



The First Meeting of the Strikers



Everyday Scene Among the Strikers.

Photographs by Bogart.

GLIMPSES OF COBALT DURING THE STRIKE.

Interviewing an Englishman

"ENGLISHMEN are the most difficult men in the world to interview," says a journalist who has had experience with prominent men of many nations. Naturally reticent, they seem to become doubly so when face to face with the interviewer, and actually take pride in the—vice, one is almost tempted to call it, for it is little less from the interviewer's point of view. Prominent men have no right to be taciturn, and when fame overtakes them they should all be taught the rapidly disappearing art of agreeable conversation. The taciturn man is probably the most unsatisfactory of all men to interview—unless it be the man who is prolix. There is this great difference between the types, however, that the taciturn man is usually the man that the public wants to hear from, while they wouldn't give two cents for an acre of talk from the garrulous individual.

As for the average prominent Englishman on his travels, he will seldom allow more than two words to escape from him at a time, and then only in answer to a question. If as many as five or six should ever get away at once, he will shut his jaws together with a snap lest the ancient national reputation for taciturnity be cracked or damaged.

On a certain occasion, a few weeks ago, a prominent Englishman of title arrived in Toronto, and registered at the Queen's Hotel, without the slightest warning having been given that he was coming. That is another way famous Englishmen have. They delight to drop in on the inhabitants unheralded. This may be good form in social circles, but it is very bad form in newspaper circles.

This particular Englishman happened to be seated in the hotel rotunda when the interviewer called, seeking whom he might devour. The Englishman was pointed

out to him by the clerk as a man who had just arrived.

"Sir Coningsby Cattermole! Sir Coningsby Cattermole!" mused the reporter thoughtfully. "Name seems familiar and yet I can't place him." Oh, for a memory that would not be off on a holiday when most needed!

Would Sir Coningsby be in town long? No, going away that night, said the clerk. So it was a case for prompt action, and the reporter decided to wade right in without ammunition or preparation of any kind—a fatal move. In his youthful optimism he thought a man could scarcely engage in conversation for five or ten minutes without letting out something about himself—enough to give the questioner a clue to his career—but he didn't know famous Englishmen and this Englishman in particular.

There was no conversation! All that the reporter heard was himself asking laboriously compiled questions, and then, after a pause, what sounded like a short bark, sometimes two barks. It never got any farther, and the encounter, from first to last, was about as exciting as making overtures to an iceberg.

After awhile the barking ceased and the reporter withdrew from the scene of action. The prospect looked bad for him. To let a titled Englishman get past without a "story" was something that would require careful explanation. Fortunately the reporter was a man of resource as all newspaper men need to be, so when he reached the office late at night, he withdrew to a quiet corner with a certain red-covered book bearing the curious title of "Who's Who," from which he learned that the Englishman was a soldier who had made a great record and won all sorts of medals in Egypt and India a decade before. With the aid of the book and a vivid memory of the encounter, the reporter expanded about fifteen barks into a half-column descriptive story—with the interview feature conspicuous by its absence.