

EUROPE'S MYSTERY MAN HAS SECRET MARRIAGE

Mayor Hid Official Robes and Priest
Hid in Barn to Perform
Ceremony

EVEN in his marriage near Paris last week Sir Basil Zaharoff has added to his reputation as the mystery man of Europe.

Although the bridegroom is 78 and the bride 60, more precautions were taken to surround the wedding with secrecy than are usually taken by young lovers eloping.

The duchess had buried her husband only ten months before the banns for the Zaharoff marriage were published in an obscure corner of the bulletin board of the village of Aronville and the wedding followed immediately upon the expiration of the required ten days.

The religious ceremony was performed the same day by a Roman Catholic priest, Father Aubin, although Zaharoff is a member of the Greek Orthodox church and despite the fact that the banns had been read in the church only one Sunday previous, instead of the three which are customary.

In order to keep the marriage secret from the villagers Mayor Lachner of Aronville, who performed the ceremony, took great pains to make it appear that nothing extraordinary was happening, going to the town hall in ordinary clothes and carrying his formal attire hidden in a market basket under vegetables. He changed his clothes in his private office and when the limousine arrived with Zaharoff and the duchess, together with the necessary witnesses, he pulled down the blinds of the windows before marrying them.

Meanwhile, Father Aubin, with his ceremonial robes tied up in a bundle, waited in the barn until an automobile came to take him to the well guarded Chateau de Balincourt—formerly the property of King Leopold of Belgium—where the religious ceremony was performed before a few friends.

The couple then left for an unknown destination, believed to be Monte Carlo.

Zaharoff, who in England is a Knight of the Order of the Bath, is a naturalized citizen of France and a grand officer in the Legion of Honor. Of Greek origin, he need only express the desire in order to become the president of that young and poverty-stricken Greek republic which he has already so greatly aided financially, especially in its war against the Turk.

He is said to be the real Prince of Monaco, owning a controlling interest in Monte Carlo. He is incidentally the largest stockholder in the British Vickers-Maxim munitions works and is said to be heavily interested in the biggest munitions plants in France, Austria and Germany.

Many Englishmen who have followed Near Eastern events closely hold Sir Basil chiefly responsible for the Greco-Turkish war and for Lloyd George's disastrous policy of backing the Greeks.

Zaharoff is known for his many charitable works and his friends consider him one of the most benevolent philanthropists. His enemies regard him as "one of the most sinister figures behind the scenes of international politics."

Mystery shrouds his early life in the Near East, the only facts known being that he was born of poor Greek parents in a wooden shack in the Tatavia district of Constantinople. When a boy he was a member of one of the picturesque brigades of volunteer fire fighters in that city. He made the beginning of his enormous fortune in the cotton trade in Manchester, England, plunging into munitions during the war.



The Millionaire of Mystery

HE moves behind the scenes and behind thrones. An article, attributed to Lord Beaverbrook himself in the Sunday Express not long ago demanded that his "influence in Britain's affairs" should be brought to an immediate end. It alleged that Zaharoff was a shareholder in a "prominent pre-coalition London newspaper." According to the Express, Sir Basil has lost only \$54,000,000 in the four years succeeding the armistice, but he was supposed to be worth \$90,000,000, and could afford to lose that paltry sum and still be solvent.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Ingersoll Postmaster Knows the Meaning of S.A.G.

Certain Religious Society Caused Him
Trouble by Using His Initials
for Secret Stamp

SAMUEL GIBSON, Ingersoll's postmaster, is rather noted in his home town for his very amiable and courteous manner. To catch him peevish or mad is to find him just after something very unusual has happened. Nothing short of the very unusual will lure him from his habitual kindness and geniality. Then, too, he is rather noted among the home folk for his attention to every little detail in connection with the care of his office. He stands for nothing that is slipshod or careless or slovenly. There is no half-way mark. Things are right or they are wrong, and this covers all the ground under his jurisdiction from the demeanor of a rural mail driver to the sale of the largest money order.

And so from the above it will be understood that Mr. Gibson was a bit perplexed one day when a lady walked into his private office with fire in her eye. She was peevish. In her hand she held a letter and on the back of the envelope were the initials "S.A.G." She made it plain that she did not care to have Postmaster Gibson writing his initials over her mail. She told him so in plain English. Sure enough they were his initials, for he smilingly admits that his name is Samuel Abraham Gibson. But to think of his doing such a thing was beyond explanation. He had considerable effort in trying to explain to the lady that while the letters represented his initials, they did not mean that, nor were they placed there by him.

"But those initials are on a great many letters which come to me," protested the lady. "That may be, madam, but they are not my doing, and I must decline to accept responsibility for them."

The explanation was then made. It seems that a great many members of a certain religious sect, mostly young girls and women, attach the initials on the outside of the letter as an article of faith. The letters mean "St. Anthony's Guidance." They are apparently directed to the recipient of the letter—that St. Anthony may guide the greetings as well as both the sender and the recipient. Mr. Gibson had a rather hard time explaining, but the lady finally cooled down and left his office in fairly good humor. Thousands of letters so marked pass through the local mails every year. And now Sam looks them over with a new interest.

PUTTING SOMETHING OVER ON CANADIAN SAILORS

Japanese Had Their Little Joke When
Colonel Broome's Men Wore "Down
With the Americans!" Tags

ORIENTALS have a sense of humor which is peculiarly their own, and are never quite so happy as when "putting something over" on unsuspecting whites. Many of these little jokes are never discovered by their victims, and in any case the Oriental has had his laugh while the laughing was good.

Lt.-Col. L. E. Broome, who mapped out the Pacific course for Major MacLaren and his companions in their round-the-world flight, had an insight into Japanese practical jokes this spring. After the colonel had finished laying out supply dumps along the Aleutian and Behring Islands, his ship, the trawler Thiepval, was tied up at Hakodate, Northern Japan, for quite a time, waiting for the arrival of the fliers, then having trouble in Bengal.

The Thiepval sailors were very cordially received by the Japanese. Sports were held on several occasions, honors being about evenly divided except in soccer, in which Canadians were always victorious.

One Saturday there were no sports. The Japanese excused themselves because there was a tag day in Hakodate, which seemed a rather flimsy pretext until the sailors got ashore. Then they saw this was no ordinary tag day, for there was unusual activity. Few buyers seemed satisfied unless they bore at least half a dozen tags.

The sailors did not try to resist the importunities of the little brown girls, but bought tags in large quantities. Every once in a while some Japanese would stop a decorated sailor, shake him warmly by the hand, pat him on the back, grinningly assure him he was "a good boy scout," and then pin one of his own tags on the willing but mystified Canadian.

The tags were of large size, and bore words in Japanese lettering which, of course, meant nothing to the sailors. They assumed this had reference to some charitable organization, but were undeceived when they returned to the Thiepval. There an amazed interpreter informed them that they had been parading around Hakodate lavishly decorated with tags reading "Down with the Americans!"

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN DE ROBECK, who has just relinquished command of the Atlantic fleet, was a tremendous favorite with his officers. Unlike the vast majority of commanding officers he always accepted the solid statements of those under him against the frivolous complaints of those above him. And when his officers made mistakes he invariably shouldered the responsibility for them.

Can You Tell Any Good Yarns About Canadians?

At least two dollars for an anecdote. Often more.

This paper wants interesting yarns about Canadians. They must be well known and they must be living. And the stories must be true. The anecdotes should not as a rule exceed three hundred words in length.

A minimum of two dollars will be paid for every anecdote accepted. For unusual stories regular space rates will be paid.

No unaccepted manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

Address Anecdote Editor, care of this paper.



Lord and Lady Haig and Their Daughters.

A RECENT picture at Bemersyde, the house which was presented to Lord Haig by the nation as some recognition of his great war service. Bemersyde is in Berwickshire, and the greater part of it dates back to the twelfth century. The two daughters in this picture are Lady Alexandra, on the left, and Lady Victoria, Lord Haig's heir, Viscountess Darnley, was born in 1915, and the only other child is Lady Irene, who was born in 1919.

GIRLS OF EARLY HAVERGAL DAYS LIKE TO-DAY'S GIRLS SAYS MISS WOOD

New Principal Can Quote Incidents to Prove They Were
as Much Interested in Clothes
—Miss Wood is Identified
With Early Years of This
Great Girls' School.

IT is a far cry from the day when Havergal College, famous Toronto girl boarding school, consisted of just one old-fashioned building without grounds, save for a sandy yard at the back, to the present time, when the college has, besides its main building, four branches, all of them of considerable size. At the time when the late Miss Knox and Miss Wood, the new principal, took up their work, there were only seven boarders and 31 day girls. To-day there are about 200 boarders and 500 day scholars.

Miss Wood, who is gifted with a keen sense of humor, likes to tell the story of her great predecessor's experiences when upon a hot August day in 1897 she took charge of the school.

The seven boarders appeared one after the other, "with trunks filled with sheets, pillows, knives, forks and impedimenta of all kinds. The first boarder, a girl of sixteen, opened proceedings by saying: 'I never read a page of a story book in my life and I don't want to. I hate reading.' Number Two stipulated for six hours a day practising, without lessons of any kind or sort. Number Three, with the merriest twinkle in her eye, acknowledged she was out for a good



Mecca May Be His

THIS is Ibn Saud, the Lord of Nejd and Hasa, who has just defeated the Caliph in the Islamic warfare, which is raging now in Arabia.



New Principal of Havergal

—Photo by Kennedy

time and meant to keep things going. Number Four, with tears streaming down her face, said: 'Don't touch my trunk for a week. I am terribly homesick and my mother says to keep my trunk packed for a week, so that I may go home any minute.' Number Five said she hated coming and meant to stay not a minute longer than she had to. Six and Seven kept a discreet silence and took stock of their companions and surroundings."

It seems that the girls of that day were as much interested in clothes as the girls of to-day. Miss Wood relates the story of a girl "who had any amount of clothes, but was trembling from head to foot and could not do her lessons for fear lest her new blouse would not arrive in time for the Queen's birthday," and of another girl who received a telegram, which Miss Knox, with great solicitude for her feelings, opened in her presence, only to read the words: 'Wire where your waist does not fit.'

The new principal of Havergal College, Miss Marrion Wood, has been identified with the life of the school for twenty-seven years. Tall and distinguished looking, she has the mental and spiritual counterparts of such a favorable outer appearance. Born in Bishop Auckland, Durham, England, she went, first, to Mount School in York, and from there to Westfield College, London University, where she took her classical degree. Canada very early loomed upon her horizon. The Mistress of Westfield (whom we in Canada should call Dean) was a great friend of Miss Knox, and at her suggestion Miss Wood joined Miss Knox's staff with the intention of remaining in Canada only a year. The work proved so congenial, however, and Miss Wood liked Canada and Havergal so much that she decided to accept the offer of a permanent post on the staff of the college.

Nothing for Nothing Mighty Little for a Dime

Prevailing Motto in New York—Canadian Tenor Glad to See Difference in Toronto

ON a recent visit to Toronto, Edward Johnson, famous Canadian tenor, made a business call at one of the city's big institutions. On his way out, he stopped at a desk and asked the stenographer if he might use the telephone. The young lady politely told him he was very welcome, and retired for a few minutes, so that he could make his call in privacy.

The distinguished musician was through with the phone before the stenographer returned, and he stayed by the desk with a rather anxious expression on his face. Noting this, another stenographer approached and asked if she could do anything for him.

"I want to pay for my telephone call," said Johnson, "and the lady in charge of the desk has disappeared."

He was smilingly assured that no payment was expected for a small service of that kind.

Edward Johnson laughed very heartily as he thanked the girl. "You see," he explained, "I've been living in New York for a long time, where the prevailing motto is 'Nothing for nothing, and mighty little for a dime.' And it is refreshing to be back in my native land where folks like to do little things for you without any thought of payment."

IRATE LUDENDORFF IMITATES OLD DAYS

ONE of the most excited persons at the debate in the Reichstag on the London agreement was General Ludendorff. He was unable to control himself when the result of the vote was announced, and stalked out of the hall, red in the face, and gesticulating violently.

He called out to Admiral Brueninghaus: "It is a scandal for Germany. Ten years ago I won the battle of Tannenberg. You have to-day won the Jewish Tannenberg." The admiral replied: "Your excellency, history will decide on that," and he turned his back on the general.

SACRED RATS SWALLOW FOREIGN MISSION BOARD

But They Were Only in Picture Form—
And for Dessert Had Doctor's Degree

ONE of the most interesting persons who visited Canada during the past year was Professor Yohan Masih, of the Malwa Theological Seminary, Central India, a man of exceptional ability, striking personality and outstanding oratorical power. Professor Masih was brought to Canada by the Presbyterian foreign mission board, in order that a better understanding of the problems of India and of the missionary work being carried on there might be given to the Canadian people and that cords of friendship might be established between these two great parts of the British empire.

In the few months of his sojourn here, Professor Masih traveled from ocean to ocean, visiting not merely the larger centres but also many smaller towns and villages, speaking under various auspices in churches, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, Empire and Canadian clubs and others, addressing upwards of three hundred gatherings and reaching literally thousands of our Canadian people. The new light he gave on conditions in India was greatly appreciated, and many will remember his striking descriptions of India and its people.

On the eve of his departure, the foreign mission board, meeting in Toronto, presented Professor Masih with a large photograph of the board as a souvenir of his trip. At Halifax the Theological College honored him with its highest degree of Doctor of Divinity, and thereby hangs a tale.

When he had returned to India the Professor naturally determined to preserve these souvenirs of his Canadian trip. He sent them to the workshop of a capable carpenter to be framed. Now in India all life is sacred. Not even a rat or a mouse will be killed by a native. Consequently many places are overriden with these pests, and the workshop proved to be one of these! Four or five days after the delivery of the photograph and the sheepskin to the workman, he came in great dismay to the professor to report that the rats had completely devoured both. The likeness of the fine samples of Canadian divinity and the doctor's parchment both had fallen prey to their enterprise.

Professor Masih will probably get duplicates, but the problem stands—what will become of the rats?

Time Booth Tarkington Committed Murder

Soon Cleared Out Maxim's at Paris and
Had Perfect Peace and Quiet

THIS story of the murder that Booth Tarkington committed at Maxim's years ago in the pre-war Paris of fond memories is told to Raymond G. Carroll by Gilbert White, of the Portland Examiner. One evening Tarkington and a friend were trying to have a quiet talk at Maxim's, but the din was terrific—bedlam in a congress of tongues, every language between the North and South poles with French as a common denominator.

"I must have quiet," Mr. Tarkington said to his companion, whereupon he arose from his seat and going from table to table whispered something in French to the other diners. One by one the tables emptied. People called for their checks and hurried through the doors. When Maxim's was fairly cleared and you could have heard the proverbial pin drop for the silence, Mr. Tarkington's companion asked: "How ever did you do it, Booth?"

"Oh, I only told them that a murder had just been committed upstairs and if they wished to escape being drawn into the affair by the Paris police they had best leave without delay," he replied.



Booth Tarkington.

TOO MUCH BACK-CHAT

A DELIGHTFUL little story is told by Miss Betty Balfour—known to a million or more admirers as "Squibs"—concerning two young ladies, evidently strangers to each other, who were seated at the same table in one of London's popular restaurants.

One of them had finished her lunch, the other was about to begin.

The young lady who had finished sat back in her chair and lit a cigarette.

The other one seemed to resent this and said: "I suppose you do not object to my eating while you are smoking?"

The first young lady looked at her and then answered brightly: "Well, no, not so long as I can hear the orchestra."

A GENERAL'S STORY

BRIG-GENERAL CRITCHLEY, who was transferred from the Canadians in 1913 to command the Air Force cadets at Hastings, told a vivid story recently of sudden changes of emotions.

"I was walking in Regent's Park one day in uniform," he said, "and a soldier passed me without saluting. This struck me as bad business, especially as he looked straight at me; so I stopped and went back to him."

"You're London Scottish?" I asked. He said he was. "Home on leave?" I went on. He said he was stationed in London. "Where?" I asked. "At St. Dunstan's," he answered.

The poor fellow was absolutely blind. "I thanked God," said Critchley, "that I had not said what I intended to. If I had I think it would have haunted me all my life."

CARPENTIER is retiring from the ring. His right hand has been battered so much he can't write without difficulty.—Punch.

It is a terrible thing to have to send a man to prison—at least as terrible a thing as to go to prison.—Lord Hawart.



British Army Helps Hussein

ENGLAND is now engaged in a minor war on behalf of Hussein, who was created Caliph, but has been defeated at Traif by Sultan Ibn Saud, who is now in a position to capture the Holy City of Mecca. The Moslem world is vastly disturbed by the news. King Hussein's assumption of the title of Caliph was never accepted in India, Egypt or Turkey, nor even universally in Arabia. Hussein himself is unpopular among Mohammedans.