

## HEROIC WIFE IN OVERALLS IS BLIND HUSBAND'S EYES

Congressman and Helmsmeet Conquer Together—Were in Trenches and on Torpedoed Boat

IN her way she is just as celebrated as the Lady with the Lamp—the Lady in Overalls. She is the inspiration of Washington.

The story of Margaret Schall is the story of a woman's heroism, and, incidentally, of her husband's as well.

In the office building of the House of Representatives at Washington, you can find this extraordinary pair. On the door is the inscription: "Thomas D. Schall, Minnesota."

Inside, you meet Thomas Schall, the blind congressman, and Margaret, his wife, his eyes, his secretary, in very truth his helmsmeet, and she is wearing blue overalls.

People look at her twice, not because of the overalls, but because of herself; short of stature, with tiny hands and feet, blue twinkling eyes, and a mass of wavy blond hair and blue overalls. "I began to wear them in wartime," she told the author of the Boudoir Mirrors of Washington, "when we didn't have much money for dresses, and they are so comfortable and convenient I always wear them for the office. When it comes to filing books and papers, Mrs. Schall finds that overalls help a great deal in climbing up and down ladders to reach the proper bookcase or cabinet."

It was at college that they met. Tom had struggled up from obscurity. He had been a chore boy, bookblack, newsboy and janitor to his own law office in Minneapolis.

Then they were married. Four happy years passed, and success was just in the offing. Then—tragedy hurled its fateful bolt.

Tom Schall was never to see his wife's face again. He leaned down to light his cigar at the electric cigar lighter. There was a short circuit, and Thomas Schall was blind.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"I will be your eyes and you shall still practice law," said Margaret Schall.

Blindness did not conquer Tom Schall and his little wife. She went through law to be able to help draft her husband's bills. When he ran for Congress, she drove his car, choosing the right place so that the wind would blow his voice towards the crowd. When they went abroad in 1918 permission was granted to her to accompany her husband into the front line trenches, where she described for his sightless eyes the pages of history that were being written in blood.

Homeward bound, the greatest test of her courage unexpectedly came. But it was unexpected to her, used to foreseeing things. She had arisen early the morning the torpedo hit their ship. Hurrying below, she assisted her husband to the deck. Then she tied him to her waist with a rope. As they were both good swimmers, she counted on guiding him at sea as she had guided him on land.

The captain thrilled when he saw the sight. No hysterics. No weeping. Simply "Good-morning, Captain," in a cheery voice.

The captain cited Margaret Schall for bravery. After the war, she was presented with a decoration, which she is saving for her two-year-old daughter Peggy when she grows up.

Thomas Schall is recognized as one of the ablest men in Congress. You can think what you like about Margaret Schall. "You don't find her at the women's clubs, at the bridge luncheons, at receptions, or jazzing till dawn," says the anonymous chronicler. "Her life is too full of work, or sacrifice, and most wonderful of all, of a great joy for what she has achieved."

## TIM HEALY SHOUTS "BOO" TO AN HONORABLE GOOSE

IN the old days of stormy debate on the Irish question in the House of Commons, the governor-general of Ireland, the Right Hon. Timothy Healy, was a leading light, and famous for his wit and readiness in repartee.

On one occasion a young English member—in a bitter attack on the Irish party—referred to Mr. Healy in a recent speech, and with sarcasm said the honorable member couldn't say "Boo" to a goose.

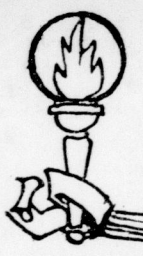
Tim Healy was on his feet in an instant, and, leaning forward in the young Englishman's direction, shouted: "Boo!" long and loud.

In the merriment that ensued the young member sat down and was not heard from again.



Famous "Bad Luck" Jewel

AROUND the neck of Mrs. E. B. McLean hangs the tragic Hope Diamond in the famous painting by Philip Laszlo, the eminent Hungarian portrait painter. The great gem is depending from the shorter of the two chains. It is this stone that May Hope blames for all her terrible poverty, privations and misfortunes. The tragic death of Mrs. McLean's oldest child, "the million dollar baby," and her husband's unpleasant predicament in the Tea Pot Dome oil scandal is interpreted by the superstitious as another manifestation of the black sorrow that comes in the wake of this notorious stone.



# A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



## SHEER MERIT WON POST FOR KING'S SECRETARY

Master of Tact and Discretion—Former Private Secretary of Queen Victoria Had Creditable Military Career

NOT every man in England knows as many secrets of state as Lord Stamfordham, private secretary of the King. It is he who sorts out the wheat from the chaff in the sovereign's private correspondence and in the despatch boxes from the government each day.

The term private secretary is somewhat misleading. Lord Stamfordham is more than that. There is scarcely a government office of importance which does not send every day to the palace where the King may happen to be residing, boxes of documents, orders, warrants and directions, requiring the royal signature and immediate attention. To convey the idea of this quantity of papers submitted to the King every day, it may be mentioned that the average number which he is called upon to sign amounts to almost three hundred. All these have to be read before receiving the royal signature, and each of them necessarily passes through the hands of the monarch's private secretary, as do copies of all important despatches received at the foreign office, and every paper of any moment in draft for royal approval before being sent abroad by the secretary of state for foreign affairs. It was thanks to this practice that Queen Victoria was able radically to change in a conciliatory sense the draft of the despatch to the United States about the Trent affair during the Civil War, which had it been forwarded in its original form would probably have caused war.

It is difficult to overrate the importance of an office such as that of Lord Stamfordham. He is invariably a member of the privy council, of which the cabinet is merely a committee. For all communications to the sovereign pass through his hands, and he is constantly entrusted with the duty of conveying his royal master's views, opinions and desires, even of the most confidential nature to the various ministers of the crown.

One of the romances of British official life has been Lord Stamfordham's career. The influence of no aristocratic family was behind him. The son of Rev. J. F. Bigge, the plain rector of Stamfordham, Arthur Bigge began his career in the army. At the Royal Military College at Woolwich he was a classmate of the Prince Imperial, the ill-fated son of Empress Eugenie, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. They went to South Africa together in the Matabele campaign. It has always been one of the greatest regrets of Lord Stamfordham that he was engaged upon some other duty the day the young prince was sent out with Lieutenant Cary and a small escort to reconnoitre. Had Bigge been with the party he would never have left his friend alone to face the savage warriors. As the intimate friend of the prince, Bigge was selected to escort his remains home to England, and, later on, when the Empress Eugenie made her memorable pilgrimage to the scene of her son's death, Arthur Bigge was designated to attend her.

The empress developed a great liking for the young artilleryman, and on her return spoke about him so highly to Queen Victoria that he was appointed to her household as groom in waiting, then assistant private secretary before nine months were past.

Few men suffered so much from the last war as Lord Stamfordham. His only son, the Hon. John Neville Bigge, fell at the front in 1915. His son-in-law, Capt. H. H. Adame of the Coldstream Guards, was killed in the same year. Two years ago, the death of his wife at St. James' Palace, ended forty years of their particularly happy married life.

The ideal man for the office, Lord Stamfordham, who took his title from his native town, cannot be relieved from his duties by his close friend, the King. Along with great tact and discretion goes a blend of deep religious sentiment and capacity for fun in his nature that has endeared him to the royal family.



Englishman Turns Moslem

HERE is Sir Charles Edward Archibald Watkin Hamilton, Bart., of Selsey, Sussex, England, who has embraced the Islamic faith. Sir Charles, who is 48, is the holder of two baronetcies, one dating from 1776, the other from 1819. Sir Charles is the first of his high rank to adopt the Moslem teachings, though there are about 500 people of different rank in England who have done the same.

## Superstitious See Curse Of Hope Diamond for McLean

Stone Taken From Idol's Breast Leaves Trail of Misfortune Wherever It Has Been—Brings Fatalities to Owners—Possibility of Bad Luck Foreseen By McLean in Clause of the Agreement of Purchase.

HAS nothing been heard of the notorious Hope diamond for a few years? "Just wait," say the superstitious.

Then comes the Tea Pot Dome oil scandal. If the Hope diamond isn't mixed up in that brew—for almost everything seems to be mixed up in it—something will be wrong with Fate as a mystery writer.

Then the papers ring with the name of Edward Beale McLean, who has sent \$100,000 in checks to Albert D. Fall, secretary of the interior, before that gentleman was driven from the garden of Washington.

The Hope diamond is in the limelight again. Mrs. McLean wears it sometimes around her neck. Philip Laszlo, the eminent Hungarian portrait painter, shows it in his famous canvas of Mrs. McLean. The "bad luck" gem hangs from the shorter of the two chains about her neck. It is of a wonderful blue and weighs slightly more than a quarter of an ounce.

Thirteen years ago, when he bought the Hope diamond, Edward B. McLean was not as superstitious as he probably is now. Even without the Hope diamond his story was as queer a romance as modern chronicles can produce. All his life Ned McLean has had some one looking after him. His millionaire father saw to that. When the young man of 33 tried to break his father's will he found that it was iron-clad. By the terms of a compromise, the son might have a voice in the management of all his father's properties, including the Washington Post and the Cincinnati Enquirer, but his income was restricted to the \$10,000,000 interest; he could make no business affairs without the approval of bankers and lawyers his father had named. But there were the \$50,000,000 in his wife's fortune, the millions of Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado mining magnate who from a humble Irish origin had risen to become the partner and close personal friend of King Leopold of Belgium.

The memorandum of sale seems to prove that McLean had a few doubts about the stone of lurid tragedy. "Should any fatality occur in the family of Edward B. McLean within six months, the said Hope diamond is agreed to be exchanged for jewelry of equal value at the selection of Wilton J. Lambert," read an ominous clause.

It was eight years later before tragedy came. This was the celebrated case of the "hundred million dollar baby," their first child, who was wheeled around in a specially constructed steel go-cart, rocked to sleep in a gold cradle, and guarded night and day from threatened kidnapping by more armed detectives than in the suite of the president of the United States. But one day in 1919, while playing outside the beautiful Washington estate of his parents called Friendship, he suddenly eluded his guards, and, dashing through the gates to the roadway, was killed by a passing Ford car.

It was from Cartier of Paris that McLean had bought the accursed stone for \$300,000, in spite of its tragic history, stretching back, according to semi-legend, to the seventeenth century, when it was stolen from the breast of a Burmese idol for Tavernier, the great French traveler. For his diamond and his discoveries, he was ennobled by Louis XIV. of France, tradition says. But Tavernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs at the gates of Moscow. Madame de Montespan, the favorite of Louis XIV., who wore the gem, immediately lost her place in the grand monarch's heart. In 1792 the Princess de Lamballe wore the diamond at the bidding of Marie Antoinette. It was not long before her head was being carried through the streets of Paris on a pole by the revolutionaries and Marie Antoinette was guillotined. It is even hinted that Marat had possession of it before he was assassinated by Charlotte Corday.

The notorious gem then went to Antwerp. The son of William Fals, the lapidary, stole it from his father's shop. The parent committed suicide. Fals, the younger, sold it to a man named Beaulieu who died from dissipation in London in 1820. Daniel Eliason, a London jewel merchant, bought the great diamond from Beaulieu, and sold it for \$90,000 to Henry Hope, a rich Englishman and grandfather to Lord Francis Hope, who inherited it.

Of interest to Canadians is this part of the story. Although bankrupt, Lord Francis Hope, in spite of the offer of a million dollars to give her up, married May Yohe, the beautiful favorite of the London music halls. Years ago, she sang during a tour in the Canadian theatres. Her song, "Honey Ma Honey," and her laughing carefree face won all hearts.

But troubles started for May Yohe when she began to wear the Hope Diamond. To it she attributed all her marital troubles. Lord Francis divorced her. In 1910 she was even reduced to running a third rate boarding house at Seattle. Only a year or two ago, did she win her way back to the vaudeville stage.

Meanwhile, the Hope Diamond went on its way to E. B. McLean. Simon Frankel, of New York, bought it for \$168,000. He had financial misfortunes. Jacques Colot, its next owner, went mad and committed suicide. A Russian prince lent it to an actress and that night as she wore it on the stage he shot her dead. A Greek merchant sold it to Sultan Abdul Hamid, of Turkey, and he was killed in an accident, while the sultan, after being deposed, died insane.

Mr. McLean secured the notorious stone from Pierre Cartier, a French jeweler, who acted as the agent of the Young Turks. The superstitious, pointing to the strange clause in the purchase agreement, show how even at the time of the sale, McLean in the back of his mind had hidden fears about the result.



Edward Beale McLean

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## AUTHOR PRAISES GARLIC WOMAN FAINTS AWAY

Mr. Robt. Lynd, Addressing Society for Suppression of Parsnip-Eating, Succumbs Beyond Wildest Hopes

"I WAS invited the other evening to attend a dinner given by the Society for the Suppression of Parsnip-eating," says Mr. Robert Lynd, the distinguished English editor and essayist.

"When my turn came to speak, I resolved not to care twopence what I said so long as I kept talking. After a few perfunctory words about the guest of the evening, I talked heavily, not only about the parsnip, but about every vegetable that I could remember; spoke of the different methods of cooking sprouting-broccoli, the use of garlic as a preventive of influenza, the depredations of snails on lettuce, finger-and-toe disease in turnips, and the arguments for and against planting broad beans before Christmas."

"Within five minutes I had the audience fast in the grip of deadly boredom. In twenty minutes they looked haggard. At the end of forty minutes a woman fainted. When I sat down at the end of an hour, there was not a single handclap to disturb a silence that told me I had succeeded beyond my wildest hopes."



Negro Pullman Porter Precedes Railway Presidents as College Lecturer

THE creed of John Baptist Ford of New York, negro Pullman porter and college lecturer—shown here with his family—may be summed up in two words: "Education" and "service." At 17, Ford, a South Carolina cotton picker, could neither read nor write. This week he lectured before the students of the Tuck School of Administration and Finance at Dartmouth University, efficiency while traveling on Ford's car. "A man is happy when he is giving service to other people," said Ford, and, "Every one of my children is going through college." His 14-year-old daughter, Ruth, won a gold medal for scholarship in public school last year. Ford's lecture preceded other lectures on railroad delivered by railroad presidents and bankers. He told the students that porters respected the man who tipped and the man who didn't tip, but declared that tips were necessary if the porter were to live on a salary of \$65 to \$85 a month with decent living quarters, costing \$70 a month or more in New York. Asked as to the proper sum for a tip, he answered: "Let your conscience be your guide."

## Congressman's Wife Wears Overalls

THIS is Mrs. Thomas D. Schall, wife of the "blind Congressman" from Minnesota, as she appears when ready to attend to her heavy work of cleaning the five rooms used by Congressman Schall in the capitol. Mrs. Schall also is secretary for her husband and sits with him during congressional sessions. When it comes to filing books and papers, Mrs. Schall finds that overalls help a great deal in climbing up and down ladders to reach the proper bookcase or cabinet. During the eight years her husband has been in congress, she has always helped him in his official duties. Despite his blindness, the Congressman is very active, and is recognized as one of the ablest men in congress.

## GUELPH'S BLIND PIANIST INSPECTS HIS NEW HOUSE

A GOOD story is told of Mr. Albert Kaiser, Guelph's well known blind pianist. Some few years ago Mr. Kaiser was having a house built. One Saturday afternoon a friend of his was passing the new home which at the time was practically only a skeleton of a house. Two or three children playing thereabouts remarked that a blind man had gone in there, pointing to the house. The gentleman immediately became alarmed about Mr. Kaiser, as there were no floors or stairs as yet erected in the place. He found Mr. Kaiser up on the second floor feeling his way with his cane. He remarked to him, "What are you doing here." The reply came back, "Oh, I just came up to see how the men are getting along with the roof."

## FLAHERTY'S VOICE BEATS EVERYTHING BUT RADIO

NEARLY everybody that rides on the C. N. R. between Toronto and Sarnia has heard or heard about Charlie Flaherty. For the benefit of those who haven't he is the veteran depot master at Guelph and is possessed of a voice which for distance has everything but the radio.

On one occasion he had just finished calling the stations lying from Guelph west to and including Chicago, when a venturesome youth in the crowd shouted in a very pious voice "Amen." Not to be outdone Mr. Flaherty replied "Thank you. It's a poor parish that can't afford a clerk."

## TOO MUCH FOR BALFOUR

MR. (now Lord) BALFOUR was one day strolling near his Scottish home at Whittingham when he was accosted by an old man hailing from a neighboring village. On being presented with a shilling, the man whispered to Mr. Balfour: "Mon, dae ye ken what I'm gaun to tell ye?" "No," replied the statesman. "Well," was the rejoinder, "it's gaun tae rain seventy-two days." Mr. Balfour, thinking to have a little fun with him, remarked: "That cannot be, for the world was entirely flooded in forty days." "But," returned the old fellow, "the world wisnae weel drained then as it is noo."

## BAGDAD BAGGINESS

SOME people when talking to royalty are too nervous to think. The wit of Mr. Henry Ainley is not subject to these "frozen by fright" fits. As you know, he plays the part of a portly Bagdad confectioner in "Hassan" at His Majesty's Theatre. Queen Mary and the Queen of Norway were so impressed by his performance that they summoned him to the royal box during the interval.

"That's not you, Mr. Ainley?" said Queen Mary, indicating Mr. Ainley's girth as the confectioner.

"Your Majesty," said the quick-witted actor, "I am a true subject with a false stomach!"