AS anyone ever heard of Byng Murray of Whithorn, Scotland? Mr. Murray, by his own confession, is one of the world's champion all-round benefactors, and, what is more, despite the fact that he accomplished miracles during the recent great war is now suffering the pinch of poverty. Mr. Murray, in short, wants money, and if anyone cares to send him five dollars he will return the courtesy by tending an autographed photograph.

In the lengthy document which he himself penned and mailed to this continent, Mr. Murray lists a few of the outstanding achievements which he has to his credit.

The Dominion of Canada seems to owe Mr. Murray a particularly heartfelt vote of gratitude, for he admits that it was by his unaided efforts that the kaiser was prevented from annexing this country.

He is also the inventor of the gas mask, a discovery for which he received no money. In addition, he foretold the failure of the Gallipoli operations and provided Great Britain with thips when German U-boats threatened to starve her out. This same Mr. Murray whispered to Mr. Lloyd George the plan which resulted in a speedy ending of hostilities and also restored Alsace-Lorraine to France.

The starving genius, immediately on discovering that he was soon to be in the starvation category, applied to King George for immediate financial assistance. Doubtless the king was sympathetic, but unfortunately he found it impossible to come to his aid.

Hence the touching appeal headed "Your Presents Are Requested" which has now drifted to this side of the continent.

* * *

R ECENT bulletins from Washington announce that President Coolidge of the nearby United States is openly and brazenly defying convention. At a late date in September he was still wearing a straw hat.

THIS may or may not have any connection with the fact that America's leader is suffering from hay fever, but it is a safe bet



Here they are, the principals in Saskatoon's comedy of errors. Gerald and Arthur Nicholson, brothers and both school teachers, have swapped classes without any of their pupils being any the wiser, an now when their respective school principals meet either on the street they ask, "Is this our Mr. Nicholson or the duplicate?" otographer who took their photo has now forgotten which is which.

that he will never again be able to gaze at those election photos of his taken in the hayfields without a pang of severe anguish.

* * *

I ENRY FORD was always an original sort of person. Other prominent personages in due course of time were publicly honored by having cigars named after them. But not Henry Ford. Even though the idea of a Henry Ford cigar, coupled with the advertising slogan, "Watch My Smoke," has possibilities, it does not seem to have been done.

The motor magnate breaks out with a new and interesting form of fame. He becomes a movie hero-not an actor portraying a heroic role, but the legendary hero whose exploits the actor presents.

It is in Germany that this phenomenon has occurred. Thinly disguised as Henry Flips, a character who might be described as a Ford model stalks dramatically through seven reels, the personification of the good spirit in modern industry, bringing blessings to mankind with

his inventions. As is usual, he has a villain to foil. This is no other than our old friend and college playmate, the discoverer of the death ray, also thinly disguised under an alias. With his devilish machine, the latter is going about the destruction of the whole human race in a business-

Ford leads in every round and conquers at the proper and psychological moment.

The drama is entitled "Curve to the Left, a Drama of Mechanism," and its author is a Hamburg journalist, Alfred Palitzsch, * * *

facing a court-martial because of the grave ous suite of rooms at the Carlton Hotel, London. charges he made following the wreck of the

Shenandoah, is to be greatly congratulated. who, after making a series of statements which, when published in the daily papers, seemed destined to cause trouble for the man who made them, has not hinted that he was misquoted by some newspaper reporter.

AGE ABOUT PEOPLE Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME

LEIEUSSZUIEUSZESSZES WILLIHIMIZ-ZISTEIZZII HURRIZZISSTEIZZII of Folsom, California, in adition to bearing one of the longest names on record, has been listed as an undesirable alien by U.S. authorities. W. W. Husband, assistant secretary of Labor, signed an order for his deportation on the ground that the Siamese-for that's what he is-had been convicted of arson and was, therefore, ineligible to remain in that country. Friends of the man had waged a long fight in his behalf.

Took Clerical Collar As Sign of a Drinker

Ralph Connor Found a New Friend-Then Found It Impossible to Lose Him

N the bad old days when it was perfectly all right to take it or leave it alone, hotel lobbies were pervaded by a spirit which has now disappeared. An enthusiastic drinker with a few whiskies inside his belt felt at peace with the world and a brother to all mankind. If he felt like engaging some stranger in conversation he did not seek an introduction; he simply said "Hello, Bill!" and proceeded to unburden his soul.

Rev. Charles W. Gordon, who is more famous under his pen name of Ralph Connor, was the victim of one of these bubbling individuals in a Winnipeg hotel many years ago. The clergyman, wearing what the profane flippantly describe as a 'dog collar', was in the lobby waiting for a friend when a bibulous farmer picked on him for a bosom friend.

"Well, well! Hello, Bill!" boomed the farmer, carefully depositing himself in a vacant

"Good morning," answered Dr. Gordon, in a manner intended to depress atmospheric conditions by several degrees.

"Fine hotel, this," confided the genial stranger. "Fine fellows staying here. Fine fellows running this place. Stay here, Bill?"

The minister shook his head in silence. "Dunno what you're missing, then. Should move over, Bill," came the advice. "Fine bartenders here. Get a drink any time, day or night. Get a drink right now just to prove it.

Let's make a dash for the bar.' "I never drink," protested Dr. Gordon. The other looked at him in amazement for a

moment, then: "Say, Bill, that's the best joke I've heard since I came to Winnipeg. Never drink! Why, everybody in the lobby is staring at us. They can tell you've been drinking."

"How can they tell?" asked the startled The farmer leaned forward and hoarsely

"Bill, you've been and gone and put on your collar backwards!"

MONEY FROM DUSTBINS

TN London dustbins it is not only rubbish that is always found, for silver spoons are among the things most commonly thrown away by mistake. Rings and purses occasionally come to light, and even a case of jewelry has been reported as part of the contents of a bin.

A good deal of what is found is, of course, simply rubbish. But a much larger proportion is put to good use.

The majority of the London borough engineering departments are provided with apparatus for crushing refuse into small particles, in which state it is used by farmers as manure; and one borough is at present engaged on a scheme for mixing rubbish with coke for the manufacture of coal briquettes.

Such methods of economy are, however, practised more scientifically in the provinces than in London. In Birmingham, for example, old tins are collected, tied together in bundles and melted down into tin sheeting.

One of the most efficient refuse disposal depots in the country is in Leicester. There the streets are literally paved with rubbish, for the clinkers found in dustbins are separated from the rubbish, put through a crushing process, and made into paving-stones.

OYSTER TICKLING

LIKE most other good things of the table, the oyster has engaged the attention of the

Some years ago a campaign was started in Alabama to save the oyster from the excruciating pain of being eaten alive, and a bill was drafted making it a criminal offense to swallow an oyster until it had been humanely

slaughtered. The promoter of the measure made an eloquent speech on the nervous system and delicate felings of oysters, but failed to get his bill made

Dr. Kitchiner, of "Cook's Oracle" fame, had no such scruples, yet begged true oyster lovers so to treat "the little favorite" that it should "hardly be conscious of being ejected from his lodging until he feels the teeth of the gourmet tickling him to death."

BACK TO HIS OLD HOME

FORTY or more years ago the present U.S. secretary of labor was a ragged pit-boy in the mines at Tredegar, Wales. He is Mr. James J. Davis, who has been paying his home country a long-projected visit.

"It was a wonderful experience to look C OLONEL MITCHELL of the United States around the place where I was a poverty-stricken lad," Mr. Davis said, as he talked in his luxuriaround the place where I was a poverty-stricken "I spoke to some of the folk I knew then. It took me back years and years! From what I've He seems to be one of the few public men seen during my stay here," Mr. Davis added, "there's no reason why any poor boy of to-day shouldn't get on as far as I have, and even farther. And that whout going to America! It is my belief that there are as many opportunities in the old country to-day as ever there were."

It is Dedicated to Slim Waistlines



Expert newspapermen recently discovered that movie concerns in their latest contracts with stars and near-luminaries have stipulated that avoirdupois must be kept within bounds and fatness means unemployment. Douglas Fairbanks is evidently taking advantage of this and widening his interests. Following his recent appoint ment as a bank director, he has opened this "Basilica Linea Abdominalis," in other words, "The Temple of the Lean Abdomen." Assisting him are Col. Plimpton, of the British army, who is 6 feet 4 inches nearer the skies than a snake; Mary and Edith Taliaferro.

His Face Was White But His Heart Black

Admirer Paid to Pastor Jones

ILL ROGERS has been becoming more and more famous at a dizzy rate of speed. The last time he was a passing visitor to parts of the Dominion of Canada he tstanding comedian-simply that and

nothing more. Now he is a philosopher, friend of princes and presidents, author, the man who gets more for writing tobacco ads. than Lloyd George got for writing political articles, the author of a best seller, a syndicate writer and the great drawing card of Mr. Ziegfeld's well-known Follies. Not satisfied with all this, he has, as countless newspapers have already informed millions of readers, become a lecturer.

Rogers recently offered the following anecdote as the worst story he had heard in the past 24 hours and as it deals with lecturing he has been repeating it steadily ever since.

Sam Jones was preaching or lecturing, whichever you care to call it and when he had finished an aged colored lady stepped up to the rostrum and clasped his hand.

"Brudder Jones," she said, "you sho is a fine preacher. Yes, sir. You is des' everybody's preacher. You de white folks' preacher and de niggers' preacher and everybody's preacher. Brudder Jones, your skin is white but thank Hebben, your heart is des as black as any nigger's.'

ALAS, THE POOR PIPE!

AMONG smokers, we understand, the pipe becomes less in demand each succeeding year in favor of the cigaret. Thus masculine as well as feminine fashions seems resolved on the extinction of the hairpin.

prophets.

Sent Him to the Kind Of a Doctor He Needed

Will Rogers Tells of the Word-Tribute an But His Complaint Was Perhaps Incurable-Got Excellent Treatment for His Peculiar Trouble

R. F. N. G. STARR, professor of clinical surgery at Toronto University a rule never to ask a patient what he complains of, on the theory that the patient will at once reply: "Why, doctor, that's what I came to preceded him. have you find out!" He made the rule as a result of long 'xperience in his younger days and adopted "How does your trouble affect you?" as his preliminary query. And in connection therewith he tells this story:

On only one occasion when I asked this question of a farmer, who wore his cowhide coat, cap and a muffler into my office so that only a chink permitted me to see his eyes did I get a rebuff. He replied: "I ain't goin' to tell you a derned thing." I said: "You have come to the wrong man. You should see a specialist," and I gave him the name and address of a wellknown veterinary surgeon. In about an hour he was back to say: "That feller's a horse doctor," and when I told him I thought he was an ass and needed a horse doctor it took the best part of another hour to check his talk!

FORTY YEARS YOUNGER

ENQUIRIES concerning Mrs. Mary Ann Williams, whose photo was published on this page last week, and questions as to how at the age of 92 she is the widow of a veteran of the war of 1812, can be answered very easily when

the full facts are known. Mrs. Williams was forty years younger than her husband, who was born in 1793, and was therefore 19 years of age in 1812. He married in 1851 at the age of 58, Mrs. Williams at that time being 18 years old.

Headed by Joseph Caillaux, the genius for politics who has played both hero roles and villain parts, the French debt funding mission is shown here arriving in U. S. A. for the momentous conferences now taking place.

What their success will be is a matter for the fortune-tellers and professional

A FRIENDLY WARNING

W HILE the Rev. Canon Cody, of Toeducation, was visiting in New York this summer he hired a taxi to convey him to an Episcopal church where he was to preach. On the way he was stopped by the traffic cop for speeding, but when the latter saw the passenger he threw up both hands exclaiming "It's all right Father; proceed, but be sure you slow up before you reach the next stopping place because the cop on duty there is a Protestant.

Made O. Henry Famous Now Nearly Forgotten

Arthur Page Reveals Story of Harry Steger Oxford Graduate-Himself an O. Henry Yarn

OMEWHERE in Greensboro, North Carolina, where they honor the memory of O. Henry, most distinguished of American storytellers, they should also pay tribute to the memory of Harry Peyton Steger, the gentleman from Texas, who made him famous says Arthur Page, the well-known author. Steger, a whimsical, brilliant Rhodes Scholar, himself a great storyteller, met O. Henry when he had won fame as a magazine fictionist, but was not regarded seriously as having a permanent place in literature. Steger made it his mission to push O. Henry's work and to create for him that appreciation which he felt due, with the result that his books quickly won the high and permanent niche in literature which they have since held.

"The relations and similarities between O. Henry and Harry Steger form a perfect 'O. Henry distrt. Part-Irish, part-Indian, he is the perstory," says Mr. Page. "There was a kind of fatality in it. O. Henry's tales were concerned with adjusting the ironies of coincidence. It was odd to see how in Steger's own life 'O. Henry situations' were reincarnated. O. Henry tried to talk about a novel that he dreamed of writing. It was almost as though Steger's career had been invented as the novel O. Henry wanted to write.

"Steger was generous in sympathy, generous in enthusiasm, generous in life and a generous liver. Late one night, at the beginning of January, 1913, after a long discussion of books and bear, he was coming home on the back platfors of a crowded trolley car. As it rounded a cur he lost his balance and fell into the street. ? was badly hurt, but managed to reach his ap? ment, O. Henry's old rooms at the Caledot. There, in the dark little bedroom, he lay in gat suffering all the following day, perhaps not alizing his own condition (his skull was froured). It was characteristic of him that it his crisis he let none of his friends know how he was, and generously received a young ford man, another Rhodes Scholar, who came him that afternoon with an introduction to t his advice about finding a job in the publish; busi-

"The next morning the hotel people earing that he was worse hurt than he wou admit, sent for an ambulance to take him to pospital. The hospital happened to be the lyclinic, where O. Henry had died two and a If years before. The doctors notified me, and went immediately, but Steger had become jonscious. In the small hours of the next more he died, having come from O. Henry's old ms to the same hospital where his beloved teller had

ALL FROM PEANIS

THE peanut is rapidly become an article of the greatest commercial valy Already it is being used in the production 145 foods and

From the peanut we obt peanut butter, ten varieties of milk, five its of breakfast food, two grades of flour, sauce, metal-polishes, toilet alundry soaps, soleo-margaring, wood the eather does in oleo-margarine, wood stain eather dyes, ink,

and glycerine. and glycerine.

A teacupful of peanuts n be made into a pint of milk, while the n make a better lard substitute than does cotted oil. Mixed with substitute than does cotted a palatable and highly nutritious bread; s also make excellent wheaten flour, peanuts biscuits and cakes.

scuits and cakes.

Strictly speaking, treanut is not a nut at
the it is what is called "legume"—akin to the all; it is what is called "legume"—akin to the bean and pea. The puts grow underground, and the crop is harded with a plow, there being special machin which clean and bunch the nuts.

BUNKER N THE MOON

"SANDY" HERE busily engaged just now of his memories. superintend the laying out of a new

British golf cou

In answer to of his, also a professional one about a fring lessons to a well-known golfer, who wa brivate links.

astronomer at orivate links.

One day the moon through a huge teleand showed ! After the fer had gazed his fill at the

wondrous at we-inspiring spectacle, he was asked what thought of it.

"It's and sight," he replied, "but I'm thinking ivo full of bunkers."

RE CAUSE FOR ALARM

AY MacDONALD recently made a dissertation on Scotsmen.

otsman is his own worst enemy," he the jokes at the expense of Scotsmen ed by Scotsmen. I once employed a tary secretary for the purpose of supwith two original jokes against Scotsplyify day of the week."

stration.

ose of you inclined to be pessimistic," he ed, "fearing that the country will never er again, have the best reason for believing use to our sailors. because there are no Scotsmen in the ent government."

IS JACK DEMPSEY'S LIFE **ANOTHER SAMPSON STORY**

With New Wife and New Nose, Has He Been Partially Shorn of His Power?

IM TULLY, ex-hobo, ex-pugilist and at the present moment, confidential adviser to Charlie Chaplin has a passion for truth and realism and an uncanny bent for character analysis. He has turned his attention to Jack Dempsey, the million dellar fighter. Dempsey, he says, has reached the beginning of the end.

His story which appeared in the magazine "Liberty," carries as powerful a punch as ever did either of the champion's fists. With a new nose and a wife, the panther-like bruiser is a different man. He spends his sleeping hours in a bedroom tastefully decorated with lace curtains. He wanders about a de luxe home, the furnishings of which are a perfect example of middle-class elegance. And Dempsey, the new man in a different setting, has a yearning for something he has ost. Exactly what it is, he himself doesn't knw but the big fighter is almost pathetic aput it.

For Dempsey despite his recent moneygrabbing publicit, is by nature a slugger. His happiest days wee the days when he was punching his way to minence. He went without food at many a mes time. He traveled on box cars when all he id were the clothes on his back and his only assets were his fighting face and his bulging ruscles. The toughest moments in his hardest attles were his minutes of supreme

Demose has lost the zip and exhilaration of his old rogh-house days. Whenever he meets a pal froy that earlier era, he launches eagerly into a d'cussion of the way they bummed, starved ad fought together. It is the nearest he can sme to the thrill that he used to enjoy.

Jim Tulley sees the champion as a weird blend I child and tiger. Not so long ago. Demp&'s mother said on some unimportant occasin that if Jack were given time and opportunit he would collect every stray dog in the fect/pe of a fighting man. He was born with a lit for battle and has been a pugilist since



Jack Dempsey has lost his old fighting It is shown in the upper corner. Directly above is the one that replaces it.

he was fourteen. He moves like a panther and walks as if on rubber. His actions are the

poetry of motion. And always, when considering Dempsey, Tulley repeats, it must be remembered that his whole psychology is the psychology of the slugger. But his life is the history of all achievement. Every successful man wishes to be something which he is not. Dempsey, the greatest pugilist in the world, wishes to be a cake-eating movie actor. To see this splendid animal, all grace and wondrous motion, bedeck himself in the imitation trickery of the ballroom is a sight for philosophers. Of all the crimes of the

cinema none is more ridiculous than this. Dempsey sits in luxury with his imitation Greek nose, his slickened hair and super-civilized air while his wife relates to her visitors and his the difficulties she is experiencing in making her husband an actor, in polishing off his roughness and making him fit the screen formula. But she has hopes, she adds brightly.

This is Dempsey at the ripe age of thirtyone-a man who gets his greatest pleasure out

WHEN HE WAS YOUNG

CHARLES CHAPLIN is applying his genius to music. In his early days in England he and his brother and two other children formed a band known as the Hammersmith Hornpipers. "We picked up quite a lot of money," he once related, "from unmusical folk who wanted us to leave their premises!"

Charlie also learned to imitate animals, snoring men, and buzzing mosquitoes on his

To Speed the Ship

THE King and Queen recently attended the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of Greenwich Observatory, and so kept up the tradition of royalty's interest in this worldfamous institution. The observatory was built by order of Charles II. for the benefit of the navigators of that day. The astronomers' knowledge of the position of the heavenly bodies was then very imperfect, and for this reason nautical reckonings were seldom accurate. The idea of the observatory, which was built on an old rub-MacDonald's real opinion of Scotsmen is bish heap by Sir Christopher Wren, was to ob-

d in his sly reference to the present tain more reliable data for these reckonings. The first astronomer royal, Flamsteed, was appointed in 1676, but it was many years before the work done at the observatory was of much

> In addition to other activities, Greenwich gives the standard time to the whole world.