

MRS. RALPH SMITH HAD STAGE FEVER

As a Girl in England She
Wanted to Act Professionally,
But Parents Refused.

MARRIED IN OLD LAND

Woman Speaker Came to Van-
couver Because Her Hus-
band's Health Was Poor.

By E. E. REESOR.

MRS. MARY ELLEN RALPH SMITH, who has been the pointed speaker of the House of Parliament of British Columbia, Canada, was first elected a member (Independent) during the fall of 1917, and took her seat in the Legislative Chamber in January, 1918. After dissolution of Parliament in October, 1920, she was re-elected senior member for the city of Vancouver (Liberal) on December 1st, 1920, heading the polls by an overwhelming majority in the city of Vancouver and commanding more votes than were ever before polled in her constituency.

And during less than three years, legislation has been enacted in the British Columbia Parliament, through the wisdom, common sense and fairness of Mrs. Smith's judgment, that has completely metamorphosed the legal standing of women and minors in British Columbia.

How came Mrs. Smith by such power?

If you ask her she quickly turns the conversation from herself to you, and evinces as great an interest in your welfare as you do in hers. She is a splendid listener, never interrupts, never contradicts, never argues. But nods assent when you make a point, laughs gleefully at your jokes and gives you the impression that she is thoroughly enjoying your chat with her, all of which is of comfort and inspiration to the interviewer. She forgets herself when meeting others, and, at once, they are the people of interest.

Wanted to Go on the Stage

A LITTLE here and a little there, pieced together, have given me a glimpse of her growing up. Back in Old England, in the lovely county of Devon, the Spear family had lived for generations. Mary Ellen's parents lived near Exeter and there she was born. There were only two children in the family, herself and a younger brother, and what was right for one was right for the other. There was never a distinction made because of sex. The Spears were of Anglican Church membership, but what was good was good, no matter under what denominational name it was practiced, and no narrowing influences were about when Mary and her brother expressed their thoughts in their own ways, and no hard and fast rules of "Do's" and "Don'ts" hampered their self expression, example, rather than precept, was the unconscious rule of the Spear connection. Politics were always of interest, and the children might listen or not, as they pleased, if they ventured to question, their questions were answered. Tolerance was the keynote of discussion, and respect for opinion was given even to the little children.

At four years old little Mary made her first appearance in public. She sang from a platform at a concert. After that she was in everything that happened in her home country where talent was needed for entertainment and through her school days—first at one school and then at another, wherever knowledge was most happily imparted—she sang and acted and took part with others, loving the public part of her life so much that she "wanted to go on the stage." An opportunity came to her, during her early teens, when a singing and dramatic contest was held and she was allowed to take part. Judges came from London, from all big places to listen and to decide, and after it was over, Mary Ellen Spear was given the supreme joy of her life, when the judges approached and asked: "Would you like to go on the stage?" Would her parents consent? They would not. Obeying her mother's broad example in the family.

Grew Up With Vancouver

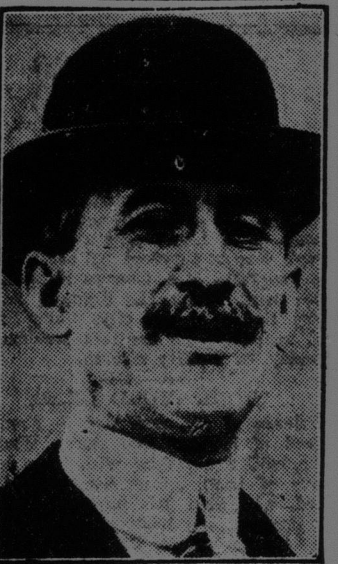
THEN came a young man into her life: Ralph Smith, a student, studying for the Methodist ministry. The man who to Mary was the only man. The ministry was all right, but Mary Ellen Spear was a Methodist minister's wife was not to be thought of. Ralph Smith made his choice. They were married, and with his business calling, Ralph Smith became a lay reader. His wife saw to it that he kept up the good work; she could do it if he couldn't—time words from "The Good Old Book" had always been a joy to her, she had been well grounded in the scriptures she made her own interpretations, and she loved them.

One day there came a great sickness to her husband. Physicians consulted and said he must go away from Northumberland where he was at home where his family had lived for ages. After weeks of preparation the decision was made known to the wife so that she might tell her husband. "Either the South of Italy or the Pacific slope of North America"—and Mary Ellen decided without hesitation—"To the Pacific slope—I have always dreamed of living out there."

The Canadian Pacific Railway had just crossed the continent to the Pacific coast. Vancouver was born and had been named—that was all. Ralph and Mary Ellen Smith grew up with the city of Vancouver. It was Ralph

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



"Father of the Aeroplane"

ORVILLE WRIGHT, who, with his brother, Wilbur, invented the first heavier-than-air flying machine, photographed in Cincinnati the other day. It is rumored that he is now at work on a device by means of which a plane will be able to arise and alight perpendicularly.

Smith, to whom honors came: his wife rejoiced in him, in them, and what life was to him it became to her. Ralph Smith entered politics in British Columbia. Together he and his wife studied the political history of the Province, gained knowledge of the resources, the geography, the roads—and, more than all perhaps, the conditions under which people lived.

First the British Columbia Parliament, then a member for Vancouver in the Dominion House at Ottawa, defeated upon the tariff question, but elected once more to the Provincial House of British Columbia, and honored with a portfolio as Minister of Finance under the career of Mr. Ralph Smith. He saw his family grow. Some of them married, and he days with grandchildren before his sudden call came. He passed on, a man admired and loved. And his wife, Mary Ellen, stepped into the vacancy he had left in the Legislature of British Columbia and carried on.

LIKE AN OLD MASTER

SIR WILLIAM ORPHEM told recently of one of the early attempts he made to get a commission for a portrait. This was when he was struggling for fame in Dublin, and the price he asked was £100. "Why," replied the prospective sitter, "you expect to be paid as much as if you had been dead for a couple of centuries."

He himself asked not to be named as the Hon. Robert Rogers. "Bob's a good name," he said. "Everybody speaks of me as Bob Rogers." If the career of Joe Chamberlain over again, why should I worry?

"I'm talking about popularity," he proceeded, "not about money. Though I guess there was more of me about Chamberlain than there is of Chamberlain about me. Chamberlain won elections maybe no way but to win them, and that's the main thing. He could make a turn. So can I—and everybody knows it."

"You know what John Morley said about Chamberlain?" "No, I never read highbrow stuff. What about it?"

"He said Chamberlain had a genius for friendship." "What did I tell you? Me over again. That's why I'm called Bob. Nobody ever called Borden Bob."

"I guess that's true," I remarked. "Perhaps you'd prefer to be called what Lady Borden calls him—'Bob'?"

"A good enough name," mused Bob. "though you needn't be at all like that. Have you been on the Manitoba Free Press? That villainous Grit. Daffoe, was always after me with things like that. And—"

"Calling you by the Premier's domestic name?" I broke in with lifted eyebrows. "Oh! come off and be friendly. Just show me a little genius for friendship and I'll show you some more. If you can't, I'm going to be very busy with this"—and he pointed to a sheet of telegrams on the table of the sitting room of his suite on the second floor of the King Edward.

"Didn't you ever hear I have a way with the press?" Bob continued. "A man who ran a newspaper came to me soon after I became Minister of the Interior. I knew he was coming, and also that he was quite free from his criticisms of governments. I wanted his goodwill for the party. You know George Duskard, my private secretary in Winnipeg and Ottawa don't you? Well, when this editor was in with me George happened to come in—happened with an article from a Canadian paper published in London. George read something out loud, that was good much like candid advice to our government. When he had finished I said 'Write him that we will cut off his advertisement.'"

"A short way with the candid friend," I said, "and such as these for friendship. Was this thing that happened lost on your editor's visitor?"

"Yes, sir; it was some time after that I offered—no, I'd better not tell you his name—but he was a Toronto man—I offered him five hundred dollars to write an article tearing this same fellow to pieces, for use all over the country. He

Lloyd George To Receive Freedom Of Birmingham, Where He Was Mobbed

During Boer War Present Premier Disguised Himself as Policeman to Escape Angry Crowd in City Which Now Honors Him.

By SYDNEY T. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY of Birmingham, England, thus Birmingham removes the reproach of twenty years.

I was a witness of the attempts at his destruction made on that fateful winter night in 1901, at the height of the Boer War, by a mob of 50,000 Birmingham people. In the process they wrecked their beautiful hall and were only dispersed by a baton charge of the police who had already suffered many casualties from flying missiles in the midst of the riotous and lawless mob. Many were seriously injured. At the urgent request of the chief of police Mr. Lloyd George was induced to don the uniform of a police officer and march out with a squad through the crowd.

Fortunately, he was not recognized, and so escaped.

Mr. Herbert D. Parry in his four-volume biography of the Premier has, however, recorded that the latter was only persuaded to accede to the request by the strong representations of the police chief by refusing to adopt such a course Mr. Lloyd George was seriously jeopardizing the safety of his friends and protectors.

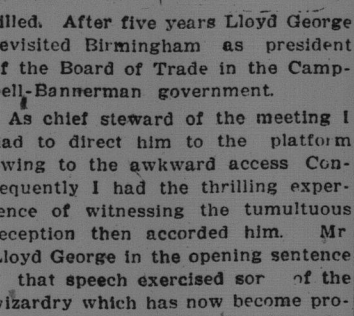
Shortly after the affair the late W. C. Cairns, M.P., met Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the lobby of the House of Commons and it was with Birmingham's failure to accomplish its design. "What's the matter with Birmingham?" he said. "The fact is, the Premier is not in the mood to be mobbed. He is a cabinet minister. He is a daring forecast in those strenuous days, but it was literally fulfilled. After five years Lloyd George visited Birmingham as president of the Board of Trade in the Campbell-Bannerman government.

As chief steward of the meeting I had to direct him to the platform owing to the awkward accident. Consequently I had the thrilling experience of witnessing the tumultuous reception then accorded him. Mr. Lloyd George in the opening sentence of his speech declared that the wizardry which has now become proverbial "When I took my ticket for Birmingham," he said, "the booking clerk at London asked me if I would like to insure." The laughter that followed put speaker and audience at ease and even on friendly terms.

At the banquet which followed the meeting Mr. Lloyd George remarked that for years he had been conscious of something in the back of his mind and when he tried to recollect he realized that it was "that Birmingham meeting."

The roll of Birmingham's freedom is a Gascon, and is the son of a tinsmith. His political career has been varied and but a short year ago, while chairman of the French committee on foreign affairs, he delivered a bitter speech attacking the British government and Premier Lloyd George. The attack was so violent that the then Milnerian cabinet promptly disavowed the opinions and statements which it contained.

Yet only four years ago I sat in my office on Fifth Avenue and used every persuasion in my power to prevent a young aviator trying to fly across the Rockies. It was, under the atmospheric conditions and winds among the peaks created pockets of air, into which the aviator might "jump" or fall; a dead engine among peaks meant certain death for the fogs were thick as wool at cloud line. Hadn't I been



Louis Barthou

RECENTLY appointed minister of war of the new French cabinet, in Paris, Minister Barthou is a Gascon, and is the son of a tinsmith. His political career has been varied and but a short year ago, while chairman of the French committee on foreign affairs, he delivered a bitter speech attacking the British government and Premier Lloyd George. The attack was so violent that the then Milnerian cabinet promptly disavowed the opinions and statements which it contained.

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Agnes Laut, Canadian Woman Writer,

Tells of Flying Over the Rockies

From Her Experience as a Mountain Climber She Had Formerly Urged an Aviator Not to Try the Impossible.

By AGNES LAUT.

FIRST, I wish to disclaim that in coming out over the mountains of one of our farthest north rivers I did anything extraordinary. I did not come out by airplane because I wanted to or had so planned, but because I had to. I was pressed for time to fulfill engagements. The motor-canoes which I had engaged to come down eight hundred miles of the great sweeping curve in the river across the divide had gone wrong far upstream beyond the reach of telegram or mail, and the fur trade steamer which was to bring me out the next one thousand miles struck a snarl in low water and sat down for the winter with her hull in the mud to await the heave of spring floods.

Then the schedule of the railroad which cuts across the half of the Peace River was changed at the last moment; and the result was a choice between the indefinite delay waiting across the Rockies, or a flight over the mountains. I have climbed mountains all my life. I know.

That was four years ago and here I was doing exactly what I had said could not be done—doing it because I had to not because I wanted to and when I came down from thirty-five hundred to twenty-five hundred feet above the clouds lying in white horde between the high shores of Peace River, with my ears humming from the roar of the propeller making fourteen hundred revolutions a minute and the throbb of a sixty-horse-power engine making a distance of one hundred and sixty-five miles in one and a half hours, my first words were: "Safe as a railway car!" "Easier than a motor ride!" The only way to do this north country of immense distances and mountain grades!—Green Book.

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By AGNES LAUT.

FIRST, I wish to disclaim that in coming out over the mountains of one of our farthest north rivers I did anything extraordinary. I did not come out by airplane because I wanted to or had so planned, but because I had to. I was pressed for time to fulfill engagements. The motor-canoes which I had engaged to come down eight hundred miles of the great sweeping curve in the river across the divide had gone wrong far upstream beyond the reach of telegram or mail, and the fur trade steamer which was to bring me out the next one thousand miles struck a snarl in low water and sat down for the winter with her hull in the mud to await the heave of spring floods.

Then the schedule of the railroad which cuts across the half of the Peace River was changed at the last moment; and the result was a choice between the indefinite delay waiting across the Rockies, or a flight over the mountains. I have climbed mountains all my life. I know.

That was four years ago and here I was doing exactly what I had said could not be done—doing it because I had to not because I wanted to and when I came down from thirty-five hundred to twenty-five hundred feet above the clouds lying in white horde between the high shores of Peace River, with my ears humming from the roar of the propeller making fourteen hundred revolutions a minute and the throbb of a sixty-horse-power engine making a distance of one hundred and sixty-five miles in one and a half hours, my first words were: "Safe as a railway car!" "Easier than a motor ride!" The only way to do this north country of immense distances and mountain grades!—Green Book.

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