

PATHETIC LAST VISIT OF T.P. TO "DIVINE SARAH"

Great Actress Never Forgot, Though She Forgave, Irish Journalist's Disloyalty to Her Sovereign Person

IT was some years after T. P. O'Connor in his young days saw Sarah Bernhardt that he met her personally for the first time. "This meeting had an unfortunate sequel," he writes in T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly.

"I had asked her to come and have tea on the terrace of the House of Commons, and fixed half-past four as the hour. But on the morning of the day another lady, who was an American, begged me to give herself and her little daughter an opportunity of seeing the Henley regatta.



Sarah Bernhardt

"I had my misgivings, but I thought I could get the two events into the same day. I went off to Henley, and, of course, every misfortune happened to me. The trains were overcrowded and I had to see them pass one after the other for more than half an hour before I could find a place, and then I couldn't get a cab for some time.

"The final upshot was that when I reached the House of Commons a few minutes after the appointed hour—I had calculated that she would be as usual late by about forty minutes—I found the diva had arrived exactly on time, and that not finding me there to receive her had gone off in high dudgeon, refusing every attempt of my good-natured colleagues to entertain her. For a long time she never met me without recalling to me this act of disloyalty to her sovereign person. But we became reconciled.

"The last time that I saw her had a very pathetic interest. It was during the great war and we were both in New York. It was after she had undergone the terrible operation which had deprived her of one of her legs. She had gone through a terrible play throughout which she sat on a sofa, and when she stood up now and then, she had to keep herself erect by holding on to the sofa. It was dreadful.

Any Rich Canadian Girl For An Austrian Prince?

Duchess of Bourbon and Parma Has Poor Nephew Who'd Let Himself Go for Cash

"HELLO, hello, is this the royal palace?" "Yes," replied a low, agreeable voice, "whom do you wish to speak to?" "I wish to get a message through to the King. If you can do so, I will pay you well for it." "That won't be necessary," says the voice; "this time a voice with a smile. 'This is the King speaking.'"

The story is told of King Alfonso of Spain by Frederick L. Collins in "This King Business: Intimate Accounts of Royalty as a Going Concern."

King Alfonso is still the appealing little boy in faultless velvets, says Mr. Collins, who once upset many a court ceremony by laughing at the Chinese minister and the dirty envoy from Santo Domingo.

Many a loyal Spaniard remembers that embarrassing moment in the church of the Anteocho, when a shrill, small voice from the royal balcony called out to the bishop, who was holding forth in the pulpit, that he, the bishop, should stop talking and be quiet because it was wrong to make a noise in church.

Mr. Collins, who has covered all Europe as a journalist since the end of the war, records a delightful tragedy-comedy.

An American journalist, residing temporarily in Vienna, was roused from his pillow at seven o'clock one cold winter morning by a ring on his telephone. "A woman's voice answered him.

"Is this Mr. —?" "Yes."

"Well, this is the Duchess of Bourbon and Parma." The journalist's trepidation visibly increased, for they had a nasty little war in Austria-Hungary of apprehending undesirable citizens and dropping them unceremoniously in the Danube. "You don't know me, but you do know my nephew, Francis Joseph of Braganza. . . . Well, Francis is a sort of poor relation of mine, and I was wondering if you knew any rich American girl who might be willing to marry him. I got to thinking about it in the night, and I couldn't wait to ask you."

To Queen Marie of Rumania the author ascribes "personality and pep."

Marie is one of the best women chauffeurs in Europe. Seated at the wheel of her own sport car, she winds in and out through the narrow, crowded streets of her capital city. With her head held high, she is all that a modern Queen should be.

At the corners—and there are many of them—she signals according to the accepted rules of the road, extending her graceful arm as if she were under the eye of a Fifth Avenue traffic policeman. And though the populace steps a little more lively than usual to give her the right of way, she always drives—in the city at least—"like a lady."

MR. EDOUARD BELIM promises the world that he will shortly produce a telephone which will present an image of the person speaking. It is a terrifying prospect for exchange operators when dealing with short-tempered subscribers who have been stung by a swarm of wrong numbers.—Punch.

ACCORDING to a personal paragraph Mr. H. G. Wells has enough material in his notebooks to last him a hundred-and-fifty years. Our only anxiety is as to what he will be doing after that.—Punch.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Clemenceau, at 82, Rises at 2.30 a.m. Works Till Daybreak On New Book

Lungs, Heart, and Digestive Apparatus as Fit as at Fifty—Doctor Examines Him Once a Month—"Tiger" Walks Five or Six Miles After Breakfast

AT 82 Georges Clemenceau, Grand Old Man of European politics, rises at 2.30 a.m., after having gone to bed at 8.30 p.m.

In between times he works. His labors are at present concentrated on a work of philosophy and not on his memoirs, as reported.

The former premier's day at Saint Vincent-sur-Jard, in Vendee, where he spends nine months out of every year, is given as follows:

2.30 a.m.—Rises.

2.45 a.m.—Starts work at his desk in bedroom, lighted by an oil lamp.

6.30 a.m.—Breakfast. Large plate of soup made from vegetables, two kinds of fish, two slices of meat and a large cup of cafe-au-lait.

7 to 11 a.m.—Walk in the country, generally five or six miles. Talks with peasantry, who call him "Le bon pere" (the good father).

11 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.—Reads over work done that morning.

12.30 p.m.—Luncheon. Soup, fish, meat and fruit.

1.30 to 3.30 p.m.—Siesta, guarded by Albert, his manservant, who has served him for twenty-eight years.

3.30 to 6.30 p.m.—Work.

6.30 p.m.—Dinner. Soup and fruit. No fish or meat.

7.15 to 8.30 p.m.—Reads Paris newspapers, talks with occasional friends.

8.30 p.m.—Bed.

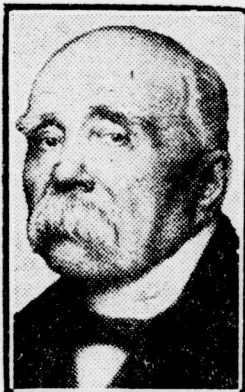
Clemenceau drinks either water or milk with his meals. He sleeps with the window wide open. His bath is neither hot nor cold—just lukewarm. According to his friends the "Tiger" is in better physical shape now than at any period since he was wounded by a fanatic during the peace conference.

His doctor examines him once a month, and on the last examination reported that "Monsieur Clemenceau's heart, lungs and digestive apparatus are as fit as if he were fifty years younger. In fact, he is in better health than he was ten years ago."

To a daring friend who demanded whether he was not thinking of an operation for gland transfer "rejuvenation," the "Tiger" replied, caustically:

"You need it more than I, my friend."

The friend was 40 years of age.



Georges Clemenceau

Weird Look Came Over Actor's Face When Zangwill Walked on Stage

Author With Only a Few Minutes to Catch Train Had to Conduct Business Before He Left—Presented Himself With a Telegram—Audience Roared to See Him Driven Off With Mock Kicks—Indignant Letters Demanded Why the Best Part of the Show Was Omitted Next Night.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the noted Jewish playwright who has recanted his former Zionism and now defines a Zionist as "a man who pays another man to live in Palestine," proved himself during his recent visit to Toronto an extraordinarily witty and prolific raconteur. At a literary gathering, for a solid hour, anecdote after anecdote poured from his lips as water flows from a tap.

One of his best stories was about Beerbohm Tree, this famous Shakespearean actor was accustomed to revise Shakespeare as freely as though he himself had written the plays. But when he attempted to apply the same cavalier treatment to Zangwill he was caught a Tartar.

"It was at the first rehearsal of one of my plays," said Zangwill. "Tree stood on the stage with my manuscript clutched tightly in his hand as if it were a personal possession. After a minute or two his life-long mania for revision took hold of him, and he wanted to make a correction. I listened to what he had to say, and point-blank refused.

"Soon he had another suggestion for a change. Again I refused. This went on several times, and his company began to titter. This infuriated him, for he was accustomed to receive well nigh royal honors from them. They were almost servile to him and laughed at his every joke, and at times he was really witty.

"Finally he could no longer stand being forced to bow to the will of a living author, and burst out, 'Thank God! Shakespeare at any rate is dead.'"

Zangwill also spoke of Bernard Shaw. He was present at the first night of his first play when Shaw in his curtain speech uttered his famous jest in reply to a galleryite, who hissed. "I agree with you, my friend, but you and I are in a hopeless minority."

"I think," said Zangwill, "that Shaw will be remembered in history as the Doctor Johnson of this century. He has the same truculence and fondness for his own opinion. He is really frightfully conceited. He never will accept any suggestion of the least alteration in his plays.

"Once Henry Arthur Jones, a dramatist of great stage experience, whose opinion should have carried some weight even with Shaw, told him that he felt the third act in one of his plays a little draggy.

"That might very well be the case with an act in one of your plays," replied Shaw insolently, "but never with an act in one of mine."

In short, Shaw was just like a fellow Irishman, Oscar Wilde, who answered a requisition for a slight amendment in one of his plays by saying, "Who am I that I should meddle with a masterpiece?"

Only once had Zangwill ever heard of Shaw's backing. That was when he read James Joyce's

Ulysses, a work with passages of verbal richness unknown in English literature since the 18th century translation of Rabelais. Dean Swift, who wrote Gulliver's Travels, also calls a spade a spade. "Isn't Joyce a little like Swift?" said Zangwill. "Oh, he's much too swift," replied Shaw.

Zangwill recalled that W. S. Gilbert had told him that in a long life on the stage he had only known three intelligent actors. "Their genius, and they have a genius," said the author of "Merely Mary Anne," "lies rather in sensibility than in sensibleness. I myself have only known one grateful actor. And she was an actress."

He told tales of his own appearances before the footlights. To get copyright in England it had formerly been necessary to have at least one public performance of a play. For this purpose even tragedies were turned into farces. A play bill had to be posted in front of the theatre, but an admission price of several guineas was charged. The performance took place at some unusual hour and the performers merely read fragments of their parts.

Once Zangwill took part in one of these farces, together with Conan Doyle and Hall Caine. Soon Hall Caine grew weary of the jest, and, after a tirade against the stupidity of the law, walked off the stage. The others followed suit, and said Zangwill, "I had to play all the parts myself."

He made, however, one appearance on a real stage. It was at Birmingham. He had only a few minutes to catch a train, but found it necessary to see a certain actor on a very urgent matter. He went to the theatre. The actor was on stage.

"I took a telegram," said Zangwill, "and boldly went on. When he saw me, an extraordinary look came over his face. But he was equal to the occasion. He took my telegram. We transacted our business in whispers, and then he drove me off with mock kicks. The audience roared and I understand that I made a great hit. The management received several indignant letters asking why my extemporized part was omitted from subsequent performances."

DR. THOMAS NIGHTINGALE reports that Ellis Island immigrants are confined in wire cages during the night. A moderate ration of birdseed is now all that is required to qualify them for Sing-Sing—Passing Show.



Young Wizard at Figures

ALTHOUGH only 24 years of age, A. W. Gregg has been recently appointed special assistant to Mr. Mellon, the secretary of the treasury of the United States. Mr. Gregg has a miraculous gift in dealing with figures. He will advise the secretary in reference to tax matters, and explain the details of the Mellon revision of the income tax to the ways and means committee of the house of representatives. The young human calculator makes his mark in the nation of figures.



Dances Over New York Canyons

THIS is Miss Bird Millman, champion tight-rope walker, demonstrating her daring art twenty-five stories above New York thousands gasping with horror as they witnessed this unusual sight.

Mrs. Starr Sent Bowell Enormous Hornet's Nest

Housekeeper Thought It Was an Infernal Machine—Bowell Hung It Over His Desk

IT was in January, 1896, that the staggering blow of the resignation of seven members of his cabinet on the eve of the general election crushed Sir Mackenzie Bowell's government and led to the defeat of the Conservative party in Canada. The seven whom the premier referred to when he said that he had been living in a nest of traitors were: Hon. Messrs. Foster, Haggard, Ives, Montague, Dickey, Wood and Sir Charles Tupper. The whole incident has been revived by the reminiscences of J. L. Payne, who was not only secretary to the premier but to many other Canadian politicians.

An interesting confession is now made by Mrs. Starr, the widow of the late Rev. John R. Starr, founder of the juvenile court of Toronto, of how she sent a hornet's nest to the premier.

"With reference to a very interesting article by J. L. Payne in connection with the late Sir Mackenzie Bowell, when the cabinet turned traitor, allow me to add a personal reminiscence," she writes to the Nelson Daily News.

"At that time we were living in Kingston, and some friend had sent me a huge wasp's or hornet's nest, which resembled an extinct volcano crater, and so large that it would fill a woman's hat box, and that meant size in those days.

"One night we had some friends dining with us. Among them was Principal Grant of Queen's College, who proposed we should send the nest on to Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell with the writer's card sticking out of the crater, with something like this: 'To the king of the hornets,' or something of that kind.

"Sir Mackenzie wrote in return that he and Sir Wilfrid Laurier were having luncheon in the former's home (evidently burying political differences when in private), when the box was carried in. His housekeeper said, 'It looks like an infernal machine, sir; be careful.'"

"He dug out the card, and said: 'It is some joke. I know the sender.' He wrote that it was great to hear Sir Wilfrid's laugh over it. In confidence he wrote some things, and added: 'The hornets are only hibernating. They will come in the spring, and sting me to death.'"

"He gave the nest a place of honor by hanging it over his desk in the parliament buildings at Ottawa.

"A few years later some friends and myself were taking breakfast one Sunday at the old Driard hotel, Victoria, when I saw my old friend again, but he hadn't seen me. I said to one of the party, 'The first thing he will say will be, 'Come along to church.'"

"One of them bet a silver hat pin that he wouldn't. When he saw me he jumped up and spilled his coffee all over the table cloth and said, 'See what you made me do,' then in the same breath said, 'Come along with me to church,' which we did, and next day I was the possessor of a very bold, big hat pin."—George Starr.

CORRECTED

THE following story is credited to the one and only George Bernard Shaw. It concerns an acquaintance who was a schoolmaster and who at the time was taking a class of very small boys in English grammar.

On the board he had written the sentence, "The toast was drank in silence," asking the class to correct any mistake they could find in it.

For some moments there was no response, but finally a youngster held up his hand and at a nod from the master stalked gravely up to the blackboard to make his correction.

When he had finished the sentence read, "The

SWEET CLOVER APOSTLE'S CREED ACCEPTED AT LAST

Listowel Man Predicted Its Use for Silage and Building Up Barren Land

J. W. SANGSTER, of Listowel, Ont., president of the Ontario Grain and Seed Growers' Association, which will soon be holding its annual meeting, was one of the pioneers of sweet clover in Canada. That sounds strange when one realizes the part which sweet clover plays in the agricultural life of the country nowadays. In fact twenty years ago it was regarded as a weed. In fact one farmer in western Ontario was prosecuted for growing it and prohibited from further use of it in his fields.

So when alfalfa had proved a doubtful crop for the farmer, Mr. Sangster began to preach sweet clover in 1903. He wrote about it, for he was then an agricultural writer, and he talked about it to such good effect that it was experimented with and found eventually to be not merely a wonderful pasture plant, but splendid for silage and for building up soil. For fifteen years Mr. Sangster was an apostle of sweet clover.

Gradually the belief in it grew. One of the first men in Ontario to grow it was William Linton, of Aurora, who published the first pamphlet on its success. Others experimented. The present premier of Manitoba, Hon. John Bracken, when he was at the agricultural college of the University of Saskatchewan, after experiments developed a useful strain known as Arctic.

Now Mr. Sangster has the satisfaction of knowing that in the west this year sweet clover is going to be used on a great scale for the purpose of making big tracts of barren land fertile. "I have shipped sweet clover seed to every civilized country in the world," declares Mr. Sangster with satisfaction. "And I have an enquiry for five tons at present from conservative old England."



J. W. Sangster

POLITICS OF YESTERDAY RED BLOODED AFFAIRS

Lord Long Relates His Rescue From a Bathe in a River at Election Time

LORD LONG is one of the last representatives of the squirearchy, the privileged class of territorial magnates who had so large a part in the government of England, and whose glory has departed, if we are to believe Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "The End of the House of Alard." The following is one of his good election stories from his "Memories" just published.

"When we reached a certain point the carriage was stopped, the horses taken out, and a cheering crowd proceeded to draw us along the road. I was looking out of the window and I noticed that we were passing through another crowd. . . . I thought that they looked very hostile and wondered what it all meant.

When we got to the school house, where the meeting was to be held, one of my perspiring supporters said to me, as I got out, 'We did that well, didn't we, sir?' Upon my asking him what he meant, he replied, 'Why! The radicals had arranged to meet you a short distance before the bridge which leads over the river. They were going to cheer and shout and lead you to believe that they were your friends. Then they were going to take out the horses and run you into the river at the drinking place. We fortunately heard of this, so we turned out, skirted round the fields, and met you a mile farther along the road, and brought you right through them, and jolly well sold they looked!'

WHY MINT SAUCE ON LAMB?

WHY is mint sauce eaten only with lamb? Has that ever puzzled you?

Bitter herbs were in Old Testament days ordered as a part of the Feast of Passover, and later on they formed an invariable accompaniment to the Paschal or Easter lamb. The lamb is not a mere dish like the turkey of Christmas, but actually stands for the sacrifice of the old days, and our mint is all that is left of the bitter herbs of the ritual.

It is probable that we have kept it where we have dropped so much else simply because mint, as well as being a good digestive, happens to be the best herb to bring out the flavor of the new potatoes and peas with which our lamb is generally eaten.

MRS. ASQUITH'S BED QUILTS

MRS. ASQUITH, whose son, Master Anthony Asquith, came of age this month, entertains every week end at The Wharf, Sutton Courtney, her country home, which her butler once informed her in confidence looked like an institution.

Mrs. Asquith, always original, has discovered an artistic way of covering the beds in her home. Richly embroidered Spanish shawls, with long fringes, are used instead of bed quilts.

A smaller house in the grounds called The Mill is reserved for the children who come to stay, and it is here that Mr. Anthony Asquith studies music.

HOTBED OF GOSSIP

A CINEMA studio, during the intervals that elapse between the filming of the various scenes of a picture play, is a veritable hotbed of gossip.

In this connection, charming Dorothy Gish tells a delightful little story.

A well-known "movie" actress, still young, but married and the mother of two fine children, was approached by another, a notorious scandal-monger.

"Tell me," she said, "did you ever catch your husband flirting?"

"Yes, once," answered the young woman. "The gossip's eyes widened with interest. 'What did you do?' she asked.