

SIDELIGHTS ON PEOPLE NOW IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Don't Worry About the Sun—Napoleon
the Inventor of Billiards—
Salaries for Wives

Those of us who have been worried by the fact that the sun is some day due to run out of heat, light and power—and who are not, Arthur J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, belongs distinctly to the latter group. During the coal crisis he was easily the target of the most bitter attacks.

Scientists' predictions that in a few million years or more the great blazing ball in the heavens will be as dark as an Ethiopian in a coal-bin at dusk cause a universal feeling of uneasiness, and were it possible, many would not doubt take out insurance against such a catastrophe.

Mr. Nordmann, however, is very reassuring. He admits to begin with that our sun will no doubt play out after some millions of years have passed, and regretfully decides that there is very little we can do about it. His later revelations indicate that we won't need to evolve any system for lengthening its life.

After wading through a mass of highly involved and thoroughly technical matter, Mr. Nordmann's assertions seem to boil down to the theory that the energy which is constantly radiating in all directions will eventually bring about the rebuilding of another celestial body to replace the one that has worn away, and that, in the matter of suns, the world may pass eternally through the same phases and, like the phoenix, arise again and again from its ashes.

LIKE the crocuses in springtime, the first snowflakes in the fall and new hats at Easter, the question of paying the wives of the country regular salaries bobs into prominence periodically.

This time, the prominent talker who has resurrected it is W. A. Johnson, president of the laundry owners' national association.

Quoth Mr. Johnson: "Weekly payroll of the 22,000,000 wives and home managers would be \$330,000,000 at \$15 a week each. Wives would be paid \$17,000,000,000 a year for their services if they were put on salary."

Setting the weekly stipend at \$15, Mr. Johnson offers his total figures as a staggering sum. But, under the present system, the chances are that the sum the wives of the continent collect each week from the husbands whom and whose homes they manage, is easily twice as stupendous.

Now that Mr. Johnson has finished these calculations, he might figure what the gentlemen employed in every branch of every trade, profession and occupation would receive each week, were each man to be paid exactly what he thought himself to be worth.

If you want to present a set of figures that are truly staggering, Mr. Johnson, here's your chance.

OF late Napoleon has been slipping. He does not to-day stand out as heroically and majestically in the average mind as he formerly did. Even among lunatics it is no longer as



To many a solid and respectable citizen, this photo will bring back thrilling memories. Dr. Richard Yanner, now a thorough-going physician, has revealed the fact that he is the original Diamond Dick who figured in the dime novel adventures of a generation ago.

fashionable to imagine yourself Napoleon as it once was.

Consequently friends of the well-known Corsican are doing their level best to boost his reputation in other ways. Paris guides are among the sincere admirers who are laboring in his behalf.

A few days ago, when a tourist was being shown over the late warrior's home in Malmaison, his curiosity was aroused by two white knobs which showed plainly in a painting of the first emperor as decorations on the imperial chair of state.

"Napoleon," said the cicerone with an ultra-ultra display of pomposity, "was not merely a great soldier and a great statesman. He was also a great inventor. Those round white knobs commemorate the fact that Napoleon invented billiards."

ONE hundred and sixty thousand campfire girls are about to indulge in a crusade. Its aim is to eliminate the word "flapper" as odious and unfair and substitute instead the term "modern." Colleen Moore is to lead them in this great drive.

It is still too early to register a definite opinion on the matter, but it is certainly possible to give a verdict which is partially in their favor. Colleen Moore has shown that she for one should certainly not be listed as a flapper but as a movie star with a keen eye on her own publicity interests.

CHIROPRACTORS of the dominion and all other countries, principalities and incidental communities are now confronted with the opportunity of a couple of lifetimes.

The celebrated Sphinx of Giza, now believed to be between 5,000 and 6,000 years old, is having trouble with her—or his—back.

As a matter of fact, it's cracking.

A PAGE FOR BY and ABOUT PEOPLE

Tex Rickard Chooses Youthful Canadian Who Used to Carry His Skates to Bed

Billy Burch Becomes Captain of
the New York Hockey
Team—A Player Who De-
termined to Make Himself
Level-Headed—And Did It

TEX RICKARD, as keen a gentleman as ever made sport a business instead of a pastime, has committed himself to the spending of large sums of money to popularize the Canadian game of hockey in the large metropolis of New York.

Mr. Rickard is rarely casual in the matter of spending large lumps of money. When he sends it out, he usually expects it to return again with plenty of interest.

It seems safe to assert, therefore, that Mr. Rickard expects hockey games to be highly popular and quite important affairs.

With this theory in mind, it is interesting to note that this same Mr. Rickard, his agents, legal representatives, servants or scouts have picked a young Canadian, of short professional experience and only 25 years old, to captain the ice heroes who are to dazzle the sophisticates of Gotham and bring them to their feet in cheering multitudes at stated dates this coming winter.

Billy Burch, last year playing with the Hamilton, Ontario, pro. team, is the young gentleman under discussion.

Naturally, he is a good hockey player. He commenced at the mature age of four and has continued, weather permitting, ever since. Had there been any eagle-eyed gentleman, interested in the game on hand, when Mr. Burch commenced his preliminary cantering about slippery surfaces 21 years ago, they might possibly have foreseen what has now taken place—to some extent at least.

For young Mr. Burch—or Billy as he was then called and still is for that matter—was not satisfied with the training hours allotted to him on the backyard rink by his mother. He skated vigorously from the back steps to the back fence and back again and performed various juvenile antics in between but was not content to leave it at that.

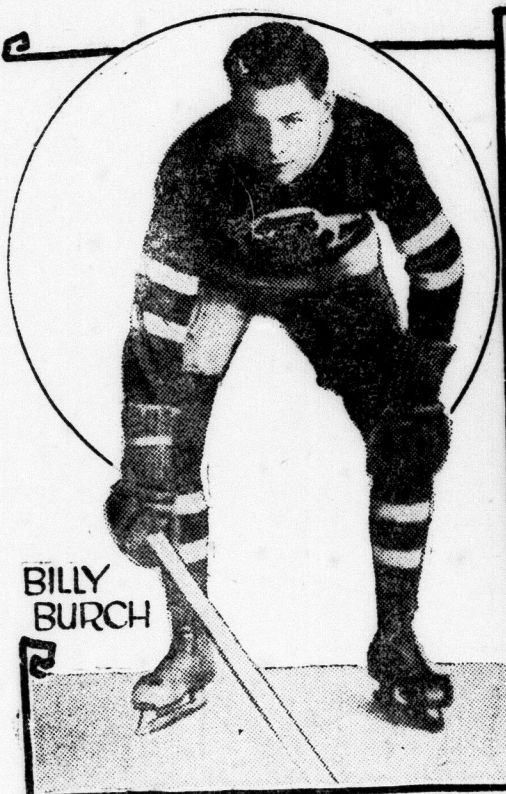
When the time came to go into the house and go to bed, he obeyed without discussion. He only made one qualification. He took the skates with him. He did this so often that taking skates to bed became a sort of tradition. Confronted with this evidence, one would not have needed the abilities of a Lou Marsh to state confidently two decades ago that the boy would probably grow up and be an excellent hockey player.

The more or less technical aspects of the case can be dismissed by simply stating that he has played hockey in Toronto on a host of teams, has been a professional player for two years and last year, as star centre of the league-leading Hamilton club, was awarded, by a jury of ten, the Hart Trophy as the league's most valuable performer.

He Criticised Himself
CONTRASTED with this is the fact that shortly before his entrance into the ranks of the pros, Billy Burch was a hot-headed young player and generally rated as such. His impetuosity led him into numerous mix-ups, many of which resulted in penalties. On many occasions he took short vacations at the urgent request of the officials and sat at the side of the ice for a few minutes.

Then he seems to have realized exactly what he had been doing. Without reading such inspirational volumes as "The Power of Will" or submitting himself to the nearest professor for psycho-analysis, he proceeded to take himself in hand. He criticized his own actions as severely as any dramatic critic with indignation ever penned a poor production.

He got results, one of them being the Hart Trophy and another the reputation he now has as perhaps the cleanest player in Canadian pro. hockey. Last year, Fred Hoey of Boston who



BILLY BURCH

is considered the peer of United States experts in hockey matters picked the young Canadian as centre for the all-star team which he trotted out on paper at the conclusion of the season.

The little affair of checking his own hot-headedness labels Billy Burch as a person of considerable intelligence and common-sense and must have been one of the deciding factors in Tex Rickard's choice. For if there is one thing above all others necessary for the captain of a hockey team which is to play on the edge of the bright lights of Broadway, it is a head that is level without being solid.

Billy Burch's stand—as one of the cleanest, most conscientious and hard-working of hockeyists throws an interesting and highly favorable sidelight on the whole question of hockey as a business.

When he finally attained it there was a noticeable change in his opponents' attitude towards him on the ice. Were conditions in professional sport what the wise croakers claim, it would be reasonable to suppose that members of other teams, knowing his decision for coolness

Sir Henry Had Chance To Win On the Horses

Thorndale and Thorndyke Might Have
Been Considered Hunches by a
Steady Follower

SIR HENRY THORNTON does not believe in hunches. If the president of the Canadian National Railways did believe in hunches he might have enjoyed the pleasure of standing behind the pay wicket in the mutual buildings at least twice on the closing day of a Toronto meet.

Horse lovers and the social four hundred swarmed the members' lawn on get-away day. They also swarmed the bull-ring where sad-eyed gentlemen hand out gaily decorated cardboard slips that represent bets on certain horses. George Beardmore, Master of the fox hounds, himself the owner of a stable of show horses, looked over the program with Sir Henry. They discussed the merits of the horses.

"If I were you Sir Henry, and if I were a betting man, I should take a hunch chance on the entries of Mr. McCreery—Thorndale and Thorndyke."

Sir Henry smiled. He did not bet either Thorndale or Thorndyke. Perhaps he didn't bet any horse but if he did he would have received more than five dollars for every one he bet.

A Man is Only as Old as He Feels But the Women--What About Them?

WHEN is a woman an old woman—or at least when is she not a young woman? This question must be answered by Ontario's only woman police magistrate, who daily, except Wednesday and Sunday, presides over the women's court of Toronto.

Magistrates are almost hourly called upon to make decisions touching practically every subject in the world, but this is the first time on record any judicial authority has been set the task of establishing when a young woman ceases to be a young woman. Is she still young at forty? At fifty? Or has the horizon of modern times extended to such an extent that she is still youthfully looking forward at sixty?

It all happened this way:

Dr. Patterson is interested in morals both personally and professionally. That is one of the reasons why she is a doctor and why she is a police magistrate. She has been on the bench since January, 1922, but for eight years before that the doctor was—and still is—convenor of the standing committee of equal moral standards of the National Council of Women.

Despite the fact that she is one of the busiest women in Ontario the magistrate never misses any meetings.

The president, Mrs. J. Wesley Bundy, is greatly interested in young women, many of whom are members of the sixty affiliated societies connected with her council and regularly attend its meetings. These, however, are frequently in the minority because they find it difficult to attend in the afternoons, many of them being business girls.

What was to be done? Twice Mrs. Bundy

suggested the formation of a "Young Women's Local Council of Women of Toronto."

Her suggestion was not heartily received. There was little discussion amongst the members. Instead a rather uneasy shifting in the seats was observed until the matter was conveniently "laid over" and other business taken up. At the last monthly meeting Mrs. Bundy again came forward with her plan for a young women's council—and then the secret came out.

Dr. Patterson rose to her feet. "Madame president, could you tell the members present just who would be eligible for membership in this proposed young women's council, and who would meet with we old ladies to be out alone at night to attend a meeting? Are we to appoint a committee on age, take evidence and affidavits and separate the old from the young?"

There was silence for a long moment. A few laughed. The chairlady sought an inspiration from her audience. There was no inspiration. The chairlady sat down. Dr. Patterson sat down. Nobody spoke. The chairlady said something to the secretary, who was eagerly waiting a chance to write something in her minute book. No one else heard what was said. Then Mrs. Bundy rose to her feet again, and, smiling quite happily, turned to the magistrate: "As one who disposes of many, many problems, doctor, you are appointed a committee of one to decide just when a woman is no longer a young woman. We will await your report with interest."

It is not expected there will be any report. Neither is it expected there will be any separate young women's council. Women have not yet come to the point of voluntarily admitting themselves other than young.

Heirs Were Reunited By Newspaper Story

Article Published Here Draws Together
Relatives Long Missing—May
Affect Asquith's Title

A STORY published on this page has served to reunite members of a family long separated—and may be the means of bringing about the division of the estate of the Earls of Oxford. This is not the Asquith family, even though he has taken the title of Earl of Oxford and Asquith, as it relates to the Earldom of Oxford, suspended in recent years through lack of a male heir, and to the estate of the Harley and Mortimer families.

The story told of the efforts of a Captain Samuel Lawrence to establish his claim to the title and estates of the Earls of Oxford. It furnished to Charles Brown, gardener, 29 Wade avenue, Brantford, Ontario, a clue to missing members of the family, and led eventually to a uniting of several branches, long lost. It may lead ultimately to other uniting—that of the heirs to the fortune itself.

So far as the present heirs are concerned, the history of the family begins with Hon. Sarah, of the Harley and Mortimer family. She was a twin daughter of the fifth Earl of Oxford. She married Samuel Lawrence, of Titley, Herefordshire, who was overseer of the estates owned by her father. The marriage aroused great enmity in the family of the earl, and finally resulted in a general disruption. The grandfather of the local claimant and his uncle, Richard, eldest son of the Hon. Sarah, met with violent deaths, and when the second son, William, died at Leoninster, his descendants left for Central Argentina. The all trace of them was lost. The third son, Benjamin, died at Deptford, England, in 1913.

Mr. Brown's grandmother was the eldest child of the marriage which had such ill results within the family. She spent a great sum of money trying to locate the children of her brother, William, but without avail.

The newspaper story telling of the efforts of Capt. William Lawrence, of Salmon Arm, B.C., to justify his claim to the Oxford title, led Mr. Brown to look up the family affairs, since he had been told often of the lost family of William in the Argentine. As a result of his researches, he discovered a cousin in Mrs. L. Julien, Macross, near Ericsdale, Manitoba. Her brother, Samuel Lawrence, like herself, had been brought up in the Argentine, but came to Canada. That Samuel was father of Capt. Samuel Lawrence, now claimant to the Oxford title and estates.

The reunited heirs are now awaiting the return of Capt. Samuel Lawrence, at present prospecting in the Dease Lake goldfield discovery in British Columbia. Joint action is then expected to follow.

Hon. H. H. Asquith, the new Earl of Oxford and Asquith, would be none too secure in his possession of the new designation if the claims of Capt. Lawrence and the other heirs of the older, but now suspended, title are upheld. But the Chancery Court and the legal committee of the House of Lords move slowly, and it may be some time before any action is put before them.

Pick Canadian Artist To Honor Famous Poet

Robert Johnston Paints Mural of Walt
Whitman for Citizens of Camden, N.J.

YEARS ago citizens of Camden, N.J., were not so proud of their fellow townsman, Walt Whitman, the poet—a good many of them were not, at any rate.

But to-day he has assumed somewhat the position of a patron saint, and casting about for some way to do him honor a group of capitalists erected a magnificent hotel to his memory in his native town. They have combined in expert manner a tribute to a poet and a temple dedicated to the commercial traveler, a feat which would scarcely be possible outside the United States.

In erecting the hostelry, however, those responsible did decide to offer some thoroughly uncommercial token of their esteem. It was to take the form of a painting, and the Philadelphia Art Association was requested to search this continent and discover the artist best fitted to undertake the task.

The Philadelphia esthetes broadcast a request for sketches. The finished canvas was to be a mural, depicting the poet in an allegorical setting. Fifty-two painters from all parts of the United States and Canada contributed their ideas and the Philadelphians examined all carefully.

Then they announced it as their unanimous decision that Robert E. Johnston, an illustrator working in oils, should be entrusted with the work.

Since that date, there have appeared in print a wide variety of biographical sketches, interviews with the artist and summaries of his past achievements. These omitted one fact from their survey of the painter's past. They fail to state that Robert E. Johnston is a Canadian.

His early work was done in Toronto study clubs and art societies. He earned his living by doing commercial art with a number of Canadian concerns, and other artists who knew him and had studied with him considered him a thorough craftsman and a painter who had painstakingly built a solid foundation on which to base his future work.

Some time ago he was asked to leave Canada and go to Chicago. The offer made was better than tempting, and he set out for the city of winds and water. At the border customs officials began asking questions which he, as a good and respectable Canadian, felt were unnecessary.

"I don't want to go to your country anyway," was his comment and only answer as he turned round and caught the next train back to Toronto.

USELESS QUALIFICATION

THE French Foreign Minister, M. Briand, tells an excellent story of how a friend with a vitriolic wit scored over a political opponent.

The opponent was criticizing in the Chamber of Deputies a bill brought in by Briand's friend. "When," he declared, "I first read the text of the ridiculous and impossible measure I thought I was becoming mad."

"Becoming" interjected the wit. "Becoming, indeed! How fond the honorable member is of adding unnecessary words."

Dying Pastor Inspired By Sunset on the Hills

Vicar Wrote Immortal Hymn After
Preaching Last Sermon to
His Parishioners

A LETTER which recently appeared in the London Times, tucked away amid a mass of correspondence from readers, reveals the inspiration of one of the best-known hymns ever written. The letter came from a grandson of Rev. Henry Francis Lytle, author of "Abide With Me."

Rev. Mr. Lytle was devoting the last years of his life to a colony of humble fishermen on the shores of Torbay. His work was undermining his health, but he refused to cease. Finally he broke down completely. His doctor told him he was dying of consumption and that he must go abroad at once.

As he was walking home after preaching his farewell sermon, the dying pastor prayed for power to bequeath a message to posterity—some message of consolation that would live forever.

It was almost night and, as it happened, one of those evenings when the Torbay sunset was little short of glorious. The sun was sinking in a blaze of color behind the purple hills of Dartmoor, which stood out darkly in the foreground.

The poet-pastor stopped to look at the scene and the dying day reminded him insistently of the coming close of his own life. He returned to his study and there and then wrote the hymn.

VIOLETS ARE FOR LUCK

MR. ALFRED NOYES, the poet, who has just reached the halfway mark between forty and fifty, published his first book of verse when he was just out of his teens. Its appearance made him vow that he would earn a living by writing poetry—an astonishingly bold resolve!

He has one charming superstition, by the way; he likes, when lecturing, to have his wife in the audience, wearing a bunch of violets for luck.

PERIL OF POPULARITY

"POPULARITY has its drawbacks," remarked Mary Pickford recently. "Many a popular actress is a butt for the envious, as was the case with Gladys."

"Gladys was the prettiest girl in the village. She was also modest, generous and lovable. Yet the other village girls shunned her."

"Why is Gladys disliked so?" asked a newcomer to the place of a lady friend.

"Why, haven't you heard?" was the reply. "Gladys got more votes at the bazaar than anyone else, for being the most popular girl in the village."

JUDGED BY COLLAR ADS. HIS FACE ISN'T STRONG

But A. J. Cooke Has Other Assets—A
First-Hand Sketch of British
Miners' Leader

By MAURICE SPECTOR

THESE are Labor leaders like "Jimmy" Thomas who are popular with the property classes and there are those who are not. Arthur J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, belongs distinctly to the latter group. During the coal crisis he was easily the target of the most bitter attacks.

To be secretary of the miners is to occupy a strategic position in the trade union movement for better or for worse. Mining is a key industry. Frank Hodges and Bob Smillie, men who have been leaders of the miners' union in the past, were Socialists, too, and might have seemed fearful "Reds" to the leaders of the American Federation of Labor. But in England they are learning to distinguish shades of Socialism. There is a Socialism which believes in class co-operation. Cook not only believes that there is a class struggle, but holds that it is the motive power of social progress. "Bolshevism," he said to me, "is simply Socialism with its overalls on."

The miners' headquarters are in quiet Russell square, which is part of the middle class Bloomsbury boarding house district known to all tourists who come to London. I was shown up to Cook by his private secretary, Nancy Adams, little Scotch beauty, and was introduced to a man who totally belies the appellation of "emperor" which writers have been trying to fix on him. His face is not strong by collar ad. or Dana Gibson standards. He is slight of build, fair haired and shy looking. But as he talks his voice becomes resonant and his features resolute yet mobile.

It was just after the coal settlement, and naturally we got on the subject of the issues involved. He was firmly convinced that the struggle had been postponed only and that a clash next spring was inevitable. Both sides were busy preparing. He laughed as he told me that he had been invited to see the King during the crisis. "I refused to follow in the footsteps of—Mr. Frank Hodges."

We drifted to the subject of his own development. I remarked that there was an impression abroad that his selection to the post he now filled had been something of a fluke. As a matter of fact, he replied, I was chosen from among eight candidates by the biggest vote in the history of the union. I entered the pits when I was fifteen and have been a left winger ever since. The men elected me to the national executive while I was still a collier.

He is proud of his record of militancy. Among not the least of his honors, he counts two terms of imprisonment. "During the war," he said quietly, "I served six months for industrial activities that were declared to be violating D.O.R.A. (Defense of the Realm Act). The next time I was put in the clink was during the coal



His rise has been one of the most meteoric in the history of the British Labor movement. A. J. Cook, secretary of the miners, a leader but not an "emperor."

struggle that ended up in the "Black Friday" of 1921. I was charged with "incitement to mutiny," or, as I prefer to put it, for pulling out the strike breakers. It is a strange thing that I was the only member of the executive of that time to fall foul of the powers."

As a national figure, Cook has emerged only since the period of the Labor government, which was about the time the British trade union movement began to turn to the left. At first the tendency of the mine owners and the press was to belittle his ability both as a leader and negotiator. But after his uncompromising stand last July his opponents had to change their tone towards him.

His success added him no little in winning the more active co-operation of the older men on the miners' executive, which is sometimes called the miners' "house of lords." He frankly told me, however, that his real influence lay not with this executive but with the rank and file. Realizing this, Cook is continually on the go, visiting now this district, now the other, carrying his message to the men personally, and then facing his executive with the force of this support from below.

Generally, Cook speaks very soberly. But he can be trenchant. Somebody phoned in to tell him of the speech Ramsay MacDonald had just made at Dunmow, criticizing the settlement as a victory for bolshevism. Cook's comment on the speech and Mr. MacDonald were salted with (to say the least) fairly racy and scorching epithets. The Welsh are considered emotional. Cook is a Welshman and is certainly capable of strong feeling. He feels the strain of the struggle, but he has held up remarkably well, despite the limelight of publicity he is in, with the temptations to make "breaks" it holds out.