

MAINLY PERSONAL

A Brief Hour on the Stage

ANOTHER hero nipped off almost before Europe had got done heroizing him. Two weeks ago Lieut. Warneford, once said to be a Canadian, but known to be an Anglo-Indian, startled the world by smashing a Zeppelin, single-handed, from an aeroplane. Five months before he did it he had never been heard of as a flying-man at all. Five hours after he landed with his machine, which had once turned turtle after the explosion of the Zeppelin, his name was flashed over the world's cables as a dazzling new kind of hero. Interviewed by the press, he modestly said the act was only part of the day's work. He was given the Victoria Cross, and a special message from King George, and the Legion of Honour from the President of France. Since his exploit he went about in Paris, stayed at a big hotel, appeared at famous restaurants and was publicly huzzad as a hero. It was a trying time for a young man of 23, who had a long life of daring exploits ahead of him. Last week he was asked to try out a new air machine at Buc aviation field. He declined because he felt dizzy and unwell. When he got to the testing-ground he felt better and took one of the new machines up alone, landed safely, and took up another of the same model, carrying an American passenger. The machine went up; and it came down without Warneford or his passenger knowing how it was done. It was Warneford's last flight. And of all war heroes this young man with his few days' brief glory was surely the most meteoric.

Harry B. Needham

WHEN Harry B. Needham got the chance to go aloft with Lt. Warneford, in that new air-machine, he went for a sensation, and got a hundred times more than he expected. Harry never looked like a dare-devil. A pinched-up, wizened little bundle of American nerves, he was well known to readers of several big weeklies and dailies as a writer of no great style, but a big faculty of getting information which he expressed in easy, simple language, and an appetite for public problems much bigger than his personal size. When Roosevelt toured Europe, Needham accompanied him as special correspondent. When any big movement was under way, Needham was ready to hit the trail with his pad and pencil to size it up. Five years ago he was one of a party of Canadian and American newspaper writers who toured the west of England as the guests of the Canadian Northern. On this trip he was the soul of dry geniality and unconventional American humour. He never wanted to do what the rest were doing, except for the purpose of being polite. In the great Exeter Cathedral, Needham was asked to move a vote of thanks to the aged Dean, who spent two hours lecturing on the ancient pile. For two hours he was in misery, and at last went into a funk, saying to one of the company:

"Say, that kind of stunt takes too much dignity for me. You do it."

At the ancient inn of Glastonbury, Needham was called on to make an after-luncheon speech after the party had spent the morning in a line of motors, one of which, containing Needham, had broken down.

"That machine, gentlemen," said Needham, "was, as you can easily see, not all she was cranked up to be."

Recently he joined the corps of American writers behind the British and French lines. His one big ambition was to go aloft and see what the air-man sees along the firing lines. He had tried for the opportunity several times without success. Incidentally, he ran into Warneford, who had never met him before, and asked to go along. If he had any misgivings, the little bundle of nerves—and nerve—pocketed them and went. But once again, the machine "was not all she was cranked up to be." Needham got the sensation, but never told the story. And he is the first correspondent killed in this war.

Imperializing the C.P.R.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, says the London Globe's report, cabled to Canada, that he had been appointed to a something-or-other position for the purchase of war munitions in Canada—is worse than exaggerated; it is untrue. The President of the C. P. R. admits that the Shell Committee at Ottawa is capably handling the work; and since the Toronto Star also admits the fact, it must be regarded as true. He also says that he discussed with the War Office the possibility of the C. P. R. itself acting as agent for the purchase of certain

war supplies in Canada not being handled by any other organization. This is a case of impersonal modesty. The C. P. R. is recognized as a purchasing agent and not the President of the C. P. R. Which is a further proof of the truth that certain Canadian editors who are now teaching the world why and how to crush Germany, spoke the truth when the German scare first poked its nose over here, and when they said that to build transcontinental railways and steamship lines in this country was quite

the enemy than useful to England. The other day he wrote a letter to the wife of a man who had been given six months because he made an anti-recruiting speech. In doing so, he remarked that if this man got six months for a few words heard by less than a thousand people, Lord Northcliffe, who had refused to take recruiting ads in his papers and had condemned the volunteer movement because he favoured conscription, should have got sixty years. It is now Northcliffe's opportunity to observe that

Shaw should have been put into a detention camp six months ago for saying things unhelpful to England. But G. B. S. may be counted on to have the last word with anybody; and when he does it is likely to be something that nobody is able to answer, because it never quite fits the case. Shaw as a pro-volunteer Imperialist is too sudden to be altogether sincere. If any editor were to accuse him of being an advocate of anything for one month at a time—except Shaw—he would strike another pose right away.

The Poet d'Annunzio

WAR in England is very much a matter of editors; in Germany considerably an affair of professors; in France and Italy somewhat a case for the poets. Months ago the French Government sent Botrai the bard to the trenches to sing his impassioned verses inspiring his countrymen to deeds of valour. Now Italy lets loose her war poet Gabriel d'Annunzio, who, in a recent war oration in Rome, said: "Could Garibaldi and Liberator descend from the Janiculum, would he not brand as cowards and traitors, would he not set the seal of infamy on all those who to-day in secret and openly work to disarm our Italy?" That was just before the war. The poet was knocking the neutralist party, which was under the fine Italian hand of Prince von Buelow, from Berlin. If Gabriel would write a new war song and get Puccini or Leoncavallo to set it to music, the Italian Government should cable Caruso to go over and sing it in the camps of the sons of Garibaldi.

We need more human music in this war. Bunting shells and booming artillery are getting on the world's nerves.

Personal Brevities

A CONSTANT reader in Halifax writes to point out that a recent brief sketch of Sir Charles Fraser, on this page, contained some misinformation. The philanthropic head of the School for the Blind who, himself a blind man, has done so much for sightless people in the Maritime Provinces is not a medical doctor and never was one. His title is honorary, that of LL.D. Mainly Personal apologizes. Our intention was to add lustre to the medical profession. But we shall leave that to Sir James Grant—or any other doctors who may have titles.

HON. T. WHITE says that if the United States continues to sell goods to Europe without buying from Europe she will accumulate such a credit balance against other countries that she will become a great international banker. Nobody doubts Mr. White's knowledge of pure and applied finance; but it seems to some of us that England, which has always bought most of her foodstuffs and considerable of her raw material abroad managed, as Mr. White admits, to become the financial centre of Europe and of the world.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, Under-Secretary for the Foreign Office, is the third son of the late Marquis of Salisbury. He probably remembers how his distinguished father used to perform experiments in his chemical laboratory at Hatfield. And he may be able to observe that his father was not writing the formula for prussic acid when he swapped Heligoland to Germany for Zanzibar.

RT. HON. BONAR LAW may not be the most amiable-faced man in the British Parliament, but when he gets into Piccadilly togs he is surely capable of pleasing the camera.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN should have for his coat-of-arms a bunch of grapes decorated with the line of that well-known hymn, "Peace, perfect peace in this dark world of sin."

HERBERT L. CLARKE, the celebrated Canadian cornetist, originally from Toronto, has been playing "The Lost Chord" in Salt Lake City. But the Canadian writer, Harvey O. Higgins, has not yet billed his play, "Polygamy," in that town.



RT. HON. BONAR LAW.

His latest casual photograph as Secretary of State for the Colonies.



HON. LORD ROBERT CECIL.

The recently appointed Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

as much a war contribution as to send money or build Dreadnoughts. The transcontinental railway and the steamship line would become part of war machinery, which is just about half a problem of transportation anyway. So it has been in Canada.



SIR HENRY DRAYTON, K.B.

The Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission does not always look as serenely smooth as this when he is handing out decisions to the railways.

Making the C. P. R. an agent for the purchase and transportation of supplies is only a further way of doing it.

G.B.S. in a New Role

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has broken out in a new place. This time he goes after Lord Northcliffe. A few months ago he was under fire from English editors for saying things that looked as though they might be of more comfort to