariff." And when Sir George Foster explained that the extra "T" had gotten in "through the printer's press; the devil was in it, I suppose," what did Mr. Fielding say but this: "Important documents should be correct to a T."

Awful! But it was Mr. P. F. Casgrain who interrupted the minister of marine to tell him he was "at sea." And it was Mr. W. F. Cockshutt who informed Michael Clark that he had started a "lively" argument by raising the question of an embargo on "live" cattle. Referring to an election in which the Conservative party was defeated, Mr. A. R. McMaster remarked that it was then called the Conservative party "without trimmings." "But," said the genial Mr. A. B. Copp, "it was nevertheless well trimmed."

As to whether these are all puns or whether they are some other form of humor (admitting that a pun is humor), the critics may differ. But they may also have their own classification for a remark made by Mr. Fielding when the house was discussing expenditure on the National Transcontinental. Hon. C. C. Ballantyne had placed this amount at \$20,000,000. Then he accepted Mr. P. E. Cahill's correction that it was \$18,900,000. And on this no interest had been paid.

Mr. Fielding, sarcastically: "What difference does thirty million make?" Mr. Ballantyne: "The principle remains, nevertheless." Mr. Fielding: "The principle is that the hon. member made a rather apt remark when he was asked by Mr. J. H. Sinclair, of Guyboro, why certain life-saving stations had been closed. 'Too many of them were just political life-saving stations,' explained the minister.

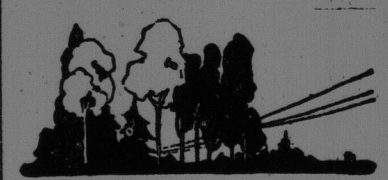
There are parliamentary puns too, of course, which are evidently premeditated. Mr. H. C. Hocken, for instance, referred to the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux as "the hon. member for Grassy." It was cruel to say it of Grasse, but some French-Canadian constituencies are currently regarded as desiring from parliament all they can possibly get.

Of course the hon. members occasionally "get a rise" out of each other by resorting to a quite different type of humor. Hon. Mr. Ballantyne's reference to the five-hour speech of Mr. William Duff, of Lunenburg, is an example which caused not a few chuckles. Mr. Duff was not content that the minister should quote what he "understood" that he (Mr. Duff) had said: Mr. Duff: "You must not 'understand.' Read my speech and see what I said." Mr. Ballantyne: "When I get my summer holidays I shall be glad to read the hon. gentleman's speech." Sarcasm is indeed a favorite weapon. A minister the other day was discussing certain marine matters, and promised to be thorough. "I happened," he said, "to come across what is known as Cromwell's Navigation Act of 1651. I think hon. members will agree that is going far enough back." "Yes," interrupted

## WINNECKE COMET PROVES BASHFUL

Not to Keep Date With the Earth by Twenty Million Miles.

That the Winnecke comet will probably not be visible to the naked eye at all, was the statement of Prof. Chant, speaking before a meeting of the Astronomical Society in the Physics building, Toronto, on Saturday night. The earth and the comet are on different planes, different orbits and travelling at different rates of speed, and all three factors would have to conspire to bring about a collision. When the comet descends to the earth's plane and at the same time crosses the earth's



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orbit, all that keeps the earth from engagement is its speed—it will be late. The nearest the earth and comet will approach at any time will be when the latter passes the earth at a distance of some 20,000,000 miles, about June 15. From then on, though the plane of the comet will be getting closer to the plane of the earth, the higher speed of the comet will make the greater the distance between the two bodies. A meteoric display may take place when the earth reaches the point in space where the hasty comet has preceded it and left behind straggling fragments which couldn't stand the pace. This will occur, if at all, about June 29 or 30, and will be seen in the vicinity of the handle of the great dipper.

## ACTRESS A SUICIDE

Mrs. Nellie M. Norcross, vaudeville actress and wife of Joseph M. Norcross, died in Springfield, Mass., recently, about two hours after cutting her throat with a razor in her home. Her health was given as the cause of her despondency. She and her husband recently completed a thirty weeks' tour of the Keith circuit. They were the oldest team in vaudeville. She being 68 and he 80. Mr. and Mrs. Norcross played the St. John Opera House about a year ago.

## SCOTS WIN AGA

Winnipeg, June 5.—Giving of football as it should be, and which at times was a rev of the 8,000 enthusiasts who rev the park, the touring Scottishers continued their conquering the expense of the Manitoba natives here on Saturday. The S 8 to 1.



## A Real Bicycle For a Real Boy

"WHY don't you ride your bicycle to school any more, Bill?"

"Well, Dad, everybody laughs at it. The other boys ride rings round me, and call it the old boneshaker."

"Hmm! How long have you had it?"

"Why, it's three years, now."

You got it second-hand, Dad—remember?"

"That's right! What kind of bicycles have the other boys?"

"They're nearly all C.C.M.'s. The best ones are, anyway."

"I see. What make would you like best?"

"Why, of course, a C. C. M., Dad, every time!"

## Dad Offers Him One for Passing

"Well, now, look here, Bill. If you'll pitch in at school and pass your exams, I'll get you one of those C. C. M. Bicycles. How does that strike you?"

"Dad, I'd do almost anything for a C. C. M. You just watch me!"

"That's the stuff! I've heard C. C. M. Bicycles well spoken of, and one should be a prize worth winning."

"It sure is. C. C. M.'s look so snappy and ride so easy. Pewee Bowman has one of the new models and it has the C. C. M. Triplex Crank Hanger. He loaned it to me yesterday for five minutes. Gee, it was just like riding on air!"

"Why, what difference does the Triplex Hanger make?"

"Well, there's never any looseness or tightness when you're pedalling. You feel that every single bit of weight you put on the pedals counts for speed."

"And the C. C. M. doesn't tire a fellow out, either, Dad. Why young Mac Reynolds—he's only half as big as me—rides around all day on his C. C. M. It never tires him out."

"And there's a special bike that I won't outgrow, Dad. It's equally good for a lad of nine or a youth of twenty. It's called the C. C. M. 18-inch Curved Bar Model."

"That's a fine idea, Bill. Dig in, now, pass your exams, and that C. C. M. bike is yours." (Bill Passed All Right.)



## C.C.M. Bicycles

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