

BE A LAWYER? NOT HE IT WAS MUCH TOO EASY

Col. George Ham Decided on Newspaper Work Instead—Celebrates His 78th Anniversary

COLONEL GEORGE H. HAM, veteran official of the C.P.R., celebrated his 78th birthday at his home in Montreal on Sunday, August 23. Few Canadians have more friends than Col. Ham. He is noted for his ready wit and ability to tell a good story.

In speaking of his choice of a profession he says that law was proposed for him, but he balked and went into newspaper work instead. He says: "One reason for this was my previous experience. When I was a mere kid and visiting grandfather's old home at South Fredericksburg, opposite the upper part of the Bay of Quinte, that venerable ancestor of mine confided in me that he wished to make his will without the knowledge of the rest of the family and suggested that I should draw up the document."

"In schoolboy hand the will was drawn up, and while it suited grandfather all right enough, I wasn't so cocksure it was the right form of phraseology. So I commandeered a horse the next day, stole off to Napanee, eighteen miles away, and called upon Mr. Wilkinson, whom I had met at my father's house in Whitby. He pronounced the will to be perfectly legal, and having all of \$2 in my pocket, I rather ostentatiously asked him his fee."

"Nothing," he smilingly replied. "Nothing at all—we never charge the profession anything, never."

"And thus I was able to get an elaborate twenty-five cent dinner at the hotel. So when the question of my future came up I thought if it was so blamed easy to be a lawyer I wanted something harder."

20-Year-Old Song May Make Him City's Mayor

"Jimmy" Walker, New York Candidate Being Welcomed by Hit He Once Wrote

WILL you love me in December as you do in May?
Will you love me in the good old way?

All readers of over twenty years of age will remember this popular song of a generation ago. It is just possible that it may decide who will be next mayor of New York city. For it was written by "Jimmy" Walker, state senator, who is Tammany's choice to run in the coming election against the present holder of the office, John F. Hylan.

James J. Walker was a bard of Tin Pan Alley as a youth. He made \$10,000 by writing the "May and December" thing as he called it recently in an interview. It was away back in an age when songs of a semi-sentimental type won fame before jazz became the rage.

It is not too much to say that this song may win the fight, or lose it. Some people are inclined to think that the fact that he wrote popular songs of a somewhat saccharine type may militate against Walker in the minds of red-blooded voters. On the other hand, crowds at his meetings are reviving Walker's popular ballad and singing it with gusto in a pre-election enthusiasm.

It must not be forgotten that the old-timer, the Sidwast of New York, helped to re-elect "Al" Smith governor of New York State. And Walker, like Smith, is a product of these same sidewalks.

Premiership No Cinch Mr. Meighen Declares

The Higher You Are, the Harder It Is
Must Be a General Rule

BEFORE 1922, when Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen was prime minister of Canada, his political friends in Toronto arranged a reception for him there. Mr. Meighen was feted and felicitated on his high office, and one would have thought from all the kind things that were said that to be prime minister of Canada was an easy and delightful task. Mr. Meighen did not think so, and proceeded to make the facts known to his admirers.

In acknowledging the many compliments paid to him during the course of the day, he said it reminded him of a collector who went to a book shop to pick up a few rare volumes. He wandered around the stacks for a short while, apparently without finding what he wanted, and then approached a boy clerk who was behind the counter.

"Have you the 'Life of the Poets' here?" he asked.
"No," responded the boy. "I haven't the life of a dog, and I am getting out next Saturday night."

COBB'S READY RETORT

IRVIN S. COBB, the famous American humorist, keeps diners amused as well as readers, and he was in a particularly entertaining mood at a recent dinner in New York.

The subject of discussion was table-rapping, and Mr. Cobb, of course, was tackled.

"Are you a clairvoyant?" he was asked by one enthusiastic woman.

Mr. Cobb answered guardedly. "Not that I know of," he said.

"Do you ever talk in your sleep, then?" she went on.

"No, I believe not," replied Mr. Cobb. "but I often talk in other people's. I'm a lecturer."

PORRIDGE IN PARLIAMENT

DAVID KIRKWOOD, the Scottish M.P., has not lost his enthusiasm for it. He has persuaded the kitchen committee of the House of Commons to serve porridge in the tea-room after 9 p.m.

"I'm bringing the meal from Scotland," he said. "There will be enough for all of us, and I'm going to superintend the cooking."

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

Is That Child Going to Guide Us? Timid Tourists Got a Severe Shock

But Diminutive Ed. Barrow, Youngest Guide in the Rockies, Was No Child in the Saddle—He Has Been Riding Horses Since He Was Three

By MADGE MACBETH

AT the vast age of three he left the Alberta ranch and went to visit his grandfather in Pennsylvania. Part of the tangible welcome that awaited him was a richly-caparisoned rocking horse.

"Ned is his name," said grandfather proudly. "He loves little boys."

But the little boy behaved very badly. Nothing would induce him to mount Ned of his own free will, and when grandfather lifted him up, he kicked and screamed vigorously.

"What the devil is the matter with the child?" his grandfather demanded testily.

"I'm afraid he misses his own pony," replied the boy's mother, as she stifled a longing, herself, for that far-away Claresholm ranch.

Grandfather whistled. "Does this scrap of humanity ride a real horse?"

"Oh, yes," said mother. "He rode before he could walk."

In telling me the story—balanced in one stirrup and facing the horse's tail, as he "guided" me up the O'Hara trail to peerless Lake McArthur—Ed Fraser asked no indulgence for his conduct.

"I should have had the end of a quirt," he said, "for rarin' up, that way. But somehow, I seem to remember I couldn't get any kick out of that wooden horse."

Ed looks fourteen, swears he is seventeen and talks like a man of seventy. He was a jockey in his younger days, riding sure-enough races in and about his home, and in Pincher Creek. Extraordinary as the things sound, he rode a winning horse at the age of five years.

When asked the obvious question, he grinned. "Sure I've been pilled, but not often." Piled is the cowboys' picturesque term for being thrown.

Of course, his mother didn't want him to do all these daring and spectacular "stunts." But his father, to whom he always appealed with a child's uncanny shrewdness, voiced the comfortless and masculine phrase. "Oh, he'll be all right!" So the mother gave way. By the same token, she was a wonderful shot, being known throughout the district by some colorful title as "Dead Shot Susie." When her brother was accidentally killed while handling a rifle, Mrs. Fraser put her gun away, and has never used it since the tragedy.

After Ed was badly hurt in a race, his mother overruled the easy philosophy of her husband and forbade the boy to enter the lists again. Certainly, the track lost a good jockey, but the high school gained a good student. Although his love of horses impelled him to "guide" at the age of thirteen, thereby keeping him out of school until well on in the autumn, young Fraser has never failed in an examination, and has just recently fitted himself for entrance into the university. He places great importance upon education and wants to acquire a B. A.

If he is not, now, he was when he undertook the work the youngest guide in the Rockies and one has only to see him, to hear him talk, to understand the courage necessary for him to have persevered. About four feet ten, weighing less than one hundred pounds, little Ed Fraser did not inspire the timid tourist



Right: Little Ed Fraser, who was a jockey at the age of five and is still completely addicted to a horse.
Above: Ed Fraser (centre) can build a fire even in the rain.

with much confidence when he appeared on the scene.
"Are you going to send us out with that child?" was the question invariably asked; and more than one "party" has refused his leadership.

"That child," however, can hold his own with any man. He has saddled horses since the time it was necessary for him to stand on a fence in order to reach the animal's back, and when he outgrew that ignominy, he held the saddle upside down on his head, and flipped it in a manner of speaking—on the horse.

Where he derives sufficient strength for tightening cinches, I don't know. But I do know that on the most precipitous hill his saddles never slip. He is an economical and a neat packer. He can cook. Indeed, he can help you forget the distance between your camp and a good steam laundry!

When, in appreciation of these sterling qualities, an English lady of timorous disposition and rheumatic joints presented Ed with a tip of twenty-five dollars, his embarrassment was agonizing.

"I can't take all that for a two-day's trip," he protested. "Indeed, I'm not worth so much money to anybody!"

He was persuaded to keep the gift for the purchase of school books and his "parties" as well as his friends are very grateful to the lady.

Ed neither drinks nor uses tobacco. "There's no taste for liquor in my family," he will tell you, soberly, "and my smoking days are over! We fellows had a smoking club when I was nine, meeting every evening in the fire hole of the threshing machine! We smoked tea leaves, corn silk, dried weeds and anything that would burn. Our mothers," he added, "couldn't understand why that season was so unhealthy for us!"

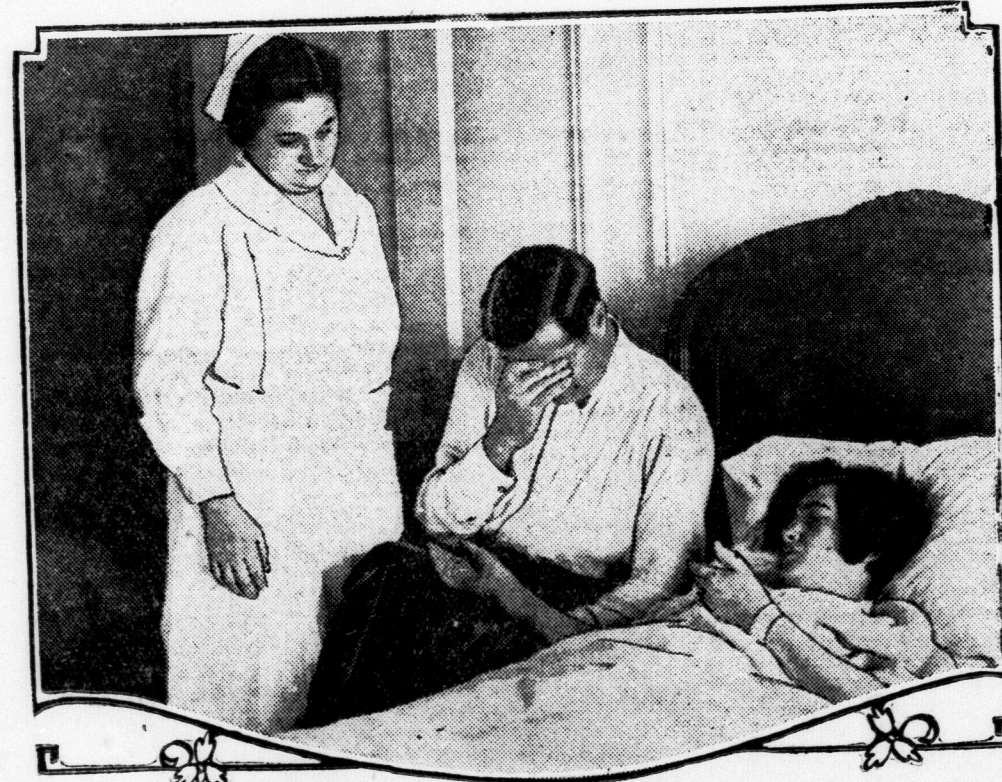
One day as we were riding down the noisy Kicking Horse Canyon Ed seemed less happy than usual.

"This horse has three gait," he told me by way of explanation. "...walk, stumble and fall. I wish I had my Sandy."

Sandy is his own beloved friend, a handsome chestnut who astonishes the chance acquaintance by rising on his hind legs and executing a dizzy waltz, for no apparent reason, whatever.

Ed is quick with his quirt when he rides a "mean" horse. "Wrap it around him, good," is his advice to a tourist whose mount is behaving badly. "You've got to light fire with fire."

At the same time, there is no one more gentle



This is the most moving picture ever filmed. Look at it—and weep. It might well be titled "The Little Lad's Return" or "Sorrow of a Prodigal." My, oh my, but it's sad. Hearken to the sobs as the great frame of Babe Ruth is wracked with tears which trickle through his fingers and drip down on his half-smoked cigar. Here is the great Babe at his wife's bedside in their cheap little apartment, to which he has returned in sad sorrow from their great open spaces after being suspended indefinitely and fined \$5,000 for being a big, bad boy. Even the nurse looks sad. It's an awfully sad picture, isn't it? By the way, the caption on the photo says it's the first time the great King of Swat has ever been photographed in tears. It's certainly terrible. Perhaps somebody will give the little boy a stick of candy and cheer him up. Sniff! Sniff!

Darrow Is Likened to Jesus and Abe Lincoln

New York Clergyman Extols Agnostic and Declares His Spiritual Victory Over Bryan

AS an echo of the famous Tennessee evolution trial comes the statement from the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, a prominent Unitarian clergyman of New York, that he would welcome Clarence Darrow even in his pulpit.

This clergyman, who was present at the trial, has conceived a tremendous admiration for the tolerant agnostic, and Mr. Potter's pleasant words, as quoted in an interview, come as an antidote to some of the passionate utterances of that recent event.

"Looking back," he said, "to the Scopes trial, I find Clarence Darrow standing out as far and away the most human and winning figure in Dayton. I find him reminding me of two great historical characters—Jesus of Nazareth and Abraham Lincoln. Of course, he is not nearly as great a man as either—he himself would laugh at such a comparison—but he shows the essential spirit of both. Ungainly, awkward, uncouth, he has a warm light in his eyes of sympathy and understanding, together with the humor which Lincoln had and Jesus lacked."

"He shed serenity and kindness around him. He refused to become excited or angry."

"I talked with him a little about his philosophy of life. 'Well,' he told me, 'I suppose I'm what they call an agnostic, because I confess I don't know some things that some ignorant men say they do know.' Softening his scorn for the ignorance of his opponents and his contempt for their bigotry was a kindly human tolerance."

"The unhappy man at that trial was Darrow's chief opponent. I honestly believe that Mr. Bryan died of chagrin. I shall never forget the angry malice in his eyes as he glared at Darrow. The agony of a tortured soul and breaking heart was visible in the commoner's face as he retreated from one ditch to another under Darrow's courteous but relentless questioning until the supreme moment of admitted doubt when he confessed that the 'days' of creation might have been more than twenty-four hours long."

That contrast may have been still in Mr. Potter's mind, the clergyman admitted, when he told his congregation that he would admit the agnostic to membership in a Christian church of which he was minister.

"Why not?" he asked his interviewer. "You recall that passage in Matthew's gospel. 'As Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples.'"

"Darrow has been called 'the defender of sinners,' which reminds us of the opprobrium which Jesus suffered in this respect, the motives in both cases being entirely misrepresented by their enemies."

"It is well known," Mr. Potter continued, "that Darrow has defended many a case without money and without price. In this evolution trial he refused the remuneration offered him by the American Civil Liberties Union and even went so far as to refuse to accept reimbursement of his legitimate traveling and living expenses at the trial."

Clarence Darrow's service to his fellows has been an example of best Samaritan service. It has gone, or tried to go, to the roots of evil. He has tried to discover the motives of criminals, and his social service has been of the highest type.

"About the time of the Scopes trial, the Rev. Daniel M. Welch, minister of the First Unitarian Church of Knoxville, Tenn., took Clarence Darrow as the theme of his sermon, and pictured the lawyer arriving in heaven. Darrow seemed decidedly surprised to find himself in such surroundings, but finally mustered assurance to ask Jesus what it all meant. 'When I was down on earth you were good to me,' Jesus explained. 'I was hungry and you gave me meat; I was sick, and you visited me; I was in prison, and you came to see me.'"

"Well," said Darrow, "I certainly don't remember seeing you before," whereupon Jesus replied, "Inasmuch as you did it unto the least of these, my brethren, Darrow, you did it unto me."

It was King Alfonso confiding his troubles to a sympathetic French workman.

King Alfonso Finds Business Not So Good

Unconventional Spanish Monarch Confides in Laborer

BIARRITZ has been much amused recently by the unconventional manner and habits of King Alfonso of Spain, who has been living just over the border at San Sebastian and frequently crossing to Biarritz to visit friends and play golf. Sometimes he loses both his chauffeur and his car; in which case he takes a train or a tram back.

The other day a Biarritz tram conductor saw a tall thin man running like mad after the car. Eventually the runner caught it and breathlessly jumped aboard, remaining on the outside of the second-class compartment.

Rolling a cigarette, he asked a workman next to him for a light and then got into a conversation on the high cost of living.

"I suppose monsieur is a manufacturer?" the workman hazarded.

"No," the other answered, "I've got an old business house which has been handed down from father to son for a long time."

"And how do you find trade?"

"Oh, things might be a good deal better!"

It was King Alfonso confiding his troubles to a sympathetic French workman.

Crowned Queen of Corned Beef and Cabbage In Sporting Contest to Find the Best Cooks

Mrs. Todd Had Been Practising
25 Years On Her Husband
—Five Best Cooks of New
York All Married

THE best five amateur cooks in New York city were selected recently in a stirring, sizzling, boiling hot contest in the annals of sports.

For two hours fifteen "finalists" in the prize recipe contest conducted by the United Restaurant Owners' Association fussed, seasoned, burned and cried over various dishes ranging from old-fashioned corned beef to filet of sole. When the smoke in the kitchen of the Todd Inn, No. 2549 Broadway, cleared, three judges sat down at a table, tucked napkins under their chins and started in to taste fifteen dishes.

The judges, headed by United States Senator Royal S. Copeland, all of whom had gone without anything to eat since 7 o'clock in the morning in preparation for the event, pronounced the following winners:

Best Plate of Corned Beef and Cabbage—Mrs. Stewart Todd.
Vegetable Dinner—Mrs. Alice Dopler.
Chicken Fricassee—Mrs. Ralph Trautmann.
Hash—Mrs. Hadwick Marchfeld.

Filet of Sole—Mrs. Zahrah E. Preble.
All the five winners are married, and the youngest, Mrs. Preble, has been married two years, while Mrs. Todd, who concocted the best dish of corned beef and cabbage, New York's favorite dish, has been married twenty-five years.

"I've been practising twenty-five years, you see," she explained after winning. "I guess the reason why I'm such a good cook when it comes to corned beef and cabbage is because of my husband, my twenty-three-year-old son and my two daughters. They always have wanted corned beef and cabbage at least twice a week. I owe my success to them."

Mrs. Marchfeld, who prepared the best dish of hash, said she owed her success to the fact that her husband always has been in a hurry to eat. The oldest cook in the group, Mrs. Trautmann, seventy-two, is president of the Woman's Health Protective Association, and said she wanted to prove that chicken fricassee is better and healthier than almost any dish.

When Senator Copeland, Miss Katherine A. Fisher, director of the Good Housekeeping Institute, and Miss Lettie Gay, representing the Tribune Institute, sat down to the table to begin "judging" the foods their eyes sparkled. They started with corn beef and cabbage. They cried for more. Three plates of filet of sole were placed before them for sampling. By the time they reached hash they were quite worn out. Senator Copeland staggered to his feet and fell back into a seat helpless.

BURRELL HAD A SPILL, SPOILED HIS CHERRIES

When Former Minister Was a Fruit-Grower Driving to Market With His Fruit

THE many friends of the Hon. Martin Burrell of Ottawa, while perhaps aware that he was once a fruit farmer in the Niagara district of Ontario, will hardly believe that once upon a time the designation of him was more important than his properly spelled name. The following is culled from the Saturday, June 27, 1896, edition of the Daily Standard, St. Catharines:

"A fruit grower of Louth named Burrell had a miraculous escape from serious injury on Friday afternoon near the postoffice. He was driving a democrat wagon loaded with cherries and was turning from King street on to Queen when the wind caught his straw hat and blew it away. He made a grab for it and at the same time the horse he was driving started with fright. Burrell had dropped one line and as he pulled on the other the animal turned short and made for the stores opposite. So short, however, was the turn that the vehicle made it with one side in the air. As the outfit reached the postoffice side of the road the wagon struck the curb. Burrell was thrown out, one of his legs entangled in the lines and the cherries covered the sidewalk in great profusion. More frightened than ever, the animal made another dash and Burrell was dragged all over the street by one leg, the worst being that his head was not crushed in by the curbs. J. S. Lutz happened along at this moment and made a grab for the horse's head. Luckily he succeeded in catching the bridle and holding the horse. Burrell was liberated from his dangerous position and it was found that no damage was done other than spoiling a few baskets of cherries."

The "B" in "Burrell" was rightfully changed to an "e" in Burrell when the "fruit grower" later represented Grand Forks, B.C., at Ottawa, later becoming minister of agriculture and, during the war, secretary of state for Canada.

Hon. Martin Burrell still carries on his constructive work as chief librarian of the parliamentary library at Ottawa.



This is Shapurji Saklatvala, a Parsee, who is a member of the British parliament. He is also a communist who is out to work for a revolution and overthrow of imperialism. He is contemplating a visit to this continent.

MOUNTBATTEN'S BATH LIKE BOTTOM OF SEA

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, who married Miss Edwina Ashley, granddaughter and heiress of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, has succumbed to London Society's latest craze for unusual bathrooms.

In his famous mansion, Brook House, in Park lane, a bath has recently been completed for him in which the walls around the tub are painted to represent the bottom of the sea and the denizens thereof.

Lord Louis is a lieutenant in the British navy. His father, the late Marquis of Milford Haven, who until the war was known as Prince Louis of Battenberg, was a British admiral.

Caring his love for the sea even further than his submarine bath, Lord Louis has had his study in Brook House converted into the closest possible representation of a ship's cabin.

BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

MARK HAMBURG, the famous Canadian pianist, is in London again after his tour in South Africa. He was at a health resort frequented by invalids.

"One bright morning," Mr. Hamburg says, "a burly, red-faced chap saluted me. I told him I didn't know him."

"I'm Dobson, the undertaker," the man answered.

"Still," I faltered, "I don't remember—" "Oh, that's all right," said the other. "I just heard you cough, and thought we might as well get acquainted."

'T WAS CHURCHILL HIMSELF

I HEARD an amusing little story the other day in connection with the latest Hogarth Press pamphlet written by Professor J. Maynard Keynes, the economist, writes T. P. O'Connor, the famous Irish journalist.

Recently his publishers received a telephone call from an enquirer who said: "I hear that you are bringing out a new pamphlet by Mr. Keynes called 'The Economic Consequences of the War.'"

"Yes," he was told, "we are publishing a pamphlet by Mr. Keynes, but that is not its title. It is called 'The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill.'"

At this the enquirer was heard to chuckle very heartily, and he was asked: "Who is speaking?"

"The chancellor of the exchequer," was the reply.