

PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE

Subject.....

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Bunn The Barber Tells The World

He Reads Future of Politicians in the Stars.

By B. A. McKELVIE.

"YOU ARE A SCORPION," asserted Adolphus Bunn, the barber. "No offense intended. I ain't callin' you names, so don't get mad. I'm simply tellin' you what the stars say. You see, I got hold of a book on astrology, an' I've been studyin' it a bit.

"You see," he went on, as he applied a hot towel and pressed it down, "you can't help being fat. The book says as how scorpions may be stout and even fat in later life, an' they have broad open faces. That's you.

"You can't fool the stars. It can't be done, an' you are tryin' to do it. You have no right to be tryin' to be a newspaperman. You should be a blacksmith or a policeman."

"It's really remarkable," went on Adolphus Bunn, as he mixed the lather, "how the stars run true to form, or perhaps it would be better to say how people follow the stars.

"Now look at Mackenzie King, for instance. Why all you got to do is to read one of them books on astrology, an' you got him sized up at once.

"He's an archer, he is," or to use the technical term, such as you wouldn't understand, but what we who study the stars know, he's a 'soggy-tarr-lus.' He was born on December 17, an' just missed bein' a goat. He missed it, though, an' Arthur Meighen should remember that.

"Now bein' born when he was, he jus' couldn't help bein' a fine lookin' man. The book says men born when he was has a refinement an' grace about 'em, an' are possessed of an elegance of manner an' are swell dressers. Now I ask you, ain't Mack just like that?"

"You see, I was lookin' up his character an' all las' night, bein' as there has been this mixup at Ottawa. The book says as men of the archer type is self-confident—that's him again—enterprisin' an' quick of comprehension. Again I asks, can you beat it?"

"He is strongly magnetized, an', accordin' to the stars, havin' a magnetized personality, he has a great power of speech, an' can impress those who listen to him. Now, ain't Bill Mackenzie King just the finest two-handed talker you ever heard?"

"There's one thing that he's got to look out for, though, an' that's talkin' too much, for the book says "calm and persistent in carryin' out his plans, but is liable to make the mistake of gassin' about them too much, an' his friends is likely to double-cross him, an' cause his best-laid plans to get all tangled up. Now, I ask you, doesn't that mean the Progressives?"

"Now there's Art Meighen. The stars have got him sized up better than they have Mack.

"His readin' shows as he is intellectual—he's born under the same rule as me. We are 'jimminies,' or under the sign of the twins. We're all intellect's, we are.

"Jimminy people should live in rural places, the stars say. Art in the Portage la Prairie district. I'm movin' to Burnaby.

"I'm movin' to Burnaby. I'm all an' slender, upright an' strong," the horoscope says of us, an' ain't it true? Our temperaments show depth of thought, liter'y power an' keen pursuit of learnin'. So you see, I should be a newspaperman, an' you should be a blacksmith.

"But to go on about Art Meighen. The stars say as he's sometimes lackin' in self-confidence, which leads to indecision causin' him to sometimes make a bad break by doin' the right thing at the wrong time.

Remember when he went to the country in 1921. If he'd been studyin' the stars he wouldn't have done it. He's more of a jimminy than I am, because his birthday was nearer the end of the rule of the twins than me. In fact, Art came very near bein' born a crab, and' if you ever heard him in debate on the budget you'd see it.

"He's bound to be a patriotic sort of a chap, for his colors are red, white an' blue, while Bill King's are red an' green an' gold.

"So you see," commented Mr. Bunn, "if I'd got a hold of this book forty years ago, I might have beat my razor blade into a pen, as the sayin' is, an' been a regular writer, or perhaps been a politician like Art Meighen, but I guess it's too late now. You can never tell, though. What does your paper pay for contributions on liter'y subjects?" concluded Bunn, the barber, speculatively.