

SOOTHES SAVAGE BREASTS OF ELECTORS WITH VIOLIN

English Minister of Pensions Wins His Elections With Music—Says It With the Fiddle

"I THINK I can safely claim to be the only parliamentary candidate who has entertained his constituents by playing violin solos," says the Right Hon. F. O. Roberts, minister of pensions in the new Labor government. "The thing has grown on me, so to speak. My first use of a fiddle in this way was when I was a complete stranger to West Bromwich. I was visiting a trade union meeting in a public-house, before the election campaign in 1918. In the smoke-room was a blind fiddler. "When he had finished his selection I took the instrument and played popular choruses in which the house company joined lustily. And the old fiddler went away well content that the 'future member' had used his fiddle. "The incident secured a pleasant introduction to a good number of people. "The next time I played it was as a result of a hitch in our arrangements. "I had been advised by Rt. Hon. F. O. Roberts, dressing a meeting in a very remote corner of Bromwich—quite an out-of-the-way spot—and at the finish the car that was due to call for us had not arrived. "The mission orchestra had been playing earlier in the evening, and one musician had left his fiddle on the platform. "Idly—more to kill the time than anything else—I picked it up, and started playing. "Some of the people were waiting about in the little chapel where the meeting had been held, and they began singing as I played. Choosing tunes that were suitable for such a building, I played on. Stragglers who had been hanging about outside came back, and when the car did arrive, half an hour later, the hall was almost as full as it had been during the meeting, and we were in the middle of a fine old song. "I won that election. Later on—in the 1922 election—my Liberal opponent claimed that I had an unfair advantage over him, because I could carry my instrument about with me. "He was a pianist and could not well carry a grand piano on his arm.



Rt. Hon. F. O. Roberts

Well-Beloved Pastor Friend of Young Folks

Guardians and Parents of Young Folks Grateful to Late Rev. G. H. Andrews of Victoria

AS a correction of a story printed on this page recently, we have received the following letter, which we are glad to publish:

In your issue of the 29th March last, under the heading "Padre Rents Dance Hall, Makes Hay Before Lent," you state (in brief) that Colonel, the Rev. G. H. Andrews of Victoria rented a hall before Lent for a professional dancing instructor to stage dances once a week, and that he led the orchestra himself.

These statements are absolutely untrue, and their publication has caused much pain, as well as indignation, among his innumerable friends in Victoria.

Mr. Andrews' solicitude for the welfare of the young people of his congregation led him to be present and to assist, as often as possible, at their dances and other entertainments, where his presence constituted a guarantee of their innocent and wholesome character. This service, for which parents and guardians anywhere might nowadays well be grateful, may have been the foundation for the absurd story referred to.

When your article was published Mr. Andrews was seriously ill in hospital, and has since, to the sorrow of all who knew him, passed away. We earnestly hope therefore that in justice to his memory you will cause as much publicity to be given to this letter as you did to the article.

Philip D. Goepel, R. S. Lake, Victoria, Churchwardens, St. Mary's Church, 26 April, 1924.

AT LEAST THE MOUSTACHE WAS CHURCHILL'S OWN

And He Told His Finical Critic Something Else About It at the Same Time

ONE of the stories told recently by Mr. Winston Churchill concerns the time when he cultivated a moustache. A sprightly dandy accosted him one day with the remark: "Mr. Churchill, I like your moustache as little as I like your political views."

"Well," replied Winston, "as you are never likely to come in contact with either, it doesn't matter much, does it?"

One of the stories told recently about Mr. Churchill by somebody else concerns the day of the Abbey by-election, a few minutes after the declaration of the result of the poll.

Though very cut up about it, he seemed more annoyed at the "narrowness" of the defeat than at anything else. "Think of it!" he kept saying. "Only 43 votes—it's so d—d silly."

How to Remain Single

WEAR horn-rimmed spectacles; in this way you can always see the young men but they won't see you.

Carry a copy of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" under your arm.

Do all the talking when in masculine company.

Contradict him frequently.

Wear men's sailor hats and stiff collars and neckties.

Tell him as often as possible that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

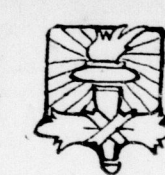
After this you won't need any more assistance.

—Yale Record.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



One Man at Least 'Margot' Couldn't Charm Bob Smillie Turns Tables on Mrs. Asquith

Premier's Wife Made Dead Set at Miner's Executive During the Coal Strike—'Only a Woman,' She Said—Just Wanted to Discuss Abstract Questions—Not Afraid of Anybody or Any Gossip—Publishing Letters Now Himself

THE tables are being turned on "Margot." Her own letters are being published. In his chatty reminiscences in Answers, Robert Smillie, the "grand old man" of trade unionism, describes his first meeting with Mrs. Asquith, the famous diarist, and some of the letters she sent him.

Smillie, at any rate, was one of "Margot's" failures. She could not charm him. "I am sorry you have thrown me over," wrote Margot. There is no better description of her failure to make him her friend. He threw her over cold.

Foreseeing in advance some possible scrapes that might influence Smillie from granting her request of another interview, "Margot" wrote: "I've never been afraid of any individual, or any situation, or rumor, or gossip, in my life."

But Smillie was suspicious. She wanted something for her husband, he felt sure. Even yet, he does not know whether Mr. George Asquith, when he pressed his invitation to dinner upon Smillie, was aware of the fact that Mrs. Asquith would be present. It was during the great coal strike of 1912, and Asquith, now Lord Asquith, known as "the great conciliator," was anxious to see Smillie personally. He introduced the vice-chairman of the Miners' Federation to his wife and two other ladies who were present, whose names Smillie failed to catch. "I only know," he says, that one of them promptly got hold of me, and asked me if we might not have a little talk together before dinner.

We sat down and the lady began to talk with extraordinary animation. It was not long before I discovered that she hailed from north of Tweed, and after she inquired where my home was situated in Scotland she exclaimed: "Then, Mr. Smillie, you will know my people!"

I said: "Pardon me, but who are your people?"

"Oh," she replied, "the Tennants of Glasgow." "The Tennants, of the chemical works, at Townhead?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "I am one of them."

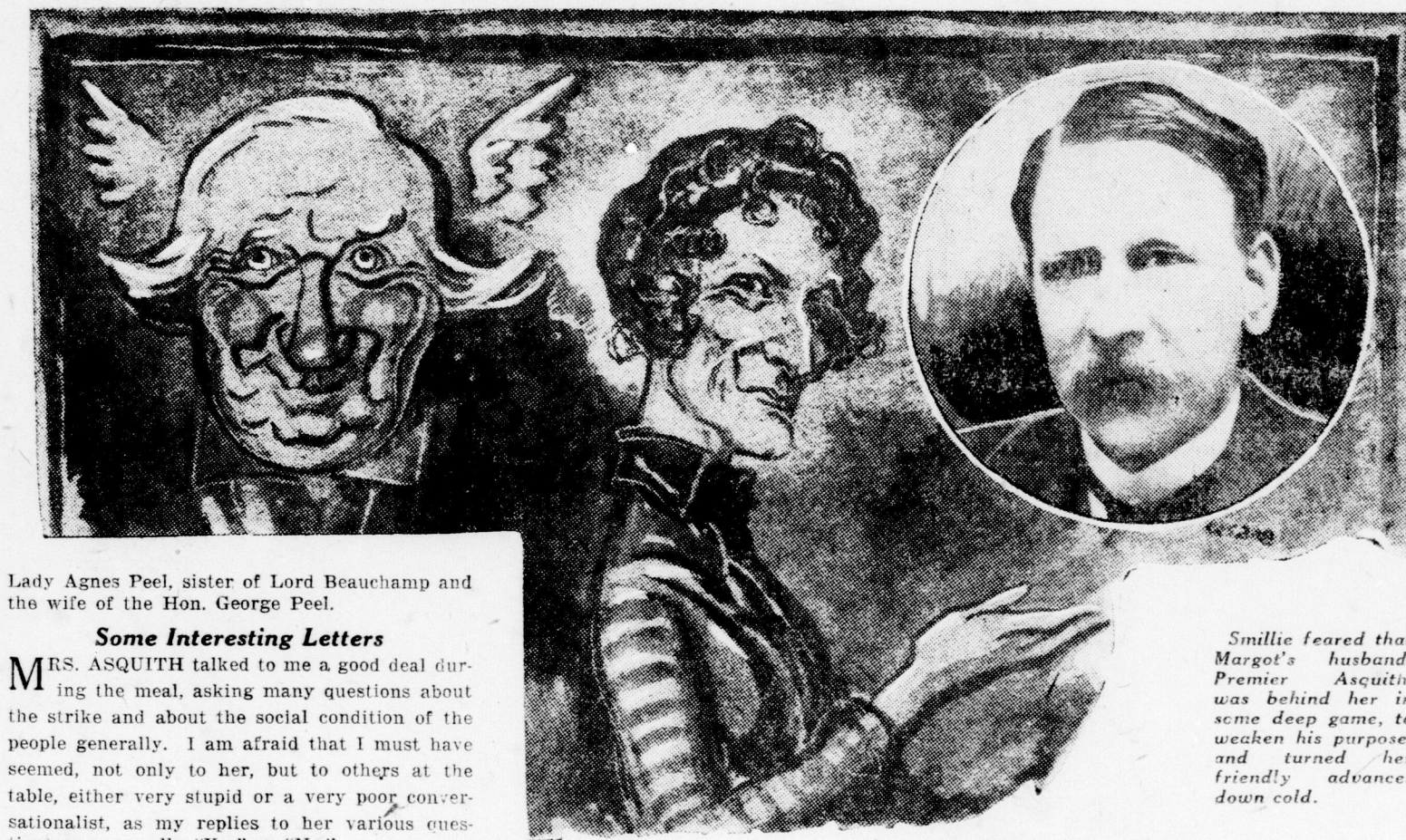
"Then you are Mrs. Asquith?" I asked.

She readily confessed to that fact, but seemed a little surprised at my ignorance of it. We talked together for some little time before we were called to take our places at the table. There, too, I found myself sitting next to the prime minister's wife, whilst opposite to us sat the other strange lady and my friends Longuet and Kottgen. I later learned that this lady was

The Soviet 'Shingle'



THIS is the way they do it in Russia, the Soviet Bob, as demonstrated above by Miss Ostrova, one of the lady secretaries brought to London by the Soviet delegation, who met the British premier at the foreign office. Below is another of the Soviet secretaries, Mme. Malastoff, with something new in head-dress.



Lady Agnes Peel, sister of Lord Beauchamp and the wife of the Hon. George Peel.

Some Interesting Letters

MRS. ASQUITH talked to me a good deal during the meal, asking many questions about the strike and about the social condition of the people generally. I am afraid that I must have seemed, not only to her, but to others at the table, either very stupid or a very poor conversationalist, as my replies to her various questions were usually "Yes" or "No."

Mrs. Asquith asked me if I could meet her again, at some time convenient, as she was anxious to know all she could gather about the social conditions of the working classes, and what the ideas and ideals of men like myself were upon the matter, and upon the situation as between capital and labor.

I let her know that I was being kept very busy, but that I would be able to see her at the Westminster Palace Hotel the following day, if it were convenient for her to come over.

Lady Agnes Peel left early, probably because of some prior engagement. Mrs. Asquith left us shortly afterwards, and we had then a pleasant talk with our host and hostess. The following day I received a letter from Mrs. Asquith, as follows:

"10 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W. March 16, 1912.

"Dear Mr. Smillie,—I was pleased to meet you yesterday. You will keep your promise of being at the Westminster Palace Hotel at 3.30 to-morrow, where I shall meet you. The big question I long to ask a man of your ability, sympathy, and possibly very painful experience is: What do you want?"

"I don't, of course, mean for yourself, as I am certain you are as straight as I am, and are disinterested. It would be far higher ground than this that I would ask it. "Do you want everyone to be equal in their material prosperity? Do you think quality of brain could be made equal if we had equal prosperity? Do you think in trying or even succeeding in making human nature equal in their bank-books they would be equal in the sight of God or man? Equal in motive, in unselfishness, in grandeur, of character?"

"I am a Socialist, possibly not on the same lines as yours; but, in view of any great disaster falling upon innocent heads, I hope and think I will be equal in some unselfishness—some tenderness—some compromise. People who get what they want at the cost of huge suffering to others I would like to understand more perfectly."

"Just now I suspend judgment, as I don't really comprehend. I don't care what creed a man holds, but the bedrock of that creed should be Love, even of your enemies, which is a hard creed to put into practice."

Not Afraid of Gossip

"HAVING suffered greatly yourself, I expect you don't want anyone else to suffer, and this is what makes you a Socialist. It is also my point of view, but I am only a woman. I don't like to see my husband suffer in his longing to be fair, just and kind to both sides in this tragic quarrel."

"I know what you said was true. For seven years, or even more, you and your best and noblest friends have foreseen this coal strike, and doubtless it could have been avoided by the mine-owners."

"But keep your warm blood. Don't let it get cold. Use your great power for an honorable settlement. Destruction is a sad exchange for construction. Help my husband. He is a self-made man, like yourself. He is courteous, understanding, infinitely compassionate, and courageously patient. He is also straight."

"No doubt the other side will do their best to make political capital out of this. They are bitter over his policy. They are narrow and ignorant, and would love, just now, to make all the mischief they can. I only write this in advance of our talk to-morrow, as a fair appeal to a perfect stranger, in favor of a man who, though he is my husband, is as liberal as yourself and wants to act fairly by all men."

"You have great power. See that your use it for good. I know nothing of the bill beyond what I read in the papers. I have not even seen my husband since I saw you. (He had left for the country when I came back from golfing with my little girl.) I shall see him to-morrow morning. I am alone here to-day and I am thinking deeply of you and the strike and what is the true and right thing to do. Don't bother to answer this. I shall see you 3.30 to-morrow and look forward to having a real quiet talk.—Yours,

"MARGOT ASQUITH."

I believe that I wrote a brief note to Mrs. Asquith saying that I would find it difficult to

get the time to see her. She sent me another letter on March 18, 1912. Here it is:

"10 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W. March 18, 1912.

"Dear Mr. Smillie,—I don't see why anyone should know we have met. I am afraid I vexed you in my letter, which was written quite freely. (Perhaps you did not get my letter?) Do the masters and the miners live at your hotel? Do let us meet again. I don't want to talk about the strike at all. It is only for the pleasure of discussing abstract things and ideas with a man whose temperament and views interest me."

"I am sorry you have thrown me over. I've never been afraid of any individual or any situation, or rumor, or gossip, in my life; but can assure you that I would meet you at 3 Queen

Anne's Gate, Sir Edward Grey's house, at 3.30. Even he need not know. I would just ask him if he would allow me to have a private talk with a friend for ten or fifteen minutes. He would say 'Yes,' and never even ask, nor would I tell anyone. If you won't do this, do answer my letter.—Yours,

"MARGOT ASQUITH."

I did not meet Mrs. Asquith again. This strike of 1912 finally came to an end, as I have already said, when the minimum wage act became law; but the prime minister, in spite of all our insistence, declined to put the figure at five shillings as a minimum wage for an adult man, and two shillings for a boy, in the act. This was our claim, and I felt that Mrs. Asquith was favorable to our proposal but found the forces of capital too strong for him in the House.

Skull for Grave Scene in Hamlet Flashed Wicked Eye in the Dark

Thorndike, Celebrated English Actor, Himself Once Screamed in Real Terror in "Horror" Play—Never Could Find Origin of Piercing Shriek He Heard

MR. RUSSELL THORNDIKE, the celebrated English actor, who, like his sister, Miss Sybil Thorndike, has won distinction with his wonderful acting in Grand Guignol and other "horror" plays, tells of some thrilling happenings in the course of his varied life.

"Many people have asked me what has been my most thrilling moment on or off the stage."

"One incident which impressed me very much, and which I have never succeeded in explaining, occurred when I was playing in 'The Medium,' a Grand Guignol play. The scene was a haunted studio. I was playing the part of a sculptor, and every evening about six o'clock weird things began to happen in the room—there were flickering lights, strange noises, and so on. Lewis Casson, my brother-in-law, excelled in this sort of thing, and my sister and I disliked walking on in such a wonderful 'atmosphere.'"

"In course of time I became used to the part, and one night I was delivering my lines almost subconsciously. To tell the truth, I was thinking of something else at the moment. At one point I had to say: 'There, look at that,' and put up my arm."

"Suddenly there was the most piercing scream I had ever heard, and I gave a cry which was prompted by real fright."

"Afterwards Casson came up to me and congratulated me upon my realistic scream. I told him it had been prompted by that other awful

cry. 'What was that?' he asked; 'I never heard it.' Later I asked several members of the audience if they had heard the scream, but all declared that no such sound had come from the stage. I am still positive I that I heard a scream. Where did it come from?"

"Another thrilling incident happened when I was a little boy. With my sister I was arranging an amateur performance of 'Hamlet' in my father's rectory in Kent. We wanted a skull for the grave scene, and I asked the sexton if he could oblige."

"He said he would get into trouble, but gave us the hint that we might take one of the skulls which had been unearthed in the course of some excavations in another part of the churchyard. I did so, and carried the trophy off to the rectory, placing it in an inglenook near the fire."

"Late that night I went to have a peep at the skull. When I glanced at it, judge of my horror when I saw that one of its eyes was alive! I rushed off to Sybil, and when she saw it she confirmed my suspicions. We wrapped a towel round the skull and threw the dreadful thing away."

"Next morning, in calmer mood, we went to make another examination. Then the mystery was explained. Into one of the eyesockets a glow-worm had crept and curled itself up so neatly that, with the black tip of its tail resembling a pupil, it looked for all the world like a human eye."



Chinese Learning Railroad Work in Canada

AT the Point St. Charles, Montreal, shops of the Canadian National Railways three Chinese are undergoing a course of instruction in the motive power and car department. They will spend some time at these shops and later will be attached to other shops throughout the system. At the completion of their course, which will extend over a period of from one to two years, they will return to China, where they will apply the principles they have learned to the building up and rehabilitation of the Chinese railways. The photograph shows them from left to right as follows: Edward Bing Shuey-Lee, Y. L. Chen and Tsun Lee.

LIKES DEMPSEY SO MUCH HOPES HE'LL ALWAYS WIN

Champion Didn't Look or Act as a Fighter When Ed. Howe Met Him at Miami

JACK DEMPSEY has given E. W. Howe, the famous Potato Hill sage of common sense, a knock-out blow. Dempsey is one of the most modest men Howe has ever met, and now he is all for the fighter.

Every winter the mellow philosopher winters down at Miami. It is in his gossip of this season, in his Monthly, that he tells of his first meeting with Dempsey.

"One day S. J. Kaufman, a New York newspaper man, called on me, and I took him for a ride, as he had never been in Miami before, and was soon leaving. He had heard Jack Dempsey was here, and said he knew him."

"At the beach, when we passed the hotel where Dempsey was stopping, I gave Mr. Kaufman the information, and he went in, returning presently with the statement that the fighter was in the surf."

"I drove to the Fisher Casino, and Mr. Kaufman went in to look for his friend. Presently he appeared with him. The fighter was dressed in a bathing suit, and I had a good opportunity to look him over, as he remained fifteen minutes."

"It didn't seem possible that I was in the presence of a man who could whip any other man in the world. He looked and acted like a modest, well-behaved country boy, and I was very favorably impressed. He didn't seem particularly tall or particularly heavy, and there wasn't a mark on his body, of which I could see a good deal, except that someone had tapped him on the lower part of the nose. I believe it was once broken, and he had it fixed by a surgeon. The muscles in his arms did not seem particularly big or particularly hard. He is rather tall, and rather large, but does not impress one as a big man. And he didn't look like a prize-fighter. He had been lying around in the sand, and his hair was full of it."

"Now that I have met Dempsey, and like him, I suppose the next man he meets in the ring will knock him out; that's about the luck I usually have. Heretofore I have wanted to see him whipped; now I want to see him win all his fights."

World's Smallest Salary Drawn by Ralph Connor

Popular Pastor's Time Is So Taken Up With Outside Engagements That Assistant Is Chosen

THE parson, described by Goldsmith, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," will hardly be envied by many modern clergymen, but even to-day there is at least one minister of religion whose salary is considerably less than this amount. Indeed, it is probably the smallest salary in the world.

This pastor is the Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon,

better known as "Ralph Connor," the author of "The Sky Pilot" and other famous novels. He is minister of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church at Winnipeg, but finds so much of his time taken up with outside engagements that an associate clergyman has been appointed to carry on while he is away from home. This associate gets the lion's share of the salary, the novelist being content with the modest stipend of a dollar a year for his services to the church!

Still, it is quite probable that the assistant would change the lion's share for his one dollar brother if he could have the \$30,000 income a year from movie rights alone that rumor says is the sum from the film versions of the popular minister's books.

—Yale Record.

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New Degree of Theology Conferred on Hilton

But You Have to Be a Baker to Use This Interpretation of D.D.

MR. D. HILTON, of Hilton's Bread Company, Toronto, is a prominent lay member of the Congregational Union of Canada, serves on a number of important committees, and is well known to ministers and laymen alike.

"Dave," as he is familiarly known to his friends, is a genial, big-hearted man and is loved by all.

Some time ago an after-dinner speaker at a banquet at Broadview Congregational Church, Toronto, of which Mr. Hilton is an office-bearer, introduced him as "Reverend Doctor" Hilton, and explained the new title.

Several years ago, when the Congregational Union was meeting in Guelph, several young ministers decided to go into the Y.M.C.A. for a swim and invited Mr. Hilton to go with them. As they entered the building, he said:

"Look here, boys, you'll have to start calling me 'Reverend Doctor' or they won't let me in with a bunch of preachers."

"What's your degree, Dr. Hilton?" asked one.

"Oh, I don't know! Ph.D., I guess."

"Not at all," spoke up another minister. "Your degree is D.D."

"Doctor of Divinity?" How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Hilton.

"Doctor of Divinity, nothing!" was the laughing reply. "D.D. stands for Dough Dabbler, the best degree for a baker."



Jack Dempsey



Ralph Connor