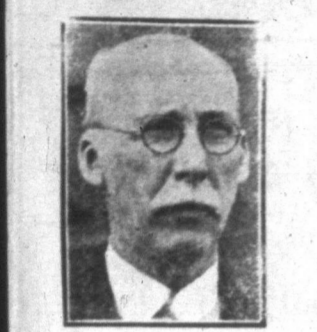


Mainly About People

DADDY OF U.F.O. FINDS HOME OF HUMAN SNAILS

Secretary Morrison Watches His Posters Being Pasted Up Five Minutes in Advance.

He is a good fellow who laughs at jokes against himself. Mr. J. J. Morrison still smiles broadly when he recalls an experience he had a year or two ago. He was eagerly sought by rural community in New Brunswick to travel down and speak on the anti-union of the Farmer movement. He complied with the request and arranged to be present at a certain hall in the county. The local farmers to make all necessary arrangements for the meeting, such as posting up announcements, advance.



J. J. Morrison.

With his grip packed full of more illuminating subjects than his comb and pyjamas, the daddy of the U. F. O. set forth on his long journey to the east, expecting no doubt (though he has never been known to express an opinion on this point) to find his arrival reasonably well advertised, so that the maximum amount of good might be accomplished after his extensive journey. He arrived at a little railway station a few hours before the meeting was to open and went across country on a hayrack.

Imagine his surprise when he saw along his way an easy-going son of the soil leisurely posting up the bills announcing the meeting which was to take place that night. Mr. Morrison saw the humor of the situation and laughingly says that while this is supposed to be a fast age there are some parts of the world in which people do not believe in hurrying.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Perhaps George Bernard Shaw is trying out some of his best shafts of cynical humor on the most amiable of creatures. Or, perhaps, he has met an absolutely frank person at last and both are enjoying themselves. At any rate, Shaw is on the safe side of the fence. Mrs. Wm. Flanagan, of Dublin, says she could not resist the temptation to snap the famous writer at this unconventional moment.

WOULD HAVE EATEN HIM.

Lecturing recently on the subject of missionaries and their work, Dr. John McNeill, the Scottish evangelist told this story. A chief in the New Hebrides islands, who, before his conversion had been a cannibal, was reading in his Bible one day when a trader came up to him and exclaimed: "What is that you are reading?"

"The Bible." "Oh, that's played out," said the trader. "I don't believe it ever did anyone any good." "Don't you?" replied the chief. "Then let me tell you, sir, if it was not for the Bible you would be in my cooking pot!"

Neglected Mother.

Glady: "I am afraid you aren't as pretty as nurse." Mama: "What makes you think that?" Glady: "We've been walking in the park a whole hour, and not a single policeman has said, 'Hallo, baby, how's nurse!'"

Practical.

Mother: "Now, Willie, if you put this wedding cake under your pillow, what you dream will come true." Willie: "Why can't I eat the cake and put the pillow over my stomach?"

CHANGED THE TEXT, CAUGHT REPORTER

Present Managing Editor of the Globe Relied Too Firmly on a Habit of Ten Years.

Most church goers are well acquainted with the type of orator who regularly visits the churches of the larger cities from time to time, making special appeals for various worthy organizations. The cause is always the same, and no matter how splendid the object for which the money is desired the appeal is also usually couched in the same language, which becomes more and more familiar to the congregations as the yearly visits recur.

At the time when Mr. Harry W. Anderson, assistant managing editor of the Globe, was a budding reporter on the staff of the Chatham Planet—and incidentally a tenor soloist in the First Presbyterian church—it was his duty to regularly report these special sermons. After a few years experience he became so expert that he was even able occasionally to enjoy a proverbial "nap" during the service and to correctly report the sermon just the same.

One venerable and kindly old gentleman was announced to appear again in support of a very worthy undertaking.



H. W. Anderson.

and, in the regular course of events, Mr. Anderson was "assigned" to "cover" the sermon. It happened that on the previous Saturday Darrell and Chatham had been engaged in a strenuous game of football, and after his exertions on the outside wing of the Chatham team Mr. Anderson succumbed to the Sunday morning temptation which so often presents itself to the male section of many religious families. So long was his nap that he awoke from his slumbers too late to attend the service.

His appearance at his office on Monday morning was made earlier than usual, for he had important work to do. The files of the paper were taken down and closely examined. The search disclosed a half column report of the old gentleman's sermon upon his appearance in the same church the year before. Scissors and paste did the rest. The result was that the Planet on Monday evening contained an elaborate and flattering account of the Sunday morning sermon.

The climax arrived late in the afternoon when Mr. Anderson received a summary call to interview his chief, whom he found with the Planet and the opposition paper side by side. The two accounts were entirely different. Explanations were in order. "I can't understand it," protested the plausible Harry, "unless it is possible that the old gentleman for the first time in ten years had changed the text of his sermon."

LEAGUE OF NATIONS WILL SAVE WORLD

So Says Secretary to Lloyd George, Speaking in Montreal.

Addressing the Canadian Club in Montreal, Phillip Kerr, secretary to former Premier Lloyd George, reviewed the various situations that have led up to the present imbroglio in the Near East. He argued strongly that events had separated the European nations from their united course after the war with danger that unless some effort was made to rehabilitate the League of Nations, the world was liable to drop back to the old fashioned methods of diplomacy and war with the certainty that the era of great wars by no means yet over. He declared his firm opinion that the former prime minister of Great Britain had taken the right course in the Near East crisis and had prevented the fanatical Turkish armies from causing the same slaughter in Constantinople and Thrace that had occurred in Smyrna.

As to the former premier he said: "I am certain that Lloyd George is not down and out." He believed his health was as good as ever and thought that after 17 years public service he was entitled to a holiday. He said that he had written to him four after the election, including a recently asking him to make a world visit to Canada.

Consulting an Authority.

All were quiet in the cinemawatch ing the comic man counterfeiting intoxication. The silence was broken by a small boy's shrill voice: "That's not the way to be drunk, is it, father?"



Beautiful Queen Marie of Rumania "Waits" on the People. This ancient Rumanian custom of lading out soup for the populace was revived by Queen Marie at the recent coronation ceremonies. The interesting custom was performed at the little town of Alba Julia in Thansylvania before the coronation. The royal "waitress" received an ovation with cash spoonful of soup.

DECARY, IN EVENING CLOTHES, HEAVED COAL TO SAVE MONTREAL FROM A WATER FAMINE

Chairman of Montreal's Municipal Commission Was No Sinecure. The only French-Canadian on the National Railway Board. Has Offices Impressive Enough for a Railway President or Prime Minister.

There is a picturesque about Ernest Decary, the old French-Canadian in the new directorate of the Canadian National Railways, which hasn't got into very large print since he became a national instead of a Montreal figure. He is one of the outstanding professional men in the Quebec metropolis. His offices in the Bank of Hochelaga Building are impressive enough for those of a railway president or a prime minister, for he handles the legal business of many great and venerable institutions, such as the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

For some time, though, Mr. Decary's personal time in business hours has been largely devoted to the General Title and Trust Company, of which he is president and general manager. This does not prevent him enjoying golf, and having a daily horse-back ride—in summer from his lovely place at Dorval, near LaSalle. He has three sons, who are his greatest chums, but as they are away at school, he takes with him on his casters one or other of his neighbour's children.

Mr. Decary's most notable public service hitherto rendered is the chairmanship of the commission which ran municipal Montreal for three years,

from April, 1918. Get some leading Montreal business man talking about the three years' purgatory which the commission went through, and you will hear stories like the following:

Trouble once developed at the water-



Ernest Decary.

works. The pumping staff refused to accept, in reply to a demand for much higher wages, the average paid for similar work by the largest employers in the city; and left their work at the moment the bells were ringing a cold year out and a cold year in. Decary was at a New Year's Eve party when

the news was telephoned to him. Calling the police department for a motor cycle and side car, he went to the waterworks, evening clothes and all. The fires were out, the coal was piled 400 feet from the boilers, snow was tumbling, and the engineer and his assistants stood helpless and hopeless on the floor. Decary told them to call civic chaffeurs, to start the fires going. When the chaffeurs came, Decary said to the superior section of his staff: "We can't ask these men to do what we would not do ourselves, can we?" and with immaculate braided pants and white flashing shirt front, he led the way to the coal pile. The first boiler, after an agonizing watch, ing needed. But all at once something happened and down went the gauge to "40"—it was the after effect of a forethought of the water-famine. In the end, with the help of operators hurried in from Sorel, the city was made safe from a water famine and a freeze-up; and they may tell you in Montreal that an artist friend of Chairman Decary presented him with a painting of "A Commission Chairman at Work"—the coal shoveller in evening dress.

Mr. Booth, however, always dressed as he pleased. In cold weather it was invariably in a short double breasted coat, a dark fur cap, woolen mittens, with buckskin palms, and a pair of warm overboots.

To say the least, Mr. Booth's appearance was not extravagant, and many humorous situations, which appealed to him, were the result. Years ago, when square timber was plentiful in Ontario, it was customary for Mr. Booth to accompany his men down the Ottawa River to Quebec, dressed in his river driver's toga. On one occasion, after he had drawn a large sum of money from a bank in Quebec to "pay off" his men, he entered a dentist's to have a tooth extracted.

This was an exceptional dentist. He charged people according to their circumstances; one dollar for well-to-do people and fifty cents for "common" working men. "What do you usually do for a living?" he asked Mr. Booth. "Oh, I usually work around a sawmill," was the humble reply. "Then your charge will be fifty cents." Gasps and giddiness followed a sight of J. R.'s "roll," bristling with bills of transcendent denominations. "I thought you said you worked around a sawmill," the dentist stammered at last. "I do," said J. R., in his rusty overalls, reaching for his change, "but I own the mill."

THE BISHOP'S ADDITION IS MORE APPROPRIATE

Bishop Stringer, of the diocese of Yukon, the famous Canadian bishop who on one trip within the arctic circle was forced to submit for several days on his own stewed mac-lucos or macossias, once paid an unexpected call at dinner time on one of the clergymen missionaries in a small village of southern Yukon. The clergyman's wife, as usual, rose to the occasion and quickly prepared a sumptuous repast, fit for the palate of a king. Fortunately the di-

MAYBE HER LAST CHNCE.

The Prince of Wales' marriage is always a subject for talk. When at Kingston in 1919, he was busy writing autographs for some of the high school girls who were crowding around his private car, situated on one of the lower main streets. "Don't be in a hurry and don't crowd," he called out—"I'm coming back again." "Yes, but you may be married then," observed one young lady, and the crowd roared.

PINCHING THEM.

Birkenhead has decided to have no more policewomen, on the ground that they "get married almost as soon as they are enrolled." It all comes of teaching them to say, "You come along quietly," in just the right tone of voice.—Punch.

MATCH FOR THE CARDINEL.

For appropriate neatness of replies uttered on the spur of the moment it would be difficult to equal that of Dr. Adler to Cardinal Vaughan, told recently by Sir Edward Sullivan. It concerns primarily Cardinal Vaughan, who one day at a public luncheon found himself seated next to Dr. Adler, the chief Jewish Rabbi. "Now, doctor," said the cardinal by way of a joke, "when may I have the pleasure of helping you to some ham?" "At your eminence's wedding," replied the Rabbi without a pause. Both had said never.

Walter Came Back With Snappy Retort.

Mr. Walter Runciman once dealt very neatly with a heckler at an election meeting. He was discussing the education question and found himself subjected to a series of interruptions by a member of the audience. "Now, sir," began his critic, "I have a school in my eye—" "No, pardon me," interrupted Mr. Runciman. "You have only one pupil."

HOMESPUN COVERED BIG WAD OF BILLS

To a Philanthropic Dentist J. R. Booth, Lumber Magnate and Multi-Millionaire, Looked Like Fifty Cents.

The last man in Ottawa, from his apparel or appearance, ever to be taken for a millionaire, would be J. R. Booth, the lumber king, now an old man, 95 years of age. It is not however because he is significantly. No man deserves greater respect and affection than is felt for him by the thousands he has employed and befriended. When a railway



J. R. Booth.

strike, in 1910, kept over 2000 of his men away from their work for several days, Mr. Booth paid their wages upon his own initiative.

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EADIE WAS DELIGHTED TO DIFFER THIS TIME.

An Amusing Experience Convinced Him That Every Man Should Cherish His Own Opinion.

Commissioner William Eadie, after a most successful period of command of the Salvation Army forces in Western Canada has had to relinquish the position owing to ill health, and has been granted six months' leave of absence for furlough in Scotland—his native land. This has been Eadie's second term of service in Canada, he having been one of the first officers to open the Salvation Army work in Canada. He has held very responsible positions in Great Britain and in South Africa, as well as Canada and the United States.



Wm. Eadie.

During the war his four children served—three fighting sons, one was killed, and one daughter was a nurse. He believes in every man having a right to his own opinion, and in "support" of his argument tells of an amusing experience. When visiting Rockwood Asylum on one occasion he was told by an inmate that he should be inside and that the patient—should be outside. Eadie replied, "That's a matter of opinion."

At a farewell gathering to the Commissioner in Winnipeg Sr. James Aikins, Manitoba's Lieut. Governor, supported by Premier-elect John Gracken, paid a glowing tribute to the Commissioner's work out west.

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A ROYAL ANGLER.

King Alexander of Yugoslavia is a keen angler. His wife, the former Princess Marie of Romania, has perhaps strengthened his fondness for the art of Izak Walton. Brought up in England, she was noted for her love of fishing. Alexander, as a sickly youth, was devoted to books and the pleasures of a delicate peace, but the Balkan war of 1912 developed his physique, and the crisis of 1914 made a man of him. He combines robust outdoor sports with the studious habits acquired earlier in his life. He is seen fishing here in the Lake of Bled.

WARD DENOUNCES CLEVER YOUNG MEN

Says Ruskin College Visionaries Are Killing Labor Prospects.

Colonel John Ward, who first entered the House of Commons as a "gangster" member, and raised five labor battalions for the war, although still a leading trades unionist, has a Labor party candidate against him in Stoke-on-Trent, the heart of the potteries district. Ward, who proclaims himself an independent, denounces the use of trade union funds in the present elections, alleging that they are used "to attack other trade unionists who have not taken the Labor party's pledge. Colonel Ward alleges that a similar attack is being made against Havelock Wilson, the seaman's representative, who has a Labor party candidate against him in South Shields. Ward is sarcastic about the mischief done to the real labor movement by a "few clever young men from Ruskin college." He adds: "If I am returned as an independent it will be an absolute victory for labor and will also be a defeat for the Labor party."

Accomplished.

Everybody should lie on the right side," is the advice of a medical man. The only exception, we gather, is the politician, who can do it on both sides.

COL. DENNISON IMMUNE TO PLEAS OF ACTRESS

But Took Steps at Once to Release Mrs. Pat's Leading Man.

Should Col. George T. Dennison buy a copy of the recently issued biography of Mrs. Patrick Campbell it is probable the first thing he would do would be to thumb the leaves of the volume in order to ascertain if any reference was made to an interview the noted actress had with him some years ago.

The interview was in connection with a case in the police court in which one of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's leading men had been charged with appropriating a silver spoon the property of one of Toronto's principal hotels.

On the morning that the case was to come before him, Col. Dennison, while awaiting in his private office for the clock to point to the time for opening the court, was informed that a lady wished to see him. Naturally, he gave instructions for her to be ushered in.

It was Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and her mission was to secure the discharge of her leading man without his having to face court proceedings. If the request had been made by a man, instead of a woman, out he would have been sent in quick order. But the colonel, instead of forthwith cutting short the interview, decided to do a little "baiting" at his visitor's expense.

"My dear madame," he declared with all the dignity he could assume, "I couldn't do that. It would be con-



Col. Geo. T. Dennison.

trary to both British and Canadian justice."

"But, your honor, he wasn't stealing in the ordinary sense of the term," pleaded Mrs. Campbell. "He is merely a collector of souvenirs, and had no idea of doing wrong when he took the spoon."

"Oh, madame, I am sorry you look at it that way," remarked the colonel, as he suppressed a desire to smile and began to mope. "Stealing is stealing by whatever name you may call it, and in the eyes of the law is a terrible thing. Society must be protected—even against the souvenir hunter who takes a silver spoon from the hotel at which he is a guest."

"Dear me, how decidedly provincial," exclaimed the lady, as with a scornful toss of the head she arose and swept from the room.

The case being proved, and as the purloining of souvenirs was at that time epidemic, a sentence of a few days was imposed. But the colonel, believing that the ends of justice had been served by the sentence, wired the department of justice to forthwith order the man's release. The department complied, and the actor was that night acting in his accustomed role.

PROFESSOR TRIPS HOME WITH HIS KEWPIE DOLL.

The University of Toronto is a large institution, but around all of its many colleges it is the unanimous opinion that there is no more decent soul than Prof. F. C. A. Jenneret, of the modern department, whose reputation is now dominant wide. His name is one that stands for invincible courtesy, consideration, and a square deal for everybody. These characteristics of the professor's character are revealed in a genial smile.

The professor's physique, like the college to which he belongs, is built on Norman lines—massive.

One evening recently Prof. Jenneret visited Sunnyside. It was in no moralizing mood that he went. Everything appealed to him after the tedious work of supervising the marking of matriculation papers for more than two weeks. "At Sunnyside do as Sunnyside does," he thought to himself. The Derby Race, the torpedo game and the conies all offered possibilities. But suggested nothing of the academic life.

He at once became possessed of the idea of winning a Kewpie doll the minute he saw the infallible people who guess your weight. Deep down in his heart he was certain that he had the advantage of them.

"Two hundred and seventeen," said the guesser, like an auctioneer.

"Two hundred and forty-five" showed the dial.

The organ of the merry-go-round piped its loudest, the contagious shuffling of feet and the gay sounds of laughter rose fainter and fainter in the distance as Prof. Jenneret turned his victorious and happy face away from Toronto's famous new amusement beach in the west end of the city. He walked all the way home with a Kewpie doll under his arm.

Accomplished. Everybody should lie on the right side," is the advice of a medical man. The only exception, we gather, is the politician, who can do it on both sides.