



# A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



William Leider, a bricklayer, who won a Phi Beta Kappa key for his high standing in philosophy at Columbia College. He expects to get a degree next year. *Prof. Mottram can now decide which will be of the most value to him in after life, the degree or a union card entitling him to lay bricks at \$12 a day.*

## SIDELIGHTS ON PEOPLE NOW IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Dr. Van Dyke Fishes and Thinks—Literature in Its Raw State—Women in Politics

THERE must be some peculiar connecting link between the upper layer of politics and literature. The number of statesmen in various parts of the world who have dabbled in the art of writing would, if placed one on top of the other, reach as high as a child of four can see.

It has just been announced, for instance, that ex-Premier Herriot is busily engaged as a biographer, and a volume from his pen should make its appearance during the coming fall.

Clemenceau, it is said, once wrote a play which was a light and fantastic drama.

Balfour has written several treatises on the subject of philosophy, and Churchill, according to reports, is an essayist of no mean ability. Mussolini wrote a thesis which won for him a Ph.D. degree, and has now completed a play which may appear in New York next season.

Annunzio, mentioned a few days ago as Lenin's probable successor in the strong man of the Italian revolution, has assumed the responsibilities attached to his present office, but built up for himself an international standing as an economist and published several books on the subject.

Marie of Rumania, whose all-round shrewdness entitles her to a place among the statesmen of the moment, has tried her hand at several varieties of writing, ranging from novels to her reminiscences.

And in Czechoslovakia, they say, the country's leaders incline to poetry.

DR. HENRY VANDYKE, author and professor emeritus, has been doing a great deal of fishing in New Zealand and thinking between nibbles. He has pondered over the question of the faults of the present generation of university students and has come to the conclusion that the student studies too much and thinks too little. He recommends, just as an experiment, that undergraduates take time out of their studies and spend it in thinking.

He thought of all this in New Zealand as he waited for the fish to bite, and then came back to America to put forward his plan. But now that he is back among the big educational institutions of this continent, he begins to have doubts.

"Would the student body live up to the purpose of such a plan or would it merely use its increased liberty in having a good time?" he asks.

CRAMMED into two sentences of a recent news despatch are all the dramatic ingredients of a full length novel. They read:

Saskatoon, Sask.—Rev. Henry Hussan, 80-year-old missionary, has sailed for the Ile a la Crosse country in the far north to organize a wilderness parish. Father Hussan, who spent fifty years among the Indian and white settlers near the Arctic circle, retired last year and went back to his old home in France, but returned here recently, homesick for the land he loved.

This item is respectfully submitted to the Canadian Authors' Association or any other organization now undergoing severe heart-burnings because of the scarcity of Canadian literature.

WHAT valid objections can possibly be raised to women entering politics and holding office on exactly the same basis as men? Feminists have been asking this question so often and for so long that it now has whiskers.

One of their own number has now given her reply. Mrs. Dora Whiston has tendered her resignation as mayor of the little town of Holway, Ohio, declaring that her duties interfere with her home work. Her election was heralded as the beginning of a new day. It was to mark the ascendancy of woman and her sweetening influence in civil life.

But Mrs. Whiston finds that it takes too much time.

THE old puzzle "Is a tomato a fruit or a vegetable?" has now a companion in "Is lobster fish or meat?" The query comes from Prince Edward Island, where the lobster has its home. The propounder of the puzzle is J. J. Hughes, M.P. for Prince, and apparently no one in the House of Commons could answer it; certainly not Hon. W. R. Motherwell, who knows about most things edible. He was inclined to refer the solution to the fisheries department, but Mr. Hughes expressed the opinion that lobster was "meat" and should be so classified. And there the matter ended, so far as parliament is concerned.

## On This Page This Week

THE Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. An attack on the egg. The judge who turned hobo. Sir Gilbert Parker appears almost incognito. Ezra Meeker, 95-year-old hardboiled egg. As well as other features and photos.

## Perfect Food a Myth Declares Dr. Mottram

English Scientist Attacks the Egg-Eater—Eat What You Like, He Says

THERE is no such thing as a perfect food," declares an exceedingly eminent physiologist, Prof. V. H. Mottram, of London University, England.

Prof. Mottram has a great many laws of his own to lay down, and he has done so in the course of a book, "Food and the Family," which he hopes will prove to be a great aid to human digestion and human progress.

If the human being living in the year of grace 1925 A.D. does not know what to eat and what not to eat, it is certainly not the fault of the industrious enthusiasts who have made a deep and scientific search into the subject. Prof. Mottram is inclined to think, however, that there may be too many counselors on the matter of eating and that too many scientific cooks may spoil the digestive broth. So he brushes aside a host of others and proceeds to map out the various tours through the alimentary canal.

Eat what you like or what you feel is good for your stomach. That is the underlying principle to be followed in avoiding doctors' bills.

As far as eggs are concerned, he is inclined to sneer gently. "Adulation of eggs is absurd," he declares. They are too dear to eat, he adds, and should be left for millionaires, invalids and children. Their food value, he feels, is greatly exaggerated.

He attacks the statement that eggs and milk are essential to good health. They are all right if you are wealthy and can afford to pay for such ideas; if you are not wealthy, it doesn't hurt.

He also takes a passing wallop at the theories of caring for the digestion which are popular at the moment. "Everybody needs to eat some indigestible material merely to stimulate the action of the interior organs," he remarks. He advocates oatmeal, salads, wholewheat bread and fruits—especially figs, dates and prunes.

Then he takes another good long laugh at the eating world in general. "Wholemeal bread contains bran, which is very indigestible. Most of us absorb some cereal husks in our morning porridge or in wholemeal bread. Others take breakfast food to which the bran has been added. It is an amusing comedy. We pay to have the bran refined away from our foodstuffs and then, having paid the price in health, for that, we pay to have it all put back again."

He is gently tolerant when discussing the subject of vegetarianism. He admits that it is "a cult as old as Adam and perhaps older. The dabbled-haunted coasts of Bohemia, the inglenooks of garden cities, the summer camps of Fabians held more than their fair share of vegetarians. In fact, the vegetarian often lives in the society of cranks."

But this he agrees should not be quoted against vegetarianism. Vegetables do supply vitamins and, concludes the doctor sorrowfully, "There is evidence that vegetarian peoples, such as the Punjabi and Himalayan villagers, do not suffer from cancer."

There is only one thing we are still anxious to discover. What does the doctor himself eat?

## Thornton and Ferguson Should Go Ballyhooing

Railway Head Thinks He and Ontario's Premier Would Be Fine Ads. for Canadian Climate

SIR HENRY THORNTON, the present head of the Canadian National Railways, as well as being possessed of "a mind of his own," has a pleasant sense of humor, and this was given vent to in one or two directions at a banquet at which he gave a speech in Toronto recently.

Speakers preceding him—Premier Ferguson and Hon. Chas. McGrath—had, respectively, spoken of the benefit a reduced freight rate would confer upon Ontario, and the manner in which the climate of Canada was criticized.

Sir Henry humorously commented that he hoped Premier Ferguson would forgive him being unable to see eye to eye with him on the freight question; and with reference to the climate he said that though he had been here only two years and Mr. Ferguson all his life, it would be a pretty good advertisement for Canadian weather if the premier and he went on an advertising campaign—the reference, of course, being to their avocations.

A little later in his speech, in referring to the manner in which some politicians butted into matters which held no concern for them, he gave point to his argument by the telling of the following yarn:

A man was about to be executed for murder, and as he was about to be led from the death cell the sheriff asked if he had any message he wished to leave. A negative reply being received, the procession began. When the man was on the scaffold, and the noose was about to be adjusted, the sheriff asked again if there was anything he wished to say before he passed on. "No," was the reply.

At this point the local political leader asked if he should say something for the man, and the sheriff asked the condemned one if he would be willing.

And the answer was: "He can say all he wants to, but please hang me first."

From the loud laughter and cheers which the story provoked it was plain that the moral of the story was not lost upon the gathering.

## Sir Gilbert Parker Was Ordained In Famous Old Cathedral at Kingston

A Few Days Ago the Famous Canadian Author Slipped Back Quietly to Revisit the Scenes of His Boyhood and Early Manhood

A FEW days ago Sir Gilbert Parker quietly slipped into his old home city of Belleville, Ontario, to have a rest and a chat with old friends.

On Sunday, he was the guest of Rev. R. Bruce Taylor, D.D., principal of Queen's University. At the evening service at St. George's Cathedral the Dean of Ontario persuaded Sir Gilbert to give a short address in the place of the sermon.

"It gives me great pleasure," said Sir Gilbert, "to speak in this cathedral where I was ordained to the deaconate of the Church of England by the late Archbishop John Travers Lewis in 1882. I have exceeding pleasant memories of both the bishop as he was then and of the late Dean Lyster, and I have often regretted that I did not go on the course I had then planned."

When I was at Queen's University there were only two buildings. The revenue was \$15,000. The late Principal Grant brought it up to \$210,000. To-day Queen's is a great pile with a great revenue.

## Spank Naughty Wives Is One Man's Suggestion

But the Upstart Following the Publication of His Dictum May Change His Mind

JUDGE G. OGDEN PERSONS of Forsyth, Georgia, is a little known gentleman who has lately been occupying a pew in the spotlight area.

Judge Persons, in fact, is now generally referred to as the "spanking judge," the reason being that he is reported to have declared that when a man's wife reached the point where she needed a spanking, the husband had the right to administer it.

This wide generality was the result of an assault and battery case in his court when a young farmer was charged with beating his wife. Judge Persons dismissed the case.

The young farmer, it seems, had returned home to find his aged mother weeping. She also had bruises on one cheek. Inquiries having been made, it developed that the farmer's wife had ill-treated her. The husband demanded that his wife apologize. She refused. Result: One spanking.

So Judge Persons delivered his decision. An enterprising reporter decided that the judge's dictum was worthy of wide publicity and did his best to spread the facts far and wide.

Thereupon, Judge Persons, as often happens, became greatly alarmed at the eminence which he had so suddenly obtained and proceeded to retract a bit. According to the latest information received, he is now doubtful about the advisability of allowing promiscuous spankings, but still holds that there are occasions when a hairbrush skillfully applied may do great good to an adult but temperamental person.

## Famous Wax Policeman Incited Other Officers

Literally an Internationally Known Figure, What Will Become of Him Now?

IT has become so famous and its lifelike qualities have so long deceived visitors that the wax policeman in front of Mme. Tussaud's waxworks in London is worth while discussing among the world's notable and interesting people.

What is going to happen to the wax figures which were saved from the recent fire in that famous establishment and what, in particular, is going to happen to the wax policeman?

He was such a good and such a well-known imitation that he often incited real officers to get their own back. One visitor swore that he, above all others, was not going to be fooled by the waxen figure. As he entered, he turned to his companion and observed, pointing towards two bobbies who stood and stared, immovable and unsmiling, that one of the two was a fake. "Which?" he asked his friend.

"The one on the right, I think," was the reply. "Well, you ask him and see," said the wise one, determined not to be caught himself.

And then, slowly and solemnly, the two policemen turned their backs to each other and walked away in different directions.

AMERICANS are considerably upset, some of them, because President Coolidge has consented to appear in a movie.

To Canadians who have heard much of his taciturnity, it seems quite fitting that Mr. Coolidge should appear in the silent drama.

## Nominated for a Canadian Hall of Fame



SENATOR NAPOLEON A. BELCOURT

BECAUSE, as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, representing the Dominion at the inter-allied conference in London in 1924, he found himself an unexpected ambassador and in some quarters almost an unwelcome one, yet handles a difficult situation with the utmost tact and diplomatic skill.

Because he has, on occasions too numerous to mention, been generally mentioned as the most suitable Canadian to occupy the post of Canadian minister to the U.S.A.

Because he is a leader in the legal profession, an ex-speaker of the House of Commons, and so it seems, in the forefront of almost every Canadian movement of importance.

Because he typifies the culture and unusual abilities of the French-Canadian race and because he is thoroughly French in all his sentiments.

## Now He Wants to Fly Over the North Pole

Ezra Meeker, 95-Year-Old Forty-Niner Has Run Away and Joined a Circus

EZRA MEEKER should certainly be listed among the 44-minute hardboiled eggs. He should also be made a member of one or two explorers' clubs and a raft of historical societies. For Ezra Meeker is now 95 and as chirpy as a rooster at daybreak.

He was one of the original forty-niners. In fact, he is said to be the only survivor of the covered wagon chauffeurs who trekked across the American continent in their creaking vehicles in the middle of the last century. He crossed with his wife and baby in the spring of 1862, guiding his prairie schooner and a stalwart team of oxen.

And now Ezra Meeker at the age of 95 has run away from home and joined the circus. He gallops around the sawdust ring with his covered van and his team of oxen, white beard waving in the wind, graciously accepting the plaudits of the hundreds of paid customers who throng the big top.

Ezra is also an old optimist. He refused to sign on with the show till he was given a ten-year contract.

But his optimism does not equal his ambition. To cap all his previous exploits, he wants to fly to the North Pole with Captain Donald B. MacMillan. Despite his ten-year circus contract he feels that he could leave almost immediately. He is anxious, however, to complete a book which he is now writing before commencing the air-journey. The book is a thrilling romance of the wilder west, the last of a quartet of volumes which he undertook. In his spare moments Ezra is also planning the erection of a pioneer monument or so.

As far as flying is concerned, the aged showman thinks that it is glorious. He has already made a transcontinental trip by air, also by automobile.

If he could only traverse the frozen Sahara before he dies, he would be satisfied, so he says. It is doubtful if he would.

## Judge Left the Bench And Played at Hoboing

Californian Turned Vagrant in Search of Happiness and Freedom—Wandered Along the Highways

HE always regretted the fact that the fates had led him to a seat on the bench in a court of justice. Figuratively speaking, he wept to find himself a prominent jurist of the state of California. He felt that he was fettered and bound down. He had, to put it quite briefly, all the instincts of a nomad and longed to barge along the highways of life going nowhere on his way from nowhere else.

And this complex led Superior Judge Dudley Kinsell of Oakland to doff the magisterial robes and turn hobo. He stepped down from the bench and started off on a lone pilgrimage across the republic of the United States of America on his way to Florida.

There was no sunshine in his courtroom. He longed for the open road, and one day he disappeared from sight. It was announced that the judge had gone away for a rest. He had.

All this was some months ago, but the other day a bronzed and hardened vagrant tramped his way back into the town of Oakland after bumping from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

He admitted, when questioned, that he had found the happiness he had gone out to seek. He had found that human nature is the same in the roughriding rear seat of a second-hand democrat and the luxuriously upholstered tonneau of a limousine. He had found hospitality hanging about the great open spaces. He had slept under the stars. Also under no stars.

He summed up his observations and conclusions:

"Go anywhere—anywhere where life runs by the wayside, free and untrammelled, where the voice of duty and convention never calls; where simplicity is the keynote of existence and the sunshine and free breezes enfold both body and soul in a healing embrace. That is life."

## THE STONES WERE STOLEN

AMONGST a host of good stories told by Charles Chaplin is one concerning his early days, when he toured the country with various fifth-rate shows.

One day the property man came to the manager of the particular one he was just then traveling with, and reported as follows:

"We're in the soup, gov'nor. Some thief has been and stolen Cleopatra's jewels and King Solomon's sceptre, as well as the imperial crown used in the 'Blue Hussar.'"

"Well, look here," said the manager sternly, "it's your job to guard the jewel chest, and I shall have to deduct the full value of the stolen jewels from your next week's wages. They'll cost you seven and ninepence."

## TROUSERS TROUBLESOME TO THE LABOR LEADER

WHEN he went for a recent holiday Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the ex-prime minister, took with him an old pair of trousers which, when he put them on, he found to have a beautiful crease down each leg. He happened to be photographed in them, and some of his extreme critics said afterwards that he had deserted the Cause because the crease in his trousers made him look too respectable!

A few days later he went into "very respectable society" and the newspapers complained that the ex-premier turned up in trousers evidently not pressed for some time.

Now Mr. MacDonald is debating the question: "To crease, or not to crease."



The late Col. Chambers, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod

## THE GENTLEMAN USHER HAS MADE HIS LAST BOW

Col. Chambers Was the Dominion's Plenipotentiary for Unusual Missions—Press Censor During the War

THE death a few days ago of Col. E. J. Chambers, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, must have brought deep regret to many men throughout Canada with whom the late official was brought into contact. His nominal position, as a government official, carried with it many important duties, but these were really secondary to the great variety of tasks which more than one government imposed on him. He was the official handyman who was sent hither and thither by the government on all sorts of unusual excursions which required tact, urbanity, and withal a sense of the fitness of things. Most of them were so unusual as to fall under no particular department, yet were of a character where an inexperienced or incapable official might cause infinite mischief.

One of these was that of press censor during the war. When it became imperative that some supervision should be exercised, the government found itself in the delicate position of having to curtail the liberty of the press, a condition which had not arisen in Canada within the life of the present generation. The possibility of irritation was so great as to cause apprehension among the ministers. There was a patriotic unanimity among the daily and periodical press of Canada, which it was highly desirable to retain. But it was a condition where one indiscretion on the part of the censor would have brought the whole press of the Dominion buzzing about the ears of the ministers.

To Col. Chambers was committed the duty of directing the work. The result was that while the censorship was a constant source of trouble in other countries it was carried out in Canada, with a minimum of difficulty. Col. Chambers called the editors together, constituted them into an advisory committee with himself as chairman, and laid on the editors themselves the responsibility of seeing that nothing of value to the enemy should be published. The result was that the most vigilant censors were the publishers themselves, and none were readier than they to check up an offender. Throughout the whole period not a single case of officiousness or undue interference was lodged against the official mentioned, while the fidelity with which valuable information was suppressed until its publication could no longer do any harm was notable.

Col. Chambers' last official act was two or three weeks ago, when a loud alarm at the door of the Commons indicated to its speaker that the official representative of the Senate stood without with a summons from that august body. On the door being opened, the colonel, in his official uniform, with sword at hip, advanced, as prescribed by custom, slowly toward the speaker's throne, bowing low at three stages in the journey, and then gravely delivering in the quaint language of British parliaments, his message. That task concluded, he slowly retired with the same low and sweeping genuflections, and with the most engaging gravity. As the last bow was made, the ribald Commons exercised its ancient prerogative of bursting into hilarious demonstrations of mirth, in which doubtless the gallant Usher of the Black Rod himself joined when he reached the seclusion of the corridors. For there he again became "Erny" Chambers. And no man in Canada had a livelier wit or a keener sense to enjoy the humorous side of any situation than the worthy official who has now passed on.

It was only a few days ago, at Ottawa, that Col. Chambers recounted to a friend, with reminiscence gleam, many of these incidents, little thinking that the fateful hour when they could with propriety be told, was so near at hand.