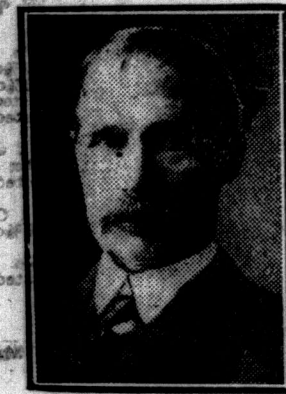


INDESCRIBABLE PALLOR ON BONAR LAW'S FACE

Scenes on Lord Beaverbrook's Tennis Courts and in the Abbey Recalled by Beverley Baxter

A YOUNG Canadian has given some vivid recollections of the inherent simplicity and humanity of the late Mr. Bonar Law. Under the title of "Memories" in the London Sunday Express, of which he is literary editor, A. Beverley Baxter, the young Toronto journalist, tells of the occasions he met the Canadian premier of England at Lord Beaverbrook's, principally on the tennis courts.



Bonar Law House adjourned as usual on Friday. On Saturday I motored out to Lord Beaverbrook's country house and found that every one was on the tennis courts.

"When I reached the courts I caught my first glimpse of Mr. Bonar Law. He was engaged in an energetic but restrained argument at the net (the restraint being mostly on his side) with his host. I hesitated to interrupt them, because obviously the discussion was important, and presumably political. At last Bonar Law brought the debate to a close with a finality that could not be questioned.

"It was out," he said, suavely but firmly. The ball was distinctly out. There is no use your making a case to the contrary because there is the mark, and I abide by it."

"Trivial, I know, but I like to remember him for his vigorous health then, his zest for the game, and also because it was my first intimation that statesmen, even at moments of crisis, are not very different from the rest of us.

He played tennis as one would expect him to play—cautiously, with never a double fault, without any fancy serves or killing strokes, but with a most exasperating patience and an unerring instinct for placing the ball in a spot most awkward to his opponent.

"Some months went by; then, almost imperceptibly at first, the parliamentary strain began to tell on him. One Saturday in March, 1921, he seemed to have recovered his vitality. He won three sets, and those playing with him were delighted to see him as he had been before. It seemed as if the streams of energy were re-awakening within him. At the end of the game he walked down to the house for tea, and half an hour or so later I saw him there.

"A dreadful change had come over him. He was sitting by the window, and his face had a grey pallor about it that spoke of the breaking point. Sorrow and suffering and indescribable fatigue were written there. After tea he went alone into the library with his host. When they emerged they both walked silently to the motor car, and without a word Mr. Bonar Law drove away.

Four days later he sent his resignation as leader of the Conservative wing of the Coalition.

"The streets were placarded with only one newsbill. The political clubs were hot with rumor. Every possible interpretation was put on the resignation, intrigues and counter-intrigues sprang up like mushrooms. The political pot boiled over. The consensus of opinion was that it was the culmination of a Conservative plot to wreck the Coalition.

"And at No. 11 Downing street, a weary, wistful figure sat oblivious to it all. 'I am quite worn out,' he had written to the prime minister.

"That was all."

"Perhaps I may be excused if I tell another tennis anecdote which may bring out the strange unpretentiousness of his personality.

"One Sunday, about a month after the meeting I have just described, I was playing tennis on Lord Beaverbrook's court in town. My opponent was a young chap, and we had just started our second set when Mr. Bonar Law, with his daughter Catherine, his son Anthony, and his son-in-law, Sir Frederick Sykes, arrived in tennis costume.

"I at once went over and offered the court to the prime minister.

"No, no," he said, with that soft persuasive Scottish voice that was so soon to leave him completely. 'I wouldn't think of taking the court from you. Go on and finish your set. Do.'

"He was so concerned about interrupting our games, and so self-offering that actually I returned to the court and was about to serve when, fortunately, I came to my senses.

"This man," I said to myself, "is the prime minister of Great Britain. He has probably only a half-hour or so free. And I have the effrontery to make him wait while I finish a set with a boy."

"We left the court at once. It seems incredible that we could have contemplated anything else. Yet those who knew 'Bonar' will perhaps understand.

"When we were going away that day I noticed that he looked grey and fatigued. And when he smiled in saying good-bye there was a wistfulness that suddenly made me say something which I had not intended.

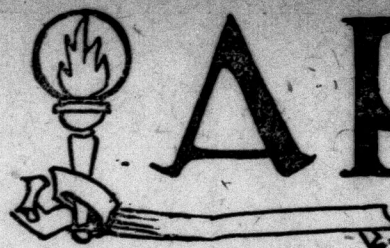
"I suppose, sir," I said, "you know how proud we are, those of us who come from Canada."

"He looked at me and smiled. 'I am glad of that,' he said simply.

"You are very close to our hearts," I said. "I am glad of that, too," he repeated, and his face grew strangely pensive.

"I need the good wishes of my friends."

"Less than a month afterwards he sat in the House of Commons unable to answer questions. His voice had become inaudible, yet party dissension had left his government so ill equipped that he did not dare to leave the front bench, directing his forces through his lieutenants—even in his silence the greatest political strategist of many years.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Sorel Flouts the King, Refuses English Trip

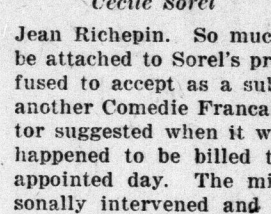
Famous French Actress Creates Sensation When She Keeps Her Name From an Advertising Stunt

NOT many people can afford to flout the wishes of the King and Queen. Yet, according to the reports, a French actress has done it.

Rather than lend her name and reputation to what she considered an advertising stunt, France's greatest actress, Cecile Sorel, star of the Comedie Francaise, France's state theatre, created a sensation the other day by refusing pointblank to appear before the King and Queen of England.

The occasion was the presentation of the film of Citroen's caterpillar cars' expedition across the Sahara before the British court at the request of King George. Sorel was to recite the accompanying poetry, by Jean Richepin. So much importance seemed to be attached to Sorel's presence that the court refused to accept as a substitute Madeleine Roch, another Comedie Francaise star, whom the director suggested when it was discovered that Sorel happened to be billed to play in Paris on the appointed day. The minister of fine arts personally intervened and tried to persuade Sorel to go to London, but she refused even to please George V.

Cecile Sorel



TOO MUCH ARGUMENT

A GOOD story was told the other day by the premier of Western Australia, Sir Francis Newdegate, as typifying the silence and loneliness of life in the vast unpeopled spaces of the interior.

Two men, it appears, were camping together, but rarely exchanged a word. One morning one of the men remarked at breakfast:

"Heard a cow bellow in the bush just now."

Nothing further was said, and they went about their business for the rest of the day.

Twenty-four hours later, once more at breakfast, the second man said:

"How d'ye know it wasn't a bull?"

Again a pause of twenty-four hours.

Next morning the first man began to pack up his "billy" and "swag."

"Going?" inquired the other.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," said his friend, "there's too much argument in this camp."

TOO MANY TRAIN STOPS, AUTHORESS HAS CURE

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY, well-known Canadian authoress, was one of a party travelling to Lake Windermere, B. C., in August of last year, to attend the David Thompson Memorial celebration. As the railway from the golden south to Windermere is only a branch line, the train made frequent stops—in fact, so frequent as to be irritating. At length the train halted at a station called Briscoe.

"Too bad it isn't a Briscoe car instead of a station," said someone. "We might get there some time."

"Better still if it were Crisco," said Miss Mackay, referring to a commodity well known to housewives. "It might shorten the journey."



Church Doorman in Livery

THIS is George La Mond, the doorman in livery at the West End Presbyterian church in New York. He has been engaged by Rev. A. Kelgwin, the pastor, to help his church members in and out of their automobiles. He also hails taxi-cabs and watches over the cars parked outside the church. On accepting the position La Mond is said to have quoted the verse: "It is better to be a doorman in the House of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Never Had a Wakeful Night, Lloyd George Sleeps at Will

Can Go to Sleep in Three or Four Minutes—Wakes in Half An Hour As Fresh as Ever—Never Walked Floor Even in Worst Days of the War.

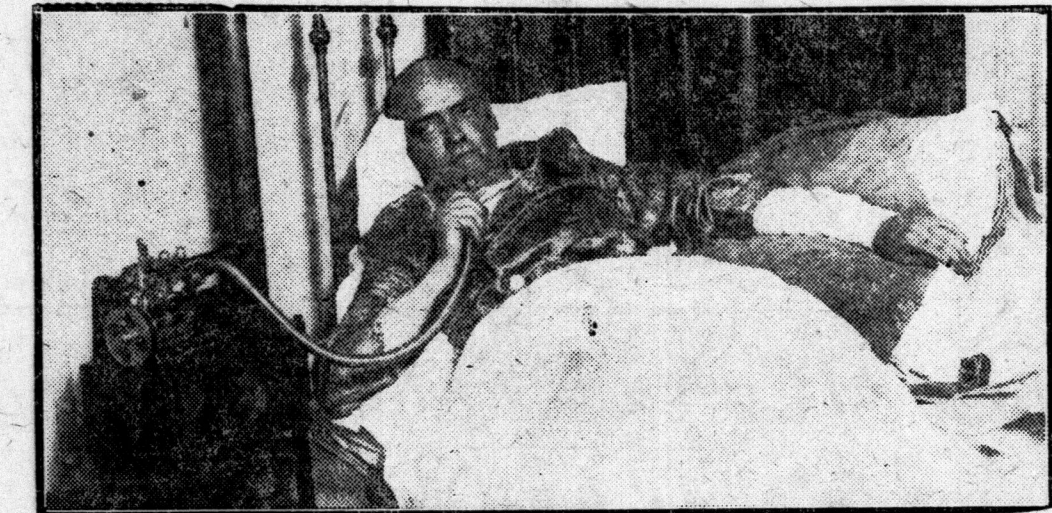
CAN you sleep when you like? Can you, instantly and at any time, free yourself from the worries and distractions of your day and sink into dreamless slumber?

He who can do these things is a happy man. Able to tap at will an unfailing source of fresh energy, he is fitted to direct great affairs in great emergencies. Because he can always draw across his tired eyes the soft veil of sleep he can front responsibilities too vast for another man. He is in one important respect at least another Napoleon, another Edison.

He is also another Lloyd George. The faculty of instant sleep is one which the statesman of modern times shares with the great soldier of the past. Napoleon could snatch his four hours amid the thunder of hostile guns. Lloyd George can sleep when he wills. It is questionable whether history can produce men who bore the tremendous responsibility of the world's affairs so long as did these two. The post-armistice years have been strewn with the wreckage



Lloyd George



Writer's Cramp Cannot Stop the Modern Author

WHEN Louis Joseph Vance, the well-known author, was forced by an infected arm to suspend work on his new novel, he had a dictaphone installed in his New York home, so that he could carry on as usual.

Geyser of Plaster from the Bathtub Marked End of Amundsen's Life Mask

For Sixteen Years Sculptor Persisted for Permission to Smear Arctic Explorer's Face With Plaster of Paris—Lure of the North Lasts for Life—Amundsen Wants to See "Places Like Mongolia and Tibet"

ONLY once—with disastrous results—did Roald Amundsen, the man who won the race to the South Pole and who plans to fly over the North, sit for a sculptor.

Never again will a mask be taken of Amundsen—except his death mask.

The rugged Norse explorer journeyed down from the north for Christmas and slipped into New York the other day. It was in a little room in the Ritz that he sat for his portrait to Cesare, the celebrated artist of the New York Times. It was during the process that he told the story of the sculptor and the disastrous results.

"A long, long time ago I promised to sit for him," Amundsen explained, "but whenever I came to this country upon a lecture tour I had not the time to keep my word.

Sixteen years this went on. Every time I came to New York the sculptor telephoned me. Never did I have the time. But he was never put out with me—just said: he had a patient, Christian voice. I liked the voice, so one day I told the sculptor when he telephoned me that there was no hope of my sitting for him.

"Captain Amundsen, there is always hope," came that patient voice over the telephone.

"What could I say to that? It was very complicated. When he came I thought a plasterer was there to plaster the room. He wanted me to sit in the bathtub while he made a life mask of me. I didn't want to do that, but, still, he was very patient.

"Well, I sat there while he smeared my face and covered my mouth with plaster of Paris. He had almost finished when I couldn't hold my breath any longer, and plaster flew all over the sculptor and the bathroom walls.

"That was all. Never will a mask be taken

of me, except a death mask. But 'this,' and he nodded at the sketching board, 'should be painless.'"

While the springs protested but did their duty, Captain Amundsen seated himself on a pink-tiled bed. The explorer faced a window opening on a small court. A shaft of sunlight fell upon the sitter's head. His features would have given many difficulties for a sculptor, because they cannot be described except in such geographical terms as promontories, crags, ridges and valleys. His blue eyes and prow-like nose characterized the man of the sea, the captain and indomitable leader of expeditions, but there were softer lines around the mouth, which became understood when the explorer told of his men and ships and dogs.

"What a wonderful hold the north has!" he mused. "It is simply overpowering for me. I am never quite tranquil in my heart until I am back again in the Arctic—or somewhere away from this."

Amundsen's palm swept the little room, and the faraway look that was in his eyes while he talked of evergreens and birds and snow scenes vanished when he became conscious of the fluffy hangings and the subdued pinks and greys.

"What more have I to see in the polar regions? Oh, well, we shall see, we shall see. You cannot tell what you may find up there. There is a whole lot of space up there, nearly a million square miles, and I must have a little look around. The only rest I seem to find is in my work, and when I have succeeded then I feel rewarded. I have much work to do yet. There is my ship, the Maud. She is somewhere around 'seventy-six.' Some time during the next three years we'll see her from the sky. She is my drifting home. Eight of my good men are aboard, and I'll never rest until I have rejoined her and them.

"Then I may take a little look around. You know, in my work I get very little chance really to see the world. I want to see places like Manchuria, Mongolia and Tibet."

And the polar explorer, whose idea of travel for recreation is to see "places like Mongolia and Tibet," places that still furnish ambition for other explorers, approved and autographed his portrait and was left in his little pink and grey room.



Roald Amundsen

Pope Lets Nuns Read "Anne of Green Gables"

Roman Catholic Priest Told Miss Montgomery How He Obtained Special Dispensation From the Pope

FOLLOWING the publication of her first novels, Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables" and subsequent "Anne" books, received reams of letters from all sorts of admirers in various parts of the world.

One of these letters was from a Roman Catholic priest, living in England, who wrote that he was going down to a retreat for nuns in the south of England, and that he was taking "Anne of Green Gables" with him. He explained that the nuns were not supposed to read secular books, but thinking they would enjoy "Anne" he had secured a special dispensation from the pope in order that he might give it to them.

Another letter was from an old man, seventy years of age, who lived in Australia, and who wrote that he had walked twenty miles to get the sequel to "Anne."

Numbers of the letters from young girls which found their way to Miss Montgomery, were addressed simply "Anne Shirley, Green Gables, Prince Edward Island."

On a return visit to her native Prince Edward Island, some time after Miss Montgomery had changed her name to Mrs. MacDonald, a local paper announced in its social columns that Miss L. M. Montgomery and infant son were spending a few weeks in the old house.



L. M. Montgomery

LOVE FOR A GERMAN MADE FRENCH ACTRESS RETIRE

Correspondence With a German Banker During the War Drove Beautiful Lalliere to Convent

ONE of the loveliest and most renowned actresses in Paris before the war was Eve Lavalliere. One day five years ago she disappeared, and later the story was circulated that she had renounced the world and entered a convent in the Savoy Mountains. Photographs appeared showing her in demure costume behind high walls, but, it seems now, these walls were only a small way removed from Paris, and the former beauty, now shrunken and white-haired, did not leave the stage because of religious fervor.

She was compeller to abandon acting by members of her profession, who discovered that she had continued to correspond with a prominent German banker throughout the world conflict. At one moment the case might have taken a more serious turn, but, according to the information circulating now, honor was declared satisfied provided Mlle. Eve left the stage forever.

Sometimes she comes to Paris, veiled, unobserved, to visit theatres where once she triumphed, but generally her old and still loyal friends who refuse to believe her guilty of the terrible sin of corresponding with a German journey out and visit her at a villa buried in the Saint Germain forest.

DRY-AS-DUST LAW BOOKS DROVE DEACON TO FICTION

Tried Manifold Number of Jobs Before He Budded Forth as an Author

WILLIAM A. DEACON, generally known as "Candid" of "Saturday Night," whose new book, "Pens and Pirates," is one of the most talked of books in Canadian literary circles, was not always a writing man. In fact his ability to hammer out thoughts on a typewriter is of comparatively recent date.

He was in business for five years, attended three universities intermittently, decided suddenly to take a three year law course in one year at the University of Manitoba, from which he graduated with the degree of LL.B.; served nine years at law, and put in three seasons as fire ranger in the Temagami district.

While practising law in Winnipeg he contributed to the Manitoba Free Press literary supplement, the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post, and The New York Times Book Review Supplement. In the spring of 1922 he was invited to fill the chair vacated by Peter O'Donovan in the Saturday Night office, and this year he budded forth as an author of two volumes, "Pens and Pirates," has received much favorable mention.

Deacon tells his friends that he tried almost every other way of making a living before he tackled literature. He claims that the experience he gained in the business world has helped him considerably in interpreting fiction, while his days and nights spent in Temagami helped him to more readily distinguish the nature faked from the real thing. So far as the law is concerned, he declares reading Coke and Selden and the Principles of Roman Law developed in him an ardent desire for livelier reading. This is probably the reason why he prefers fiction to anything else.



W. A. Deacon

THE TIME PRINCESS LAUGHED IN PUBLIC

Lady Patricia May Have Looked Sad, She Could Laugh Heartily About a Black Eye

WHEN Lady Patricia Ramsay was the reigning beauty of Ottawa society, as the Princess Patricia of Connaught, she was by no means a social butterfly.

Ottawa remembers the Princess both for her personal charm and for an habitual sadness of appearance, and those of romantic mind delight to attribute the melancholy of the princess to pining for her absent sweetheart, the stalwart naval officer with whom she has now effected a happy union. For a long time, say these people, there was little reason to hope that differences in rank could be overcome so as to enable the princess to marry the husband of her choice. Ottawa likes to think it had a peek into a popular novel in real life.

But there was one occasion on which Princess Patricia enjoyed a hearty fit of laughter, and not without some reason.

A certain prominent Ottawa civil servant, now deceased, was something of a Bohemian and was fond of expressing pronounced Socialist views. He was a friend and crony of a number of Socialists at the Capital. One day this civil servant received notice that he had been awarded a "C. M. G." And shortly afterwards, he was commanded to appear at a dinner party at Government House for the formal bestowal of the honor by the Duke of Connaught.

On the morning of the day of his visit to Government House, the man who had been honored called into a bar, either in Ottawa or Hull, to get a "bracer" and there he encountered one of his Socialist friends whose enthusiasm for "the cause" was very pronounced. The real Socialist, who had been bracing himself for some time, became violently enraged when he heard that his civil servant friend had accepted the "C. M. G."

"Traitor," he cried, and leaning over he struck the other a severe blow with his fist in the right eye.

The injured man hurried home and, securing a piece of beefsteak, applied it to the damaged optic. He had to appear at the Government House function on the same night, nevertheless, with his eye bearing the mark of the encounter.

As luck would have it, the civil servant found himself seated at dinner beside the Princess Patricia. He felt somewhat uncomfortable.

"You men of the civil service must have some very interesting experiences," remarked the princess.

"One of the most interesting I have had came just this morning," replied the guest with the black eye, deciding to make a clean breast of the whole matter. He showed the princess his eye and told the whole story.

They say at Ottawa that the Princess Patricia never laughed so heartily in public as she did on hearing how the new "C. M. G." secured his black eye.

WEARS A RED NECKTIE, HAS KNOCKOUT SPEECH

Ontario Agricultural President Offered Brief Wisdom to a Young Married Man

PROF. J. B. REYNOLDS, B.A., president of the Ontario Agricultural College, is as well known by his dry sense of humor and the habitual wearing of a red tie as by his precise and emphatic speech.

A senior who had failed to win his degree appealed to the professor for sympathy and advice. He wrote to the extent that immediately on completing the final exams he had married the "finest" little girl in the world, but now he was embarrassed by not having received his degree. What would he do?

The professor replied briefly and to the point. Act natural.

LORD CURZON WAS STUMPED ONCE BY LI HUNG CHANG

LORD CURZON acknowledges one time when he was properly stumped by the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang. In his recent book, "Tales of Travel," the British foreign secretary relates the incident.

"While we (Lord Curzon and Li Hung Chang) were being photographed, he suddenly asked me once again how old I was; and upon my replying that I was 36—'Dear me,' he said, 'you are exactly the same age as the German emperor.' I acknowledged the impeachment, whereupon he continued as follows:

"The German emperor, however, has six sons. How many have you?"

Curzon: I have only recently been married, and I regret that so far I have none.

Li Hung Chang: Then what have you been doing all this time?

"To this question I admit that I could not find, nor even now can I suggest, an appropriate answer."

A THRILLING INCIDENT

THE most dramatic incident in the course of his life, according to Sir Homewood Crawford, the city of London's solicitor, who is retiring after occupying the post for thirty-eight years, occurred at an execution at Newgate, when he was under-sheriff.

Just before the execution a reprieve arrived. Although it was written on home office paper, it was enclosed in a board of trade envelope, and Sir Homewood was afraid it was a forgery.

"It was a trying position," Sir Homewood declares, "for to postpone the execution unnecessarily would have been cruel to the murderer. I decided to go on with it, and in an hour or so I found that the reprieve was a forgery."



Princess Pat