

THREAT TO SMASH STATUE PUT GUARD OVER ALLWARD

Most of the Sculptor's Work Was Done
Under Hard Eye of the
Mortgagee's Agent

WHEN Walter S. Allward who is now engaged in finishing on Vimy Ridge, Canada's magnificent memorial to her fallen soldiers of the great war, was a young chap of nineteen and just starting on his life work as a sculptor, he had a hard time with the tombstone builder to whom he owed his first contract.



Walter Allward

This man had taken on a big commission to build a memorial shaft, and needed a sculptured figure to complete it. Allward, who up to this time had had no training except a year or so spent in an architect's office, out who was filled with a mighty determination to become a sculptor, sent in a design. He got the shock of his life when it was selected and he was asked to go on with the work. Up to this time, as he says himself, his most ambitious work had consisted in "punching holes in an alleged Romanesque facade on Queen street Methodist church," Toronto, and though he had the will to be a sculptor, he had almost nothing else.

No studio, no tools, and no experience. The tombstone builder agreed to stake him to the studio and equipment. So the job was started. But it was slow. The young artist—this was twenty-five years ago—had to make most of his own tools; he was never satisfied with poor work; and his model was not all that might be expected of a solid steady going citizen. So there was delay about completion. Finally he of the tombstones got impatient and wrathful. Worn to exasperation, Allward threatened to "destroy the figure" if any more was said. The man of monuments shut up and went away, but next morning there was a guard standing over the figure, and the rest of Allward's work was done under the hard eye of this agent of the mortgagee. Eventually the work was completed, the guard was relieved, the figure was delivered and the price paid in money and stake. It was just a few hundred dollars all told, but from this small beginning Allward took heart of grace, and pressed on up Parnassus.

His next experience was scarcely less ludicrous or discouraging. A certain large corporation wished to commemorate their founder by a bust of him which was to be installed in their "new and palatial quarters." Allward was awarded the job and completed the work to their satisfaction. Its price was another few hundred and some of this had already been doled out to the sculptor as the work progressed. But this was regarded by the committee as very poor business indeed. Artists ought to be able to live on expectations and glory. Their principle in business was no completed work, no money. So, in view of their previous generosity, they decided when the work was finished that it would be most unwise to have so young a man "handle so much money." So they continued to dole it out in safe quantities until it was all paid. Needless to say, all of it was owed by the artist to his own debtors. Now he has a million dollar contract, and even hard business men realize that he can be trusted with not alone money, but to augment Canada's glory in Europe.

No Hair Brush for Guest, "Smiling Joe" Uses Comb

Well-Known Canadian Recruiter Has
Tender Heart as Well as Bald Head

"SMILING JOE" LAWSON, ex-paymaster of the 204th Battalion, has a heart as tender as it is big. The well-known recruiter and Victory bond salesman once met a British newcomer on the street who was down—but not out, for "Joe" put out his warm hand and asked the lad to his home for supper.



Joe Lawson

"I took him upstairs," Joe tells the story. "To let him wash himself, while I went down to have another plate set. My wife and I waited one minute, two minutes, three minutes, and still our guest did not appear. I went upstairs to see what the difficulty was.

"What's the matter, laddie? Aren't you ready yet?" "A brush, sir—I can't find a hairbrush."

"You see," smiled "Joe"—everybody calls him "Joe"—passing his hand over his bald head, "no wonder he couldn't find a hairbrush . . . because I don't use one. But I found a comb for him, and he was soon happy."

WHY RODOLPH VALENTINO LEARNT BULL FIGHTING

IT was in the screen version of the stage play, Blood and Sand, that I realized I must find out how to be a genuine bull fighter, for the scene in the bull ring is the crucial point in the story.

Now films are shown all over the world; and Ibanez, author of the play, is a national hero in Spain, where the screen version would be sure to appear. So a bull with a pedigree yards long was imported from Mexico, and with him came a famous bull fighter.

He took us in hand, and every day for two months I trained just as though I intended to make bull fighting my profession. Being a dancer, I found the side-to-side dodging fairly easy, and the cape-play intrigued me. But it was the hardest training of my life.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Carrie Jacobs-Bond Has Known Sorrow, Has Written Her Life Into Her Songs

"When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day" Has Been Sung, Literally, Around the World—Result of Years of Struggle with Poverty, Sickness and Grief.

IN an upper room of the Glenwood Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, a woman paused as she was dressing for dinner, to watch from her window the fading of day into night. Since early morning, as the guest of friends, she had been shown one lovely scene after another. The hours had been filled with delight. And now, as she watched the night coming on, she said, with a sigh of pure happiness: "It has truly been a perfect day!"

Acting on a sudden impulse, she began to write; and, in the intervals of dressing, hurrying from dresser to table and back again, she set down two stanzas.

Later, when she and her friends were dining in the patio of the hotel under the starlit sky, she read the verses to them—then tucked the slip of paper away and promptly forgot about it.

But the words remained in her subconscious memory; and months afterward, on another starlit night, they came again to the surface of her mind. With other friends she was driving across the Mojave Desert, after another wonderful day, when she suddenly began to sing softly the words she had written that evening in Riverside. The melody seemed to come spontaneously, without thought or effort.

"You've composed a new song, haven't you?" her friends asked her.

Surprised at the realization, she answered, "Why—I guess I have!"

She certainly had. When she had perfected the melody, that song, "A Perfect Day," was published; and the woman who was its author and composer, Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, found to her amazement that she had written the most popular of all modern songs.

Many fanciful stories have been told about how it came to be written, but the above is the true story. Every night the orchestra of the Mission Inn plays "A Perfect Day" in the very setting where Mrs. Bond read aloud the stanzas less than an hour after she had put them on paper.

"But great songs do not spring out of empty lives. To appreciate at its full value, the healing happiness of a perfect day, one must have known sorrow and hardships, discouragements and loneliness. Carrie Jacobs-Bond has known all of these," says Neil M. Clark in an article in the American Magazine.

To Mr. Clark, who interviewed her in the music-room of her home high on a hill overlooking Hollywood, she was "one of the most extraordinary persons, man or woman, I have ever known."

She was an invalid when circumstances came that forced her to make her own way in the world. But she had a will that would not be defeated. Time after time she seemed utterly conquered, beaten by life. But she did not know it—would not have it so—and it turned out that it was not so.

The sudden death of Dr. Frank Lewis Bond, her second husband, in an accident left her without means of support, for times had been hard where the doctor practiced, and he had not entered up his fees in his books. Almost at the same time his capital was lost in a mining company that went into bankruptcy.

Music and painting were the only resources left to Mrs. Bond, and a heroic little son.

In a big Chicago house they weathered the first year by renting rooms to students. To pay for the advertising of her songs—for she had been writing these occasionally for several years



Carrie Jacobs-Bond

—she made dresses for the woman editor of a music magazine. "I found my chief consolation in those dreary days," she says, "in the lives of people even worse off than we were. My son and I moved into a little apartment of five rooms, taking the furniture we had used in the rooming-house, and storing the extra things in the basement. When winter came, the wind from Lake Michigan blew its icy blast into the house, and for warmth I closed off the biggest front rooms, and kept a tiny fire—all we could afford—burning in the one room which served us as both living-room and studio.

"I painted china; but that's a precarious way of making a living, and had it not been for my brave little son's assistance—he was delivering envelopes for a firm, and later became special delivery boy for the Chicago postoffice, I would have fared worse.

"As it was, I would paint china until my trembling hands became too cold; then I would stop, and in my 'spare time' work at the copying of my music manuscripts.

"One day a knock brought me to the door, and I found a man who asked to be allowed to sweep the snow from the porch and steps—that last resort of the workseeker! I told him that I had no money to pay him, but that he might come in and get warm. He hovered over my little fire, while I went on copying manuscripts. Finally he said:

"Madam, I could copy that for you. Yes," he continued, for he saw my involuntary astonishment, 'I used to sing in the glee club at college. I can copy music.' And, taking it from my hand, he set to work.



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BRITISH ENCYCLOPEDIA LIBELS CANADIAN GENIUS

Ridiculous Mistakes Show Surprising Ignorance of Editors About Canadian Men of Letters and Science

HAVE the writers of modern British encyclopedias developed a grudge against Canadian genius; or is it just pure cussedness? Recently my spare time has been devoted to a search through these storehouses of knowledge and some of the tempting bypaths have been rich in revelations about Canadians that were hitherto unknown to me. While many were but mere slips of the pen, and might be found within the binding of the most severely edited volume, others are so ridiculous that it is difficult to understand how they were passed.

Canadians recall with pride the magnificent work conducted for the British government by Professor John Cunningham MacLennan, of Toronto University. He it was who commercialized the production of helium and opened the field of aeronautics to the use of this wonderful gas. He, and the governors of Toronto University were thanked by the British government for the work which had been conducted. His name and efforts are well known in England and there is no possible excuse for the brilliant (?) record of his work which appears in the latest Britannica.

The pamphlets issued by the Federal government, at Ottawa, clearly point out that Prof. MacLennan and his associates centred their work near the city of Hamilton, Ont., and near Calgary, Alt., the latter place receiving much more attention.

The professor is given no direct mention in the latest Britannica, published in 1922 but under aeronautics, the following interesting information is given—(Page 60, column two, volume thirty.)

"Helium. . . . The main supplies are, however, in the natural gas in Texas, and in Canada, near Ontario."

But the richest yet discovered by the writer is in the third volume of the latest Everyman Encyclopedia. It is hard to think that modern British men of letters would be unaware of the delightful poems by our fellow Canadian, Robert W. Service. He, like Professor MacLennan, is given no item in either the Britannica or the Everyman, but on page 257, at the end of a fourteen column article on Canada, the writer is informed that:

"There is no doubt that a great future awaits Canada. Consult the poems of Messrs. Bliss Carman and Robert Service."

"The poor derelict remained with us, and we took some of the stored furniture and fixed a place for him in the basement. There he stayed, trying to help me with the music, and listening raptly to the strains from the piano, my husband's gift to me, remembering heaven knows what hours from his past!"

"One evening he came to me in genuine distress. A poor family had been dispossessed—turned out into the snow.

"Mrs. Bond," he said, 'they're worse off than I am, because there's a woman, and children, too. So, if you will let me, I'll give them my place.'

"Poor wreck that he was, he found it in his heart to help them; and with my permission he brought them to occupy the place where he had found a little haven. It was just a day or so after I had an attack of rheumatism which confined me to my bed for three months, and the woman nursed me faithfully during those weary days.

"It was my hope and my dream which made me different from the other unfortunate people whom I met daily, having the same struggle with circumstances that I was having. I was always expecting something to turn up—and invariably it did. It is that faith that keeps one buoyant and happy."

It is almost like a fairy story the way things did turn up. An extra five dollar bill for singing fluttered from an envelope just in the nick of time. "Sing them to me," said Jessie Bartlett Davis, then famous as a contralto, to Mrs. Bond who had taken her songs and her publishing problem to this comparative stranger. Without a word the singer wrote out a cheque for three hundred dollars, the amount needed by Mrs. Bond to make headway. Elbert Hubbard paid her for singing at East Aurora. Other invitations followed. When she was \$1,500 in debt, Walter Gale, an old friend, took a fifteen hundred dollar interest in her publishing business. The second year it paid him ninety-five per cent. Shortly after a Perfect Day was published another share was bought by Walter Gale for \$8,500.

"I'll buy a house and take a trip round the world," said Mrs. Bond, and she did. Belief in a happy outcome finally transformed the first little half-bedroom shop into a beautiful store on Michigan avenue.

"It's my idea that God hasn't done much without purpose," is Mrs. Bond's philosophy. "He has given everybody something. That something a person can use; and to the degree he does use it he can succeed. Perhaps he won't get just the thing he wants, but he will get near enough to it for it to be a satisfaction to him. But he must use his gift to the utmost.

"It must be a conscious effort, also, to keep out of our lives what is evil, or less than our best. I think my songs are successful because they are simple heart songs. I don't allow anything suggestive of evil to creep into them. And I try to keep all such things out of my own life. At the entrance to my home is this motto: 'Bring here no tattle in, nor take none out—so may the Love of God dwell in this house.'"

READ IT IN HIS FACE

"THAT boy will one day be a judge," was the declaration of a gipsy woman to the mother of Sir Ernest Pollock, when he was a little fellow. When asked why, she said: "I can see it in his face."

The gipsy's prophecy has been more than fulfilled, for now Sir Ernest has been appointed Master of the Rolls in succession to Lord Starnale. Sir Ernest is Conservative member for Warwick and Leamington, and comes of a great legal family, his grandfather, who had twenty-four children, having been Chief Baron Pollock. Sir Ernest's first big criminal case was that of Armstrong.

He tells the story of a "difficult" witness who, when asked if he knew any of the jury, replied: "More than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?"

"Yes; I'm willing to swear that I know more than the whole lot put together!"



British Labor Party Elects First Unmarried Woman M.P.

MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE was elected as Labor member for East Ham North in the recent British elections. Among the eight women now in the Commons she is the unmarried one. She is wealthy, but has long been interested in social service.

Girls Make No Dead Set For Leverhulme's Title

Soap King Doesn't Think American or Canadian Girls Marry Just for Titles or Property

LORD LEVERHULME, the well-known soap baron who controls 200 factories and 100,000 employees, does not believe that American or Canadian girls are anxious to marry for title or money, and gives as a reason that he has wholly escaped them.



Lord Leverhulme

While visiting Calgary lately the Viscount got into conversation with a writer on the subject of titles. Lord Leverhulme deprecated the fact that the Canadian parliament had asked that no more titles be conferred on Canadians and suggested that the legislators were influenced in their legislation by the proximity of the republic to the south of us.

The writer then said: "The Americans may talk against titles, but they seem pleased enough to get them for their sisters and daughters by marriage."

"I don't think the American girls marry for titles or property," replied Lord Leverhulme. "You just try them and see," suggested the writer.

At this his lordship shook his head and replied: "You cannot convince me that either Canadian or American girls are anxious to marry for either wealth or titles. I know, for you see I have been a widower for some years and this is my second visit to this country; yet I have never been accepted. I have been said to have money and title. I have nothing to say about the money, but I have a title right enough, and I have not been accepted." Then in a rather reminiscent mood, Lord Leverhulme concluded: "I was only accepted once in my life, and that was when I was plain Willie Lever."

ZAHAROFF'S HUMAN SIDE; COOKERY, GREEN CIGARS

Has Only Complete Dinner Set of Pure Gold in the World

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF, who is mentioned in some quarters as a possible president of Greece, numbers the art of cookery among his other accomplishments. After a visit paid him in Paris Colonel Repington wrote in his "diary": "Zaharoff fancies himself as a cook, and is often in his kitchen. He had made a special little dish of transversely-sliced bananas, cooked inside a bain-marie and kept constantly soaked by melted sugar poured over them. I hate bananas, but he made me try them. They were quite excellent. . . Zaharoff has some wonderful gold plate. He told me that he picked up ten pieces at a sale some fourteen years ago, and to match. So now he has a complete dinner service of pure gold (not silver-gilt), for thirty-six people, the only one in the world, he said. The pieces are fearfully heavy." Another peculiarity of Sir Basil's is his liking for green cigars. "His cigars are sent every month from Cuba," the colonel notes. "He opened a box dated three weeks previously. They were quite soft. He says that fresh cigars, or green cigars, as he calls them, are to old cigars like grapes to raisins."

The famous Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is the author of more than forty books, and in consequence receives many books from authors. Not long ago somebody was with him in his library and saw a great many new books, some of them obviously of no account. "Do you read all the new books you receive?" the visitor asked. "That reminds me of my favorite story," the veteran chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee declared. "It is told of the great Disraeli. One day he received a book the receipt of which he acknowledged with a note that read: 'You may be assured that I will lose no time in reading your book.'"

He is certainly all for what is new. He admires Mussolini, Cane and Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." "Everything," says he, "is in a state of flux. That is what I try to express in all my works."

He has written the most fantastic plays the world has ever seen, yet, strange to say, his first look at New York's flux and madness quite took his breath away. He held up his hands and cried: "How utterly fantastic!" And that was before he had seen Greenwich Village, where his plays are to be produced.

Eleanora Duse already gave New York a taste of them last fall, but when New York sees his latest play it is safe to say it will see something more fantastic than itself. It is called "Each In His Own Way." It is a satire on playwrights. It is Pirandello making mock of himself.

MAN WITH RADIUM EYES IS LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Looks Like a Steel Gimlet or a Diamond
Drill—the World's Greatest Dramatist

LUIGI PIRANDELLO, the famous Italian dramatist, who has created an entirely new technique for the drama, the author of "Six Characters in Search of an Author," which Bernard Shaw declared the best play ever written, is on his first visit to America.

He does not look like Bernard Shaw. He avoids publicity. His manner is mild and gentle. He is a little old man with a grey-fringed bald head and a little pointed beard. You would think that he was a shrinking violet until you looked at his eyes.

He has radium eyes. When he turns them on you, you feel that he is reading your subconscious mind like the headlines in today's newspaper. Everything about him except his tongue is sharp and penetrating. He carries a cane as if it were a surgeon's lancet. In fact, he looks like a steel gimlet or a diamond drill.

The French dramatists used to talk about taking a slice from life. That skin-deep method is not Pirandello's. He does not slice. He probes. He has put his drill deep into crumbling truth as a dentist puts his into a crumbling tooth.

All his life he has been bringing up cores from the core of human consciousness. In thirty years he took out sixty-five novels and 300 short stories from the bed rock of human nature. Then his drill suddenly slipped through into greater depths. Six years ago he began writing plays. Now he is known as the world's greatest dramatist.

He was like a dentist plunging his drill into the very bottom of a cavity. When he produced his first play, the Italian public gave a great yell of rage and pain. He had caught his fellow-countrymen at a sensitive moment in the midst of the war. They found his technique excruciating. He had reached the nerve.

In a recent interview in New York he described very amusingly these yells in Rome and Milan. After Rome had seen for the first time the six characters in search of an author, the audience also started to look for the author, with stilettes in their hands and blood in their eyes.

"There was constant hissing as the play progressed," says he. "The audience took sides for and against me. Between the acts there were fights between the rival factions. When the curtain fell at the end and I came out on the stage there was a terrific uproar. Spectators shrieked out again and again: 'Buffoon! Buffoon!' Seven or eight hundred people were waiting for me outside and followed me to my hotel, hooting and threatening me."

In Milan there was worse disorder. At times the actors stopped playing while the audience fought. A well-known Milanese journalist climbed on the stage to make a speech defending Pirandello. An army officer jumped out from one of the boxes and slapped his face. Afterwards there was a duel—in fact an epidemic of duels.

Curiously, this author so fought over, who throws out scorching dramatic lava, is not a volcano, but the mildest and most peaceful of men. But he comes by race from a lava country. His mother is a pure Sicilian from Girgento. And his name is of Greek origin and means "the announcer of fire."

He is a dramatic salamander who is making a bonfire of all the old rubbish of the old drama and feels perfectly at home in the flames. "Europe," he has said, "is now in a state of revolt against stage sentimentality. We want new ideas and new technique. People are sick of the old conventions."

His favorite picture is one in which he is seen looking down quizzically on a poor patient donkey that has collapsed at his feet. Perhaps that symbolizes his attitude toward the old drama.

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SHERLOCKING SHERLOCK

A FRENCH taxicab driver once played a good trick on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. When the famous creator of Sherlock Holmes paid him he said:

"Merci, M. Doyle."

"How on earth do you know me?" asked the author.

"Your appearance is English," said the driver. "The paper reported that you were arriving here, and your name is on your luggage."

Circumstantial Evidence

SAM had seen a ghost. With many gestures he was narrating his experiences to an audience of his fellow "darkies."

"Ah jest come out of de cowshed," he said impressively, "an' Ah had a bucket of milk in mah hand. Den Ah hears a noise by de side of de road, an' de ghost rushes out."

His listeners crowded more closely round him. "Did yo' shake with fright, Sam?" one of them asked.

"Ah don't know what Ah shook with," replied Sam. "Ah ain't sayin' for suttin Ah shook at all. But when Ah got home Ah foun' all de milk gone, an' two pounds of butter in de bucket."—Tit-Bits