

EATON, PASTOR-FARMER NOW TURNS POLITICIAN

Born in Nova Scotia, Preached in Toronto
and Now a Member of New
U.S. Congress

WHEN the Congress of the United States of America gathers again after the elections now concluded, it will number among its members a fire-eating divine, born in the Blue-nose country of Nova Scotia, a former pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church in Toronto, a graduate of McMaster University, and now one of the outstanding religious leaders of the continent. He is Rev. Charles A. Eaton, representing the fourth district of New Jersey and elected on an out-and-out prohibition platform.

Rev. Mr. Eaton has always been outspoken. He has never believed that the preacher in the pulpit should be "a kind of kindergarten story teller with some elocutionary skill in rehearsing pretty stories about fresh water rivers in salt water oceans and the like," as he himself puts it. He believes that it is the duty of the church to take a hand in the vital questions of the day and exercise an opinion on national and political matters, and he practises his own doctrines.

In November, 1916, while he was pastor of Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, and the United States was still hesitant about plunging into the world struggle which had involved the whole of Europe, he told his congregation exactly what he thought of the situation and declared that "as our women and children were slaughtered on the high seas and we did nothing about it except to engage in the exchange of explanatory amenities, we exhibited a startling absence of any comprehension of national honor."

Naturally enough, this brought about a wave of criticism. His attitude was laid to the fact that he was Canadian-born. Replying, he said to his critics that "if a nation cannot or will not protect its citizens anywhere they may be on their lawful business, they are citizens of no nation." He gave it as his opinion that national honor was worth any price it might cost.

The controversy raged on and the question of the advisability of the church mixing up in matters of this kind was raised. Someone made a passing remark about "empty churches."

"An empty church is due to empty church members," was his epigrammatic retort.

"As long as I believe that the spirit of God is in the world, I shall hold that the pulpit should speak fearlessly on all great questions which touch the lives of men and affect the ideals of a nation."

He has also been known as the "commuting pastor." Born on a Nova Scotia farm, where the child is taught the virtue of industry and thrift and the evil of idleness and shiftlessness as soon as it can toddle, he decided to solve the high cost of New York living by adding agriculture to his other endeavors. He bought three hundred acres of land on the slopes of a New Jersey mountain.

It was necessary, of course, that his church should not suffer. He had to commute to his charge in Gotham seven times a week. So he formed the habit of rising every summer morning at five and every winter morning at six, when a conference was held with the dominie's farm hands and the work for the day discussed. He traveled 50 miles a day between his home and his wealthy parish.

But by bit he turned his farm into one of the finest dairy properties in New Jersey. Cattle are his hobby and he has a magnificent herd of Holsteins. The results of his work, he can tell for himself:

"Well, Sun Bright Farm's milk is a by-word in Plainfield homes today. Its fame has spread



Rev. C. A. Eaton

so far that it could serve a wide area if I cared to increase my herd and plant.

"After putting in a hard day in my study in New York, where, aside from my multitude of duties connected with the church, I had an avalanche of correspondence to wade through, I found it mighty restful to get back to my home, sheltered by majestic hills and stately old forest trees."

NO CUSTOMERS WANTED

LORD DEWAR provides the world with whisky and wit. Here, then, is a bit of his wit. It relates how two old soldiers, noted for their love of the bottle, put their savings together on completing their service and bought a public-house in suburbia.

Their arrival was watched with interest by the community, and when opening time had long gone past, and the doors remained shut, one would-be customer volunteered to make inquiries.

Striding up to the door he banged loudly with his fist, and was rewarded by a head appearing at one of the bedroom windows.

"Whatcher want?" inquired the old soldier.

"When are you going to open?"

"Open?" asked the man in astonishment.

"We've bought it!"



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Finds 52 New Ways Of Using the Prune



Auntie Rose

OTHERWISE Mrs. Rose E. Barrett, known as the "Boss of the New York of the Pacific Coast." In other words, she is a woman city manager controlling a portion of the destinies of Warrenton, Oregon, but at the present moment a visitor to the east as a go-west missionary. The fact that she has discovered 52 new ways of using the humble prune is another jewel in her crown.

Meighen Lost His Ducks The Mayor Swiped Them

But the Ex-Premier Didn't Find the Culprit for Eighteen Years—Then Came the Explanation

AS premier of Canada, leader of his Majesty's loyal opposition, practising lawyer and plain citizen, the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen has had many experiences, annoying and otherwise, during his career, but it was in the role of a duck hunter that he once found himself the subject of real gloom and depression.

The ex-premier was practising law in Portage la Prairie at the time. During the fall it was his custom to visit the duck shooting grounds at Cran Creek, where he made a name for himself as a lucky shot.

One afternoon Mr. Meighen arrived back at the shack with the biggest bag of the season. He proudly strung the birds up outside the hut, and left the place for a few moments to visit friends nearby. Returning, he found that someone had taken down the string of fat ducks and had left in their place a much smaller string of inferior ducks.

This incident occurred eighteen years ago, and Mr. Meighen never found out, until this summer, who the perpetrators of the joke were. It was recalled to him by Mayor Frank J. Mitchell of Windsor, one of the officials who welcomed the ex-premier to the Border Cities upon his arrival for a short visit.

"Do you remember the time a string of ducks disappeared from your shack at Cran Creek?" the mayor asked the Conservative chief. Mr. Meighen thought for a moment and then laughed heartily.

"Yes, but I never found out who took them," he said. "It's perhaps just as well that I didn't at the time, for I felt like having the offenders jailed."

Mayor Mitchell then related the whole story, and told the ex-premier how he and a number of friends "swapped" ducks with the lawyer's string, and later carried the spoils into Portage la Prairie and distributed them among Mr. Meighen's friends.

WEARS HIS SIDEBURNS IN HONOR OF OLD SCHOOL

SOME men wear beards, sideburns, or a goatee as a mark of distinction. Others simply wear them because they have always worn them. H. J. Scott, K.C., one of Toronto's leading lawyers, wears his sideburns because he is one of the old school and has always worn them.

Two young law students were eating their lunch in a downtown Toronto restaurant. It strolled a quiet-looking gentleman, just past middle-age, of average height, and sat down at the next table. He was dressed very quietly in a brown business suit, hair sandy brown and slightly bald—but what distinguished him from the other diners was a full bloom of sandy brown sideburns.

Says the one law student to the other: "By George, Bill, do you see the bird at the next table, with the sideburns? Talk about your typical English butlers. I'll bet his name is 'Awkins.'"

"You said it, Slim," said the other. "If that bird isn't a butler he's missed his calling. He could make a fortune on the stage saying, 'Yes, my lord.' But I'll bet he's a tailor or a grocer or maybe he works in an insurance office."

The conversation turned to other topics. Next day the two law students were back in their accustomed place—but the tall one was quite excited.

"Good lord, Bill, we're a couple of bum detectives. Do you know who that bird was we were talking about yesterday? Well, I was up in the court of appeal this morning, and there he was laying down the law to five judges, and would you believe it, they were actually listening to him. I asked my chief what he was, and he says, 'Don't you know? Why that's H. J. Scott, K.C.'"

he's the counsel for Aylesworth and Co., and one of the biggest counsel in Canada! I thought everybody knew H. J. Scott."

"And you thought he was a butler. Watson, another needle."

A Writer is Not a Land Shark And Mr. Kipling Now Knows It

The Famous Rudyard Is Vancouver's Most Outstanding Absentee Taxpayer — In 1889 He Bought Two Town Lots From "A Delightful English Boy" and Has Already Paid Over \$2,000 Into the Civic Coffers in the Way of Taxes

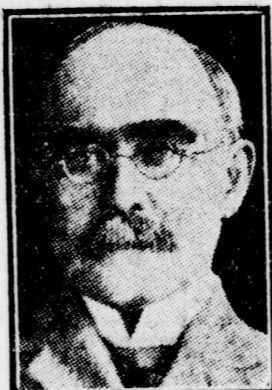
RUDYARD KIPLING has one distinction of which he never boasts. He is Vancouver's most famous absentee landowner.

For thirty-five years Kipling has been paying taxes on two 25-foot lots in the residence district of Mount Pleasant, now a closely-built section of the city, but a wilderness when the author made his investment. The price he paid for the lots is not definitely known, but it must have been about \$500, and he was strongly advised to wait for a rise in the market.

Kipling is a good waiter, but he must be a poor judge of real estate values. Since he bought in 1889, he could have sold at a profit many times, but it is doubtful if he could now get back the capital invested, to say nothing of interest on his money.

According to present values, the two lots are worth \$3,000—if they could be sold! They cost \$500. In the boom days they could have sold for \$5,000 or more, depending on the optimism of the buyer. Officially, they are assessed at \$2,025, and assessments in the west are always far below selling prices.

This year Kipling sent a certified check for \$60 to pay his taxes. He has been paying this sum for fifteen years, and he probably considers it quite a jump from the \$10 a year he paid in the early nineties. All told, he has paid about \$2,000 in taxes.



Rudyard Kipling

Kipling's two lots are the only vacant ones in the block, and they are certainly not picturesque. A huge pine tree stump, about 20 feet high, is surrounded by an accumulation of tin cans and old tires. Rotting logs and huge granite boulders are scattered over the ground, and there is a tangle of second growth vegetation.

In his book, "From Sea to Sea," Kipling has given a delightfully quaint description of the Vancouver of 1889, and has related how he came to invest in Mount Pleasant real estate. He says:

"Many advantages which I had heard about, such as the construction of elaborate workshops and the like by the Canadian Pacific in the near future, moved me to invest in real estate in Vancouver. He that sold it to me was a delightful English boy who, having tried for the army and failed, had somehow meandered into a real estate office, where he was doing well. I couldn't have bought it from an American. He would have out-stated the case and proved me the possessor of the original Eden."

"All the boy said was: 'I give you my word it isn't on a cliff or under water, and before long the town ought to move out that way. I'd advise you to take it.' And I took it as easily as a man buys a piece of tobacco."

"So here I am, owner of some four hundred well-developed pines, a few thousand tons of granite scattered in blocks at the roots of the pine, and a sprinkling of earth. That's a town lot in Vancouver. You or your agent holds it until property rises, then sell out and buy more land farther out of town, and repeat the process. I do not quite see how this kind of thing helps the growth of a town, but the English boy says that it is the 'essence of speculation,' so it must be all right. But I wish there were fewer pines and less granite on my land!"

and could only congratulate myself that I had made no unpleasant comments before I knew the identity of the old man."

Roosevelt, Sir Arthur considers, had all the simplicity of real greatness, and was one of the rarest talkers he has ever met.

"He had no good word for Henry James. He is not a whole man. All that subtlety is really decadence." He was very virile, not to say heroic in his views. "A man should guard particularly against being led from his duty, especially a dangerous duty, by his women. I guess a woman would have had a bad time if she had tried to lead Leonidas from the pass."

Of the German Emperor he said that he was jealous of the king's dog at the king's funeral because he attracted the more notice.

RUBBING IT IN

ALL the way from Nairobi, in British East Africa, comes the following story, the narrator thereof being Mr. S. Couper, general manager of the Uganda Railway.

In a certain outlying district of the Kenya colony is a resident magistrate. When he is away a doctor acts for him.

Recently each agreed that he had broken the law by riding at night without a light. Both thought that the law would be vindicated if each appeared in court before the other.

The magistrate sat first and fined the doctor five pounds.

When it was the doctor's turn to be "the beak," he fined the magistrate twenty pounds. The magistrate looked aghast, but the doctor justified his severity by emphasizing that an example was needed, since obviously the offense was becoming a common one. There had been another case that very day!

Photo That Flew Around the World



WHEN Lieutenant Erik Nelson, one of the American round-the-world flyers, took part in the successful series of globe-girdling hops, he carried with him—next to his heart, no doubt—the photograph which is reproduced above. It is a striking picture of Miss Ruth Butler, a well-known Polaris beauty. And when the aviator had returned and the applause had died down for a moment, it was discovered that he was making prompt preparations to exchange the photograph for the original. The wedding is expected to take place any one of these fine autumn days.

HAS ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF BIG M'INTOSH REDS

Success for Eastern Man Who Went West
With Courage—President of Great-
est Fruit Organization

WHEN A. T. Howe of Toronto nine years ago went to the Okanagan Valley, that favored agricultural section sheltered between the mountains in British Columbia, little he thought that to-day he would be president of one of the biggest co-operative fruit-marketing organizations on the continent.

He left his wool business in the eastern city to the direction of his son. To grow fruit in the western province, where the winters are not severe and the long summer days help healthy trees to grow abundant fruit crops, was Howe's ambition.

An orchard in the famous Coldstream section, near the town of Vernon, held particular attractions for Mr. Howe and his family. They bought it.

Mr. Howe first found that some of the trees in his orchard were not of the best varieties and that they were not good sellers. This proved no handicap to him. He set out between the rows of the older trees McIntosh Red fillers, and as the latter grew to be sturdy and strong, out came the unwanted varieties and bigger grew the Macs.

To-day Mr. Howe has a hundred acres in McIntosh apples. Expert horticulturists say it is one of the finest blocks of Mac trees in the country.

It took courage to pull out those eight and ten-year-old trees that were bearing well. But Mr. Howe is a man of courage, and when he is convinced that a certain policy is right, he upholds that policy. If there is anyone—and there are very few—who can show him that he is not on the right track, he will gracefully change his opinion, but not until he has been shown by facts and figures and by men whose opinion he knows to be sound.

It took the same kind of courage to accept the nomination for president of the Associated Growers of British Columbia, Limited, the big co-operative fruit marketing organization that was brought into being on the Pacific coast last spring. It was a new organization. Its numbers, numbering approximately five thousand, had previously shipped their fruit through many agencies. All these growers had their own ideas about the way the new co-operative association was to be conducted. They told their district directors so. And these district directors came to Vernon, most of them strangers to one another, to get under way the biggest organization of its kind on the continent.

It was a big job, and Mr. Howe knew it, when he was asked by his fellow directors to take the position. The year had been a perplexing one. Just when cherries were ready to be picked, heavy rains came and split the fruit; the big black varieties did not carry well to market.

What is more, just as the busiest season started the \$15,000 a year Californian who had been given the job of general manager had to throw up his position because of a nervous collapse. He resigned on a Saturday and was on his way south on Sunday.

A short time ago Mr. Howe was in Vancouver and having lunch with two Vernon friends. Just before sitting down he had received a telegram saying that a fire had done more than \$2,000 damage to his tractor shed at his stock farm. (Mr. Howe runs a herd of fine Shorthorn cattle as well.) But he laughed and joked at the table as if nothing had happened.

This is typical of the Toronto man who came west to forget about active business; to grow fruit by a beautiful lake and to enjoy life. His guiding hand is directing a fruit growers' organization which, if it continues as it is going now, will make history in Canadian agricultural affairs.

Bang! She Fires a Count Sister Nina a Humdinger

Says She to the Count: "Nu Skal de Ha' Farvel og Tak," Which Doesn't Sound
Like the Sort of Thing One Usually Says to Counts — A Short
Sketch of Denmark's New Woman Minister of Education

SAYS she to the count: "Nu skal de ha' Farvel og Tak," which almost any book of etiquette will tell you is hardly the thing to say to counts, Danish or any other. For it means: "Thank you now, and don't come back."

This terrible social blunder was made the other day by no less a person than the new Danish minister of education, Mrs. Nina Bang, when she dispensed with the services of the charming Count-Schack. At any rate, that is the version given by a catchy ditty of the Copenhagen music-halls. For this first woman of full cabinet rank in the world, is at any rate quite recently was, popular enough to be the subject of several widely sung ballads.

"Sister Nina, she's a humdinger, all right," seems to be the principal refrain of some of them. How did this woman official capture the public's interest and support right away, at one ministerial stroke? Signe Toksvig tells the sprightly tale in the American-Scandinavian Review.

It seems that the new Danish minister of education, in addition to the schools and the university, found that she must supervise the museums, the art galleries, and last, but not least, the royal theatre. She appears to have found altogether too many museums. Says the writer:

"The royal theatre of Denmark is an admirable, state-supported institution where the classics are kept alive, and good modern writers encouraged. It also has a fair opera company, an excellent corps de ballet, and a large deficit—nothing to compare even proportionately with the Chicago opera, but still a worrisome fact. It has been the pin on the taboret of every minister of education. There were no less than four contradictory directors, juggling the ball of responsibility, and a count by the name of Schack was the head. By the iron law of tradition, the head had to be a count, and there being so few in Denmark to choose from, the chosen one did not always have a vocation for the theatre."

"Fru Nina was scarcely in office before she dismissed three of the directors, leaving one capable man by the name of William Norrie in sole charge. As for the count, she declared that he was 'an unnecessary vestige.'"

She appointed an unorthodox man as head of the state training school for teachers. He is "just short of the devil!" her enemies said.

To find out what this extraordinary woman really was like, a Danish journalist promptly proceeded to interview her. Here is what happened:

"A ball starles the anteroom. It is my turn. 'The room is wide and lofty, there are Turkish carpets, a conference table, walls of books, all highly ministerial, but no minister. Then she walks in briskly from another huge room, and one, two, three, she has me seated where the light is on my face and she can question me at her ease. I have to push and shove and stem all that will to information, probably acquired in her own newspaper work, before I can get her to realize that she is being interviewed. But how perennially true it is that the camera always lies. No photograph that I have seen has done justice to her fine, clearly cut, sparkling face. There is not the least trace of heaviness in it, and her rosy complexion, her white hair, are everything that the most fashionable matron could desire. She is short and rather stout, but she carries it well in a straight black satin dress."

"Feminine and impulsive?" Before that determined face, those glinting eyes, that cool, direct, final manner, I shudder to think myself into the place of some unregenerate teacher, male or female, about to be examined by her. It is with some timidity that I bring out the real question in my heart—was she appointed as a woman or as a Socialist? The answer is sharp and definite. "I sit here because I am a sensible human being, and because those who appointed me think I can do my work."

This calm tradition-breaker is a practical teacher, and also a mother. Here, it has been said, are the ideal qualifications for a minister of education.